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Other Books by Morley Cooper:

THE CRUISING YACHT

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CRUISING *to* FLORIDA

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VIA THE INTRACOASTAL
WATERWAY

★ ★ ★ ★

BY MORLEY COOPER

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WHITTLESEY HOUSE
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CRUISING TO FLORIDA

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Preface

Ever since the days when doughty men like Slocum and Pidgeon made those first extended ocean cruises in small sailing craft, there have appeared on the book counters a type of literature to which yachtsmen refer loosely as "cruise books." As a rule these books are written for a lay audience; they devote much of their space to the development of glamour for the benefit of the starry-eyed reader; therefore, there is very little room left in their pages for the presentation of those hard, but helpful, facts which are of interest to the man who wishes to prepare for a similar cruise in his own boat.

Escape literature has its place in the scheme of things, but also, I think, there is at present a need for a more practical type of cruise book: one that is written primarily for the benefit of the cruising yachtsman rather than for the fireside entertainment of the general reading public. Particularly is this true in the case of such a book as this one, where the cruise described is one that may be readily undertaken by almost any boat owner in America, and with little additional preparation or expenditure of money.

Believing that there is a place for a practical, nonglamorous cruise book, I have placed all the emphasis in the following pages on relating truthfully and in some detail exactly what happened to an average cruising couple on a jaunt down the Intracoastal Waterway from the Jersey coast to Southern Florida, and across to Florida's West Coast. By sticking to the facts and eliminating the overworked romantic angle, I hope I have contributed something that will be really helpful to the yachtsman or prospective boat owner who plans to make this cruise to Florida just as soon as his circumstances will permit.

If I have been successful in this, then I am sure that those who profit by the mistakes we made will more thoroughly enjoy their own trip down the Intracoastal Waterway. At the same time, they will experience the reality of deep cruising enjoyment; and, after all, this reality puts to shame that vicarious pleasure which comes from reading about cruises, rather than making them.

MORLEY COOPER

Contents

	PAGE
PREFACE	V
CHAPTER	
I. PREPARING FOR THE CRUISE	I
II. WINDJAMMERS FOR A WHILE	17
III. FROM SAIL TO POWER	31
IV. FISH TRAPS AND BATTLEWAGONS	41
V. A LITTLE ASSISTANCE FROM THE COAST GUARD	54
VI. THE NEUSE RIVER RUN	67
VII. SHOAL SPOTS AND SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY	81
VIII. WE LAND WITH THE MARINES	95
IX. AT LAST—FLORIDA!	111
X. EAU GALLIE TO FORT LAUDERDALE	126
XI. MIAMI	137
XII. OKEECHOBEE HYACINTHS	147
XIII. CRUISING ROUTINE	165
APPENDIX A	178
APPENDIX B	188
INDEX	193



Preparing for the Cruise

ALONG OUR northeastern seaboard and in the Great Lakes area, there are upwards of a quarter-million American families who own some sort of cruising motorboat or sailing auxiliary. By all indications, just as soon as the boats can be built, the number of boat owners in this section of the United States alone will exceed half a million. And when you talk to the man who owns a cruising-type boat of any sort, nine times out of ten he will tell you that his choicest post-war plan, come next autumn, is to start south in his beloved hooker and cruise down the Intracoastal Waterway to Florida.

There is nothing chimerical about such a plan. Hundreds of small boats are making this cruise each autumn, and the family-crews aboard these craft not only are having the time of their lives, but also when they get to Florida they have a boat to live aboard—and to fish from—and thereby can live rent-free in resort areas where house rental for a single season is likely to amount to more than the cost of a good pleasure craft. Particularly is a winter in sunny Florida attractive to the middle-aged boat owner, who is getting fed up with the ice and cold of northern winters. Yet you will also see many younger couples cruising down the Waterway with their children; the youngsters to be entered in Florida schools upon arrival.

For the family owning a seaworthy cabin cruiser or auxiliary and living in the New York area, or south of this metropolis, making the Waterway cruise is simply a matter of following a well-marked course down the Jersey coast, up the Delaware, through Chesapeake Bay, and on south by way of a series of dredged canals, rivers, and sounds. For a family living in the Great Lakes area, the cruise is somewhat more in-

Cruising to Florida

volved, necessitating, in addition, a run across Lake Erie and a trip down the Hudson River. The practicability of this longer cruise, from Chicago, Cleveland, or Detroit, is attested by the surprising percentage of boats from the Great Lakes yachting centers which one sees at marinas in Miami, Fort Lauderdale, or St. Petersburg.

Both the boat owner who has done most of his cruising in waters close to his home, and the prospective boat owner who has had little experience in making long cruises in small pleasure craft need all the information they can get if they are to make this southern cruise successfully. Likewise, as I have discovered, the yachtsman whose experience has been confined to deep-sea offshore cruising will find that he still has a lot to learn before he can negotiate these inland waterways in comfort and safety.

Having just completed the cruise to Florida via the Intracoastal Waterway, I am impressed by the unreliability of much of the information I received before we shoved off. The only book I have seen that covers this cruise in any detail is so ancient that it is of little value to anyone attempting the voyage today. Articles in the yachting magazines appear to be altogether too fragmentary, or were obviously written by someone who made the cruise long before Pearl Harbor—and the war has done many things to this inland waterway of ours. Then, only today, I read an article in a boating magazine on the subject of cruising to Florida, and it was apparent from a most casual inspection of this story that the writer had never cruised any part of the Waterway, but had written the entire article from information gathered from a Coast Pilot and a set of charts. And there is a lot to this cruise that does not appear in any book or bundle of maps, indispensable though these aids to navigation may be.

So, while our experiences are still fresh in my mind, I should like to set down, as simply and truthfully as possible, exactly what happened on this Florida trek to a couple of fairly seasoned cruising folk, including not only the instances in which we saved ourselves a lot of grief by employing a bit of forethought, but also confessing with equal frankness those other occasions on which we committed blunders that got us into plenty of trouble. By making such a candid presentation, it is hoped that anyone who makes his first cruise down the Waterway after

Preparing for the Cruise

reading this book may find it possible to avoid most of the unpleasant features and have nothing but enjoyable experiences to relate at its end. However, of all the scores of cruising folk I talked with on this trip, people who were making the run coincidentally with us, not one of them had had an altogether pleasant cruise, so perhaps for at least a few years to come there will always be some adventures connected with it.

If I may assume that the reader owns or hopes soon to possess some sort of average-sized cabin cruiser or sailing auxiliary, perhaps as good a way as any to start this book would be with a discussion of the necessary preparation for this thousand-odd-mile voyage along the eastern seaboard. I think anyone who has made the cruise will agree with me when I say that much of the pleasure of the trip depends upon how well this preparation has been taken care of, before ever a foot of the journey is undertaken. This means not only that your boat, its power plant and auxiliary equipment are really ready to go, and that you have all the requisite supplies and gear on board, but that you have also given thought to the qualifications of the crew or passengers who will accompany you on the cruise. It may be well to consider here each of these phases of preparation in sequence.

Since much of the seriousness or offhandedness with which you approach this matter of preparation depends upon your preconceived picture of what the cruise is like, it may be timely to check some of my own preconceptions of the trip against the actualities. Frankly, I do not hesitate to say that I underestimated the entire venture. Over a period of years Madge and I had been cruising extensively offshore in both sailboats and power boats. We had lived aboard such boats for years on end, and we could not conceive of a jaunt down an inland waterway as offering anything particularly difficult or exciting to a pair of deepwater sailors. Our greatest fear was that we would be bored to death by the everlasting monotony of plowing along through narrow ditches and waiting for some sleepy bridge tender to open a drawbridge for us. Well, we often found the relatively few miles of dug canals along this Intracoastal Waterway most welcome respites from the more rugged open-water stretches of the route; and although we did occasionally encounter a dopey bridge tender, we were more

Cruising to Florida

often pleasantly surprised to discover that by far the greater number of these drawbridges opened for us without even the necessity of a signal from our horn, and sufficiently in advance of our arrival so that it was seldom necessary to reduce our cruising speed. Of other misconceptions of ours, and their consequences, I will speak in proper order.

In deciding what type of boat to employ for this Florida cruise, it is well to bear in mind that the greatest enjoyment will result if your craft is neither too large nor too small, nor too highly powered nor definitely underpowered. The trip has been made in boats as small as 18-footers, and I have seen boats over 75 feet overall making the voyage, although I must confess I do not understand how these craft got by the shoaler portions of the Waterway. I understand that shoal-draft houseboats as long as 130 feet overall have made the cruise in prewar years, but I would not have cared to take such a boat down this Waterway at the time we made the cruise. Perhaps the smallest cabin cruiser we saw, in which the middle-aged couple aboard were really enjoying their trip, was a 24-footer from Camden, N.J. These folk, the Nevins, were making their *second* cruise to Florida in this little cruiser, *Tinker II*, and unquestionably were having the time of their lives. In boats smaller than this one, either the ship's company would be living in rather cramped quarters, or they would be forced to seek hotel accommodations each night, which would be a plain nuisance, and oftentimes an impossibility, on such a cruise as this.

Naturally, the limiting factor for larger boats is the vessel's draft, and at this writing any boat drawing as much as six feet is going to have plenty of trouble finding sufficient water under her keel at all times in the shoaler sections of the Waterway. On the other hand, dredging is going on continuously, and it may well be that by the time another year has rolled around, the channel in this thoroughfare will exceed six feet in depth everywhere. In any case, it must be borne in mind that even though you do run aground in the soft mud, no harm is done—except in such instances as you may foul your water pump—and somewhere in the width of the channel, even in the shoalest stretches, enough water will be found to float your boat, so you do not need to stay there until a dredge comes to release you.

Somewhere between the tiny cruiser and the palatial yacht, then,

Preparing for the Cruise

is to be found the proper-sized boat for this cruise. A shoal-draft auxiliary between 28 and 45 feet fills the bill here, but perhaps the smartest choice is a staunch cabin cruiser, in length between 34 and 45 feet, and drawing between 24 and 42 inches. Such a craft may be powered with one or two engines, either gasoline or Diesel, and *dependability* is the real essential in this power plant rather than speed. Indeed, excessive speed in the narrow waterways may well get the boat owner into plenty of trouble with the authorities, since the wash from this speeding creates too great an erosion along the dredged sides of the cuts. Also, when you overtake and pass another boat in such a narrow cut at high speed, your wake gives him a most unpleasant roll and adds one more to the list of ill-wishers among your fellow-travelers. This speeding may appear as just good clean sport, but when, an hour or so later, you find it necessary to ask this same fellow for assistance midway across some angry sound, do not be surprised if he does not register great joy as he discommodes himself to render you aid.

It may be that my own observation of the power plant difficulties of other voyagers along this Waterway is not entirely reliable as a picture of what to expect in this connection a year or more from now. Boat engines often have been neglected during years of disuse in wartime, and this fact alone may have accounted for much of the engine trouble which almost everyone appeared to have at one time or another during a cruise made in the first autumn following the fall of Hitler and Hirohito. Certain it is, however, that this trip, with its days on end of ten- and twelve-hour steady runs, really puts any marine engine to a most severe test, and it may well be that an engine which has demonstrated satisfactory performance on occasional week-end jaunts may not be in condition to stand the grueling punishment of steady cruising.

By all means, therefore, have your engine thoroughly checked by an expert mechanic before you shove off on this Florida cruise. Aside from the fact that it is often quite difficult to get hold of a good mechanic in some of the small towns down along the Waterway, you simply detest having to stop for the time necessary to execute these engine repairs.

For the same reason that you should have your engine overhauled before you start for Florida, you should also lay in extra parts for your

Cruising to Florida

power plant, over and above what you ordinarily carry for week-end cruising. It is often next to impossible to get parts for your engine in small wayside ports, and unless you want to lie alongside some fish dock for a week or more awaiting the arrival of a tiny but indispensable fitting for your water pump, you had better carry a good stock of spare parts with you. Replace all spark plugs, and carry a full set of these plugs as spares. Carry a spare engine coil, repair kits for fuel pumps and filters, carburetors, and distributors. As a rule, if you have the spare parts aboard, almost any roadside mechanic (or you, yourself) can replace these worn-out mechanisms. We found a half-dozen cork fuel filter gaskets, picked up at a small town in North Carolina, to be very valuable gear and very difficult to obtain in other small towns. In addition, it is well to replace all water hose connected with the engine's cooling system, and renew the flax water-pump packing before you start on the cruise. Other engine-room apparatus to check will occur to you from your intimate knowledge of your own power plant.

Carry aboard also a repair kit for your marine toilet, which may very well pick this period of extra service to break down—and this is just as much of a hindrance as engine trouble. And by all means have aboard at least 25 feet of rubber hose for filling your water tanks—50 feet is better. Likewise, you may need two large funnels, one with chamois filter for straining gasoline, and one for filling the water tanks with a bucket, should this become necessary. As you will see, there are some extremely crude facilities for boat servicing along certain stretches of the Intracoastal Waterway.

If your galley stove burns alcohol, stock at least five gallons of this fuel before sailing. It is often impossible to obtain it en route. You should have a good supply of kerosene aboard, whether or not you burn coal oil in your galley stove. A good old-fashioned barn lantern will come in handy, even though you have a good lighting system and oil riding light. Also, if you start south after October first—as you probably will—you should have aboard some type of cabin heating device, and here again kerosene furnishes the simplest solution to the problem. We carried a common Perfection oil heater and found this an excellent source of heat on those chilly mornings and evenings which we experienced even as far south as the Carolinas and Georgia.

Preparing for the Cruise

You need one good dinghy on this trip and you should never start the cruise without one. Also, this dink should be carried in such a fashion that it can be placed in service instantly in case of emergency. A dinghy that is lashed to a cabin roof and covered tightly with a tarpaulin is of no use whatever if it becomes necessary to abandon ship at a moment's notice. No doubt this contingency will not arise, but if you are a prudent skipper you will want to prepare for unusual situations on a cruise as long as this one. We towed our dink all the way to Florida, and on two occasions I was very thankful to have it thus instantly available. Aside from towing, perhaps the best rig for carrying a dinghy is a pair of boat davits over the stern. If the cruise is to be a leisurely one, with stopovers in those interesting little harbors and inlets along the way, it may be smart to carry a second collapsible dinghy for use by anyone left aboard.

On this cruise to Florida you will need adequate ground tackle—and I do mean adequate. You will spend a number of nights riding to your anchor, and in many instances you will be anchoring in a tidal current that runs swift over a scoured bottom, which is likely to be hard to dig into. The resultant strain, with the changes of tide regularly shifting the direction of pull on the hook, demands the best in ground tackle. We found a 35-pound yachtsman-type kedge, with 100 feet of $\frac{3}{8}$ " chain, sufficient in itself to hold our 37-foot cabin cruiser in very swift water. In addition, we carried a 15-pound Danforth (which we lost en route) and which we later replaced with one of those war-time 15-pound kedges with very sharp flukes and a fixed stock—the only thing available in the mudhook line along the Waterway at the time we made this cruise.

When you want to anchor near the Waterway, you probably will need a fairly sharp hook, rather than a blunt-fluked kedge or Navy-type anchor. For this reason, the patent anchors of the Danforth type are good, and so is the yachtsman-type kedge. Chain is far preferable to rope because of the weight it places on the ring of the anchor, holding the hook in the horizontal position in which it exerts the greatest holding power. In the tideless estuaries of the Chesapeake, a sash weight will hold your boat in position overnight unless a squall comes up, but farther south you need and must have real ground tackle.

Cruising to Florida

One of the most important items of equipment on this southern cruise is a good icebox. Unless you have a large yacht, you probably will have no electric refrigerator, but will be dependent on a regular supply of ice. This frigid commodity is far more difficult to obtain, in most ports of call along the Waterway, than gasoline or oil; principally, perhaps, because it costs but a few cents per cake and there is not enough profit in it to justify proper ice service at the oil docks en route. Therefore, make it a point to fill your icebox at every opportunity, and do not hesitate to lay over longer than otherwise necessary if by so doing you can secure a cake of ice. Without refrigeration your ship housekeeping is definitely handicapped, particularly since, as I will later point out, it is impossible to get any fresh milk in certain sections along the Waterway, and in those areas where it can be obtained a number of quarts should be purchased and stored for future use.

Since the particular cruise I am about to describe was made soon after the close of the war, and before the various communities along the route had become once more accustomed to seeing yachts traversing the Waterway, it may well be that before another year has passed there will be a decided improvement in the yacht facilities and services offered. Certainly, as of this year, there is plenty of room for such improvement. In connection with fundamental services like the sale of gasoline and lubricating oil, for example, the facilities are wholly inadequate in a number of ports. Likewise, much more attention should be paid by many of these communities to the matter of furnishing some sort of overnight mooring facilities for cruising pleasure craft. Too often the big idea at the local marine service station is to get the yachtsman's money as quickly as possible and then get rid of him. This practice is extremely shortsighted, since the yachtsman thus shoved around will do his shopping in the next town. Where it exists, the reflection is definitely on the community concerned rather than on the oil company operating the station. As a chamber of commerce official myself, I would suggest that the local chambers in many communities bordering the Waterway make a check on this situation all along their waterfronts, and take steps to improve it.

Usually you will have no difficulty in filling up your gas or Diesel oil tanks, although you may find it necessary on one or two occasions

Preparing for the Cruise

to gas up from 50-gallon drums—which is not only a complete nuisance and a dangerous practice, but may also result in getting a quantity of water in your gasoline. The states of Maryland and North Carolina have in effect refunds on gasoline used for motorboating, and the yachtsman should be sure to keep his sales slips for gasoline purchased in these states. On the cruise I am describing, lubricating oil was often difficult to obtain, particularly in quart cans. Since these cans form the ideal unit for adding oil to your engine's crankcase while under way, it may be well to keep a dozen quarts or so of your favorite brand on hand at all times. We tried to do this, but so many of the boats going south with us were unable to obtain oil that we found it necessary to share our supply with our cruising consorts. The same thing happened to us in connection with a 4-gallon store of stove alcohol we laid in; most of it went to various boats that had entirely run out of this fuel.

Since gasoline is available only at certain towns and villages along the route, these communities form the natural stopover points, and most yachtsmen schedule their trip to arrive each evening at one of these towns, gas up, and either tie up there for the night or continue on for a few more miles and anchor overnight in some creek or estuary off the Waterway. The most common stopovers along the route, spaced at distances that can be readily made by even relatively slow boats between daylight and dark, are as follows:

Approximate Distances in Nautical Miles

Sandy Hook, N.J., to Atlantic City, N.J.	81
Atlantic City to Cape May, N.J.	41
Cape May to Chesapeake City, Md.	67
Philadelphia to Chesapeake City, Md.	52
Chesapeake City to Annapolis, Md.	50
Annapolis to Solomons Island, Md.	46
Solomons Island to Fleeton, Va.	43
Fleeton to Norfolk, Va.	71
Norfolk to Elizabeth City, N.C. (via D.S.C.)	44
Norfolk to Great Bridge, Va. (via A.-C.C.)	12
Elizabeth City to Belhaven, N.C.	73
Great Bridge to Coinjock, N.C.	35
Coinjock to Belhaven, N.C.	81
Belhaven to Morehead City, N.C.	57

Cruising to Florida

Morehead City to Swansboro, N.C.	22
Swansboro to Southport, N.C.	67
Southport to Georgetown, S.C.	77
Georgetown to Charleston, S.C.	64
Charleston to Beaufort, S.C.	70
Beaufort to Thunderbolt, Ga.	44
Thunderbolt to St. Simon's Island, Ga.	85
St. Simon's Island to Fernandina, Fla.	40
Fernandina to St. Augustine	56
St. Augustine to Daytona Beach	46
Daytona Beach to Eau Gallie	76
Eau Gallie to Fort Pierce	44
Fort Pierce to West Palm Beach	50
West Palm Beach to Fort Lauderdale	35
Fort Lauderdale to Miami	25
Miami to Key West	155

(Sandy Hook to Miami—1,349 Miles)

It is excellent practice on this cruise to fill up your gasoline tanks each evening at the end of the day's run, no matter how tired you are, rather than to wait for morning. The reason for this is that the attendant probably will be available in the afternoon (usually until six o'clock), but he may not be on the job next morning before eight o'clock, and on this cruise you will often want to get under way a couple of hours earlier than that.

As navigation equipment you will need only a good compass, a barometer, a set of charts covering the Waterway, a pair of binoculars or field glasses, copies of Atlantic Coast Pilots Sections C and D, and one of the Inside Route Pilot, or the later publication, No. 670, entitled "Coast Pilot Information, Intracoastal Waterway." The charts you need are included in the 800-series, which covers the Waterway from Sandy Hook to Key West, together with the 1200-series charts for Chesapeake Bay and points north to your port of departure. Also, there is a 500-series of charts for the Chesapeake that give you greater detail than the 1200-series. The 1200-series charts are drawn to a scale of 1:80,000 while the 500- and 800-series charts are drawn to a scale of 1:40,000. These charts and pilots are on sale in most large waterfront communities, or they may be obtained from the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, Department of Commerce, Washington, D.C.

Preparing for the Cruise

There are occasions when a 1200-series chart, showing the waters off-shore, is an excellent supplement to an 800-series Waterway chart, since the 1200 chart shows the relationship of the sound or inlet you are traversing to the outside coast. However, I would not suggest the extra expense of a set of 1200 charts to duplicate the 800-series charts of the Waterway.

If you have no charging set aboard, I suggest that you hook two heavy-duty storage batteries in parallel to your engine generator, and from this hookup you will have plenty of current for evening cabin lighting, and yet always have sufficient for those mornings when your engine may be difficult to start. On our boat we carried a third storage battery, which was not normally on charge, but which was connected in series with one of the other batteries to furnish 12 volts for the horn and searchlight. About once a week I shifted this third battery over and hooked it up with the first for charging, at the same time transferring the second battery to searchlight and horn service. In this manner, all batteries were kept well charged throughout the cruise. (Incidentally, you need a real horn to wake up an occasional dopey bridge attendant, or to carry the blasts some little distance against the wind, and it may be that your 6-volt horn is located so far from its battery that it is not getting enough current to operate at its proper volume of sound. In such a case, it may be well to insert a single cell of dry battery in series with this horn circuit so that $7\frac{1}{2}$ volts pressure is available. This will make a lot of difference in the carrying quality of that weak horn.)

The system of marking the channel of the Intracoastal Waterway that has been adopted by the U.S. Coast Guard is simple, and yet it is sufficiently unique to justify some discussion here. Occasionally you will find conventional red nun buoys, black cans, and bell buoys used to indicate the course to be followed, but ordinarily these markers have been replaced by a different type of navigational aid. The red marker is in the form of a wooden triangle, painted red with a border of yellow, and carrying an even numeral that corresponds to the number on the chart. This marker is mounted on a wooden post or framework, and usually appears on your starboard. The black marker is similarly mounted, but is square with a yellow border, carries an odd

Cruising to Florida

numeral, and usually appears on your port side. The chart indicates whether or not the marker is lighted after dusk, or carries a reflector, whether the light is fixed or flashing, and its color.

With two or three exceptions on this southward cruise, the red markers will appear on your starboard and the black markers to port. The exceptions occur in those rare instances when you happen to be entering a port from southward or westward. Since an error in determining the point at which these changes appear may put your boat aground, it is smart to study the chart well ahead when you are approaching a port. In the detailed discussion of this cruise that follows I will attempt to point out the instances in which the normal marker procedure is reversed.

In addition to the usual types of markers, you will occasionally meet a pair of red, black, or white range markers, which must be lined up with each other if you are to negotiate an exceptionally narrow or tricky channel successfully. These markers are built of slats in an openwork pattern. Each pair carries the same numeral; the triangular one is the front marker, the round one the rear marker. (Occasionally you will encounter a cruder type of range marker, evidently placed in position by local boatmen, which does not appear on the chart. In general, I think you will be wise to follow only the markers and range lights set up by the Coast Guard.)

Another type of marker occasionally used by the Coast Guard is the bush stake, a bush-like affair that outlines the edge of a channel cut through a shoal lagoon. These bush stakes make excellent markers, and really should be used more frequently than is now the case. And finally, when channels shift about too fast for markers to be properly set, you will often find pieces of slats or tree branches stuck on shoal spots—and even these crude aids to navigation are welcome to the mariner who has been repeatedly scraping bottom in a channel supposed to have depths of three and four times his ship's draft.

After a few days of following the conventional square black and triangular red markers of the Waterway, you will form an affection for these friendly guides, and rarely will they let you down. On one or two occasions, however, you will find the markers set too far apart, or for some reason omitted altogether at critical points, and this makes

Preparing for the Cruise

it necessary to do a bit of searching before the proper estuary to follow can be determined. In some of the big sounds, such as Albemarle and Neuse River (Pamlico), there is no reason why navigational aids, in the form of buoys and cans, should not appear more frequently along the course.

The U.S. Engineering Department has done a magnificent job in building this Intracoastal Waterway, and it is continually dredging the shoal spots, straightening channels, and eliminating winding courses by substituting cuts that appreciably shorten the route to Florida. There is still further need for such improvement, particularly in the dredging of small streams that will make it possible to by-pass more exposed areas of water completely. In like fashion the U.S. Coast Guard is performing a splendid service by installing and caring for a fine system of markers along the Waterway, in addition to their maintenance of patrols along some of the more difficult stretches of the route for the purpose of helping small craft, should they experience engine trouble.

Most of the pleasure craft that we met on this cruise were crewed by a man and his wife. Occasionally a boat was encountered in which there were children aboard, and more rarely a man would be making the cruise alone. The most unusual situation in this respect was a small cabin cruiser in which two women were cruising to Florida without benefit of male assistance, and apparently doing an excellent job of it, too.

As a rule the man-and-wife teams appeared to divide duties under way by taking turns at the wheel, with the one not acting as helmsman taking care of the chart work. This system constitutes an excellent division of labor, since it leaves the helmsman wholly free to concentrate on the job of running the boat. The "navigator" checks the chart for markers ahead, locates these markers in advance with the binoculars, and when necessary points out these aids to the helmsman. It should also be emphasized that the navigator must study the channel for shoals, since markers are not always set on the edges of such shallow sections, but instead may be set at either end, with a shoal bulging out between them. In such instances, a straight course between two markers may put the ship on a shoal, and the navigator must spot these

Cruising to Florida

situations well in advance and warn the helmsman to give the shoals a wide berth. This matter of shoals, or even sections of marshland intervening between lighted markers, is what makes it next to impossible to run this Waterway after dark.

While we experienced no difficulty in working out a suitable division of duties aboard our boat, from time to time I gathered hints that some of the ladies on other boats were not altogether happy about the routines set up by their husband-skippers. As a matter of fact, I encountered two or three cases bordering on outright mutiny, in which the lady's complaint was that the husband, after letting her steer for three or four hours, would say, "All right, dear. Now I'll take the wheel while you get supper." Personally, I was never able to see anything wrong with this procedure, but apparently some of the women thought preparing a meal was more arduous and less interesting work than doing a wheel trick, and felt that the housekeeping duties also should be shared. In the long run I suppose such matters will be decided according to the extent to which the husband has been accustomed to helping out with the housework at home.

Further division of duties usually seems to include turning the care of the power plant over to the man or menfolk aboard; and the setup by which the skipper handles the wheel in approaching docks, while the lady takes care of the mooring lines, appears to be almost standard routine. In any case, it was obvious that the men who had their wives along were far more fortunate than those who were traveling alone. Of all the lone hands I talked with, not one was happy about his solitude, and most of them stated emphatically that they would never again tackle this cruise singlehanded.

In one way it is unfortunate that the logical season for going to Florida is the autumn and early winter, since this fact renders it difficult to make a real family undertaking of the cruise, the children usually being in school during these months. However, in some instances, as I have said, the boats going south at the time we made the trip carried children who were to enter school as soon as they arrived at their Florida destination.

If the fear of encountering a hurricane is preventing anyone from essaying this cruise, I would say that this is rather farfetched reason-

Preparing for the Cruise

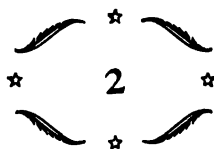
ing. The natives along the Waterway appear to consider the middle of September as the end of the really destructive hurricane threat north of Florida, and cyclonic storms along this coast after October 1st are likely to be of reduced violence. In our own case, with the exception of a couple of northeast blows, we encountered no adverse weather on the cruise, which was made during the month of October. Perhaps the only legitimate reason for waiting until later lies in the stipulation of certain insurance companies that boats insured by them must not go south of a certain parallel until after November first. However, judging by the number of boats that accompanied us to Florida before that date, either this dictum of the insurance companies is frequently ignored, or else the boats in question were not covered by insurance.

In this preliminary discussion, I have attempted to touch only upon those elements that should be considered in preparing the ship and crew for the voyage. It is wise not to underestimate the difficulties of making this cruise to Florida. There is nothing in the trip that is too difficult for a couple who have had a bit of previous cruising experience, and who own a sound boat with a reliable power plant. Only those who have been led to believe that the trip is altogether a lark, with no hazards at all involved, will need to revise their preconceptions and plans. The average experienced cruising man knows that you cannot traverse such a waterway as this without encountering some difficult stretches of water, and some more or less hazardous situations. I believe that those who are most deeply disappointed in the cruise are those who wholly underestimated its difficulties and therefore failed to prepare properly for it.

Since much of the success of any cruise depends upon the mental attitude of the ship's company, I suggest that all hands understand in advance that there will be obstacles to overcome. Appreciating this fact, everyone aboard can then be prepared to maintain a cheerful front, no matter how rough the going may prove to be on a particular day. And, last but not least, don't worry if your beautiful little hooker gets anchor dents in her paint work, loses some of her shiny varnish, and gets her white topsides messed up as a result of old rubber-tire fenders and nights of rubbing against assorted dirty docks. If you can laugh off the boat's appearance until you arrive in Florida, you will

Cruising to Florida

then have plenty of time to put her finish in top condition after the cruise is over. During the cruise your real interest will be not so much in the boat's appearance, as in her day-by-day performance. And in perhaps lesser degree, the same thing may be said of the members of the ship's company.



Windjammers for a While

THIS CRUISE of ours to Florida was part of a more ambitious plan for an extended postwar yacht cruise through the West Indies, down to Panama, through the Canal, and then on into the Pacific. We had laid out this cruise even before the war was won in Europe, and our plan called for a trip through the Intracoastal Waterway to Florida just as soon as restrictions were lifted on pleasure craft cruising along the eastern seaboard of the United States. Then we would cruise the Caribbean until Japan was licked and the Pacific was once more available to the yachtsman. It was an excellent plan, and although, like so many cruising projects, it has already suffered modification and experienced delay, it now bids fair to work out just about as we originally conceived it.

Naturally, such a West Indies cruise as this called for some sort of sailing craft, and since Madge and I had put in a number of years in sailboats in various parts of the world, this fact presented no particular difficulty. Where we made our first mistake, however, was in going into partnership with another couple in order to buy this auxiliary.

It is odd that I should have been one to fall for the fallacy of purchasing a pleasure craft in partnership, since for so many years I have advised my friends against ever getting mixed up in such an entangling alliance. Anyone who knows anything at all about boats knows that these cooperative ownerships simply do not work out. I suppose I must have felt that, although this rule applied to the general run of humanity, somehow or other *I* could make the thing click. And the other couple concerned in the transaction were such *nice* people. Surely

Cruising to Florida

if any quartet could get along as joint owners and operators of a boat, we four could turn the trick.

After considerable scouting around, we narrowed our choice down to three auxiliaries of the correct size for the contemplated voyage and ship's company. One of these craft was located on Long Island Sound, a second at Dredge Harbor, near Philadelphia, and the third at Cape May, N.J. We took the time to inspect all three of these boats, but the Cape May auxiliary finally got the nod from us, partly because she proved to be altogether sound and seaworthy, and partly because she was shoal draft and priced about right in a slightly screwy pleasure craft market. It was shortly obvious to me that her owner knew little about sailboats, and that he was convinced he was unloading something onto us—which is a nice frame of mind in which to find a prospective seller. The owner was asking \$4,500 for the boat, then dropped his price to \$4,000, and finally accepted my firm offer of \$3,400.

Apache was a 45-foot staysail schooner, with a beam of 12 feet 4 inches, and a draft of 4 feet 6 inches. She was a keel boat—not a center-board. She was comfortably laid out below for four people, with forward and after cabins, and a very large galley. There was a Scripps engine which, at the time of our purchase, was out of commission; and she had a fair suit of sails. When we first saw her, the boat was improperly rigged and, according to local seafaring folk, had never been actually sailed since she had been at Cape May. In a way, the condition of the engine and the owner's ineptness were lucky breaks for the boat, since she had been brought down to Cape May early in the war for Coast Guard patrol service, but, because of the condition of her engine and rigging, never was taken to sea. Therefore, she had the good fortune to miss that grueling service in wartime which ruined so many fine pleasure craft, both sail and power.

Madge and I made a hurried cleanup of the boat below, and then moved aboard her at once. The members of the other half of this partnership were employed in Philadelphia. Our acquaintance with them had been limited to correspondence, followed only by a few brief meetings in New York after we came east. The two of them were to come down week ends to Cape May to help us make the boat ready for the

Windjammers for a While

cruise. Then, on July first, they were to quit their jobs and move aboard with us. Thereafter we planned to cruise the Chesapeake until time to start for Florida.

The plan worked out to the extent that these people showed up for three week ends, and they really were of some help in the arduous job of painting, varnishing, and re-rigging the boat. The difficulty was that neither of them knew anything about boats and both were incapable of adjusting themselves to a maritime existence, even for a brief week end. As soon as I sensed this fact, I drew up a written agreement by which, in case of disagreement, these folk were to sell me their interest in the boat at a figure representing exactly the amount they had invested in it, and this was to be done upon my request. They signed this paper and, on the following Saturday, when they suddenly descended upon us with a whole carful of relatives of all ages and both sexes just as we had completed varnishing the interior of the main cabin, I first politely requested that they keep their gang out of the cabin until the varnish had a chance to set. When they refused to do this and reminded me that the boat was as much theirs as mine, I wrote out a check for their interest in the boat, gave it to them, and ordered the whole noisy mob of landlubbers ashore. Thus, within five minutes a beautiful friendship came abruptly to an end, quiet was once more restored aboard *Apache*, and we were thanking our lucky stars that we had had sense enough to draw up that agreement in advance of a blowoff we now saw was inevitable from the beginning. Too often these partnerships are much harder to get out of than to get into.

If this recital of our unfortunate experience with an attempted partnership arrangement in the purchase of a boat has any value, it will be as a warning to any readers who may be tempted to halve the cost of boat ownership and double its pleasures by going fifty-fifty on everything with their very best friends. The only case I have known in which such a partnership worked out with any degree of success was that in which a couple of men bought a boat together and religiously took turns using this craft on alternate week ends, but never sailing together. Even in this instance, however, it is a safe bet that one or the other party to the partnership did a major share of the work of fitting out each spring, and keeping the boat shipshape throughout the season.

Cruising to Florida

Relieved of our partnership worries, Madge and I were in a better frame of mind to enjoy our stay at Cape May. We found this a lovely little town, with quaint old houses, friendly townspeople, and merchants who, unlike those in most resort areas, did not look upon the visitor as their legitimate prey. Evenings we would walk the mile from the docks to the business district and visit friends or have dinner at one of the excellent restaurants in this community. Then we would take a taxi back to the ship, and turn in early to be ready for another day's work.

At Cape May we lay at Scotty's Wharf, and we found the proprietor of this boatyard a most unusual individual. Grant Scott is probably the only boatyard owner in America who is mayor of the city in which he resides, who is a former president of his state assembly, and who has served as acting governor of his state for a period of two years. Scotty is and was all of these things, having pinch-hitted for Governor Edison during that gentleman's period of wartime service in Washington. By all means get acquainted with Scotty if your itinerary includes Cape May.

The failure of the partnership left Madge and me in a somewhat difficult situation. I had wheedled a temperamental but efficient engine mechanic into putting in enough time on the Scripps to make her perform satisfactorily once more. I had re-rigged the boat to conform to a sailor's ideas of what a staysail schooner should look like aloft. And we had completed the paint and varnish work and had the boat looking her best. Coastwise cruising restrictions were still in effect, so we made our trial trip within the limits of Cape May Harbor. We knew, therefore, that *Apache* was ready to go. But we also felt that we were going to need more crew than the two of us if we were to carry out the plans we had made. In other words, we had more boat than we needed for a crew of two, and certainly more boat than we would have purchased except as a partnership venture. We decided to take *Apache* up to her birthplace at Essington, on the Delaware near Philadelphia, and either take on a pair of paying guests as crew or sell the boat and buy a smaller one.

For the cruise up Delaware Bay and the river, we shipped an amateur crew consisting of the skipper and the boatswain of an Army Air

Windjammers for a While

Force crash boat, and the wife of the aforesaid skipper. This young trio were sailboat enthusiasts par excellence and, much to my surprise, they were to be furnished an opportunity to display all of their skill before we had completed that cruise. The boatswain was Charlie Marcus, of Detroit, the crash boat captain was Winslow Waaser (known as "Windy"), of Florida, and his wife was, appropriately enough, named Sunny, and hailed from Boston. Because these Army folk had to make their plans for leave well in advance, it was a case of setting a sailing date regardless of weather, and sticking to it. Therefore, I selected a date on which we could depend on the tide to help us. However, as always happens to me when I fix a sailing time too far in advance, the barometer began dropping the day before we were to leave, and continued to fall the following day. And the more evident it became that we were going to see some weather on the cruise, the more delighted that starry-eyed crew of mine became.

They came aboard the night before, and early in the morning we powered away from Scotty's Wharf, through Cape May Harbor and into the millrace of the short canal that connects this harbor with Delaware Bay. The current in this canal is the fastest of any we encountered on the entire Florida cruise, running between six and eight knots, and with but a few minutes of slack water at the change of tidal flow. A sea-going ketch had been dismasted and shorn of her bowsprit at the first bridge in this canal only a week or so earlier, when the bridge attendant was slow in getting the draw open and the skipper was unable to control his boat. However, I made it a point to remain out in the harbor until the bridge began opening before entering the canal at all, it being but a hundred yards or so from the point of entrance to the first bridge. The remaining spans either were already open when we sighted them or opened at once and well in advance, so we were soon in Delaware Bay.

The early part of this trip to Essington came about as close to being a typical day-sailing jaunt as anything we experienced on the way to Florida. The sun was shining, there was a moderate southwest breeze, the shoal bay was sparkling, and as soon as we cleared the jetty we set all sail and cut out the engine. We laid a course to pick up the ship channel near Fourteen Foot Bank Lighthouse between Brandywine

Cruising to Florida

and Miah Maull lights, and, since I had timed the trip to pick up the incoming tide, we were able to ride the flood of that tide all the way up to New Castle.

What a day that was for *Apache*! After her years of wartime inactivity and dubious ownership, she at last had a proper rig, a fair wind, and a crew who wanted nothing more than to see just what she could do. I had liked the boat when first I saw her, but I will confess I was surprised at the way she stepped out. By the time we hit the ship channel, rounded Miah Maull, and headed for Elbow of Cross Ledge, the wind had further freshened, the tidal current had reached its full three-mile flow, and although we had no taffrail log, Windy and I estimated our speed over the bottom at thirteen knots.

By noon we had left Ship John Shoal Lighthouse well astern, the bay was narrowing into the river, and we were hightailing it for Reedy Point and the entrance to the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. If my foresight had been really good, I would have turned at once into this canal and entered the Chesapeake right then, rather than to waste the weeks I did in that dirty old Delaware. However, we did meet some very nice people along this river, so perhaps our weeks of olfactory suffering were not altogether wasted.

We passed the canal entrance at full speed and were so elated at the ship's performance that we not only were half-minded to ignore the barometer's reading of 29.6, but were so foolish as to begin to estimate the hour at which we would pass Wilmington on the last leg of our trip to Essington. This sort of prognostication jinxed us, of course, as it always does, and shortly after clearing Pea Patch Shoal the sky in the northwest went inky black and the wind increased until I had the crew furl everything but the staysail and jib. Even under this shortened canvas we were making excellent progress, right up to the time the storm hit us. Even before the squall struck, the wind was blowing a full gale from the southwest, but it was steady and, shortened as we were, we could have readily weathered almost anything except what we got.

If you happen to have spent any time in the Philadelphia area in summer, you no doubt have seen those guarded references in the local newspapers to "freak storms" and "cyclone-like winds," by which the news dispensers attempt to disguise the fact that the community has

Windjammers for a While

been visited by another tornado. This one hit us just off New Castle, which I afterwards learned to be a favorite area for these storms. It began as a simple but severe squall from the northwest, with a heavy downpour of rain. I took off the staysail and figured we could get by under jib alone until the squall abated. It was lucky that I thus saved the staysail, for all of a sudden this twister hit us and all Hell broke loose out there in the middle of the Delaware.

This tornado, as we afterward learned, felled trees, wrecked houses, and played havoc generally with the surrounding countryside. At the Essington Yacht Yard, a few miles to the northward, it lifted the roofs off two 150-foot boat storage sheds and dumped them over on the other side of the yard. Yet so freakish was its path that the boats moored off this yard were uninjured, and hardly felt the blow at all.

Aboard *Apache* we were a fairly busy crew. The twister spun the ship about, completely out of control. The boys leaped for the jib, but before they could reach the bow it was torn into strips, horizontally and vertically, and its club disappeared over the side. Charlie then lowered what remained of the sail and went out on the bowsprit to save the pieces by lashing them down. The rain, driven by a terrific wind, struck our faces with breathtaking force. I started the engine and attempted to ease the boat out of the trough of swells that were of unbelievable depth, considering the fact that we were cruising in a sheltered inland waterway. On the bowsprit Charlie went completely under water three times before he finished his furling job. When I suggested that we call it a day and try to find some place around New Castle to tie up for the night, there was no dissenting voice among the half-drowned members of that crew.

The chart showed no anchorage along the New Castle shore, but as soon as the storm abated somewhat we began working our way closer inshore. With Windy manning the sounding lead, we left the ship channel and entered water shown on the chart as having a depth of two feet. In behind the big concrete ice fenders that protect the New Castle waterfront we found an old oil barge moored solidly to a sea wall. Windy opined that we would draw no more water than the barge, so we came alongside her and tied up. A few minutes later, however, a big tug came up, and her skipper informed us, politely

Cruising to Florida

enough, that this was his regular nightly mooring spot alongside the barge. So we cast off until the tug was secured to the barge, then tied up fore and aft to the tug for the night. Since no one had thought—much less had time—to put on rain clothes when the storm struck, we were all thoroughly watersoaked, the ladies in particular looking like nothing so much as a pair of drowned rats.

A change of clothes, a hot supper, and a good night's sleep put a new face on the situation, however, and by seven the next morning we were under way, under staysail and engine, bucking the stiff current of an ebb tide. By noon we had passed Chester and were off the lower end of Tinicum Island. Slipping in behind this strip of marshland, we tied up at the oil dock at Essington Yacht Yard—not, however, before I snapped off the painter of our trailing dink when I miscalculated the swift run of that tidal current and wrapped the dinghy around a mooring buoy in the anchorage offshore. Our efficient amateur crew soon rescued the dink, and after I had secured an assignment to a mooring at the yard office, helped us make fast to the can. Then these Army folk packed their bags, shoved off, and caught a bus for Philadelphia, from which city they returned to Cape May by train that afternoon, well within the limit of their 48-hour leave.

The crew had voted the cruise up the river a complete success, and appeared to consider the storm the finishing touch to a perfect day. I, however, had yet to persuade Mr. Fry, of that fine old firm of sail-makers, Vanderherschens's, to attempt to repair that tattered jib, while I set to work to fashion a new club for this sail. As it turned out, the jib was beautifully resewn, and within a week I had nothing but the rather sizable bill for this job to remind me of our bout with a Philadelphia "freak storm."

At Essington we made an attempt to secure suitable sailing guests for the cruise south, and failing in this, we listed *Apache* with the yard for sale. Like many owners of sailing auxiliaries in those hectic months following the close of the war in Europe, however, we overestimated the market on sailboats and listed *Apache* at a selling price far above her true value. Therefore, our announcement that the schooner was for sale created little sensation among the canny Philadelphians who read the ads. The truth was, of course, that the only real boom in

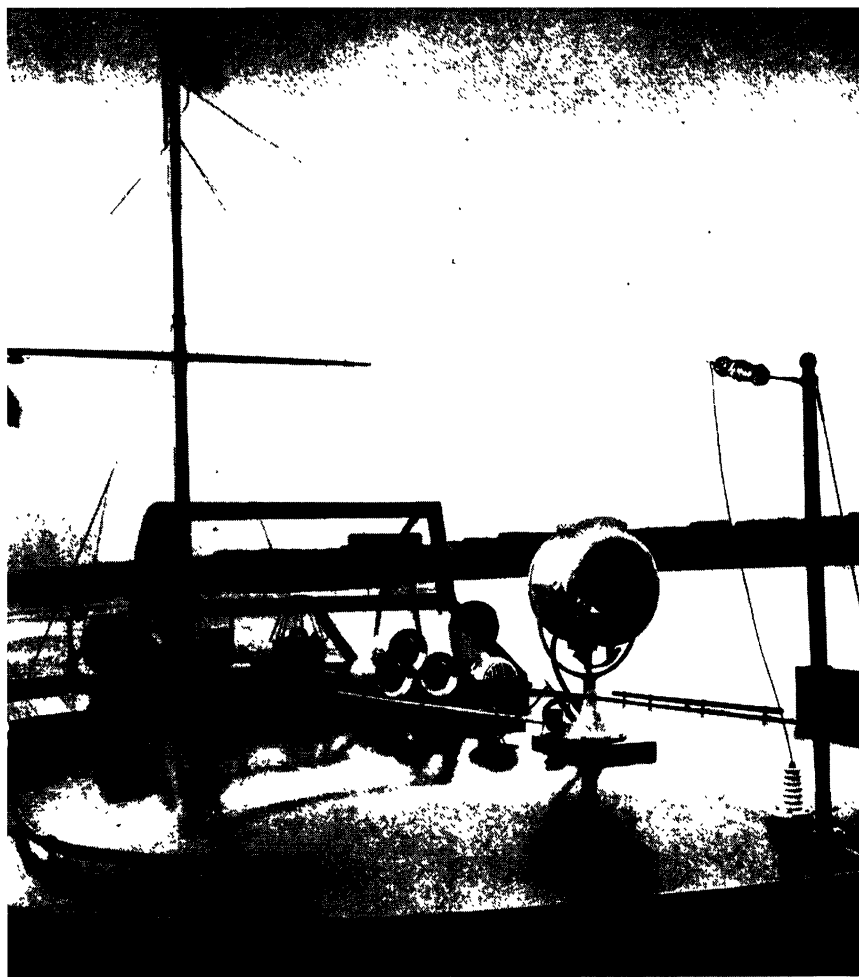


Photo by Techni-Photo S



Above: All boat equipment must be in top working order before cruise is begun. Horns, searchlight, radio, and compass are important essentials to a pleasant, safe trip in Florida.

Cruising to Florida

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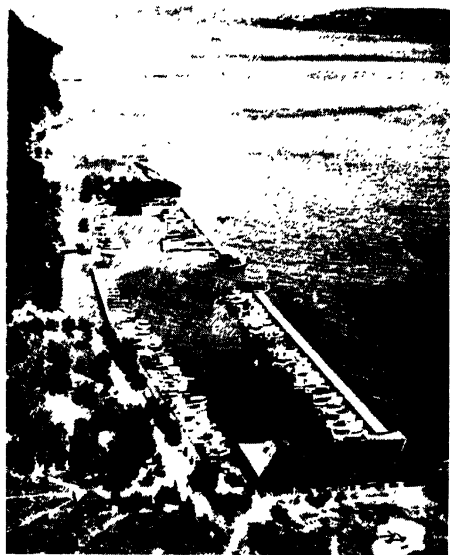


Left: Schooner *Apache* lying in



Photo by Rosenfeld

Hoffman's Anchorage, Brielle,
N.J.



Englewood Yacht Basin, on the Hudson River, a section of the Waterway from the Great Lakes to Florida.



Photo by Stanley E. Stady

Grant Scott, genial proprietor of Scotty's Wharf, is also mayor of the city of Cape May, N.J., and was acting governor of New Jersey for

Windjammers for a While

prices of used pleasure craft during this period applied to power boats, since this was the type of boat the newly affluent war worker usually was interested in acquiring.

This Essington Yacht Yard is an interesting place, being one of the largest East Coast boatyards, and quite the largest on the Delaware. Its owner, George Smith, is well-known in the boating industry, and in his yard most of the fine yachts of the Philadelphia area are stored. Smitty is himself quite a cruising man, keeping his houseboat *Lorowa* moored at Georgetown, down in the Chesapeake, and spending his week ends and summer vacations aboard her.

After spending two weeks at Essington, we decided to continue on a few miles above Philadelphia, where the yacht basin known as Dredge Harbor gave promise of offering some relief from the mid-summer stench of the river. The trip past the Navy Yard and business district waterfront of the City of Brotherly Love (*sic*) was interesting but uneventful, except for the difficulty we encountered in getting the tenders at the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Socony-Palmyra bridges to open their draws for us. The Penn bridge held us up for half an hour during a driving rain squall for the slow passage of a long freight and a passenger train, and the Palmyra bridge tender refused to open for us at all, eventually forcing us to go under the span, which our mainmast cleared only by inches.

A little later we stopped for a moment at the Riverside Yacht Club, just as the tailenders in a Star elimination race were wearily finishing out the course. Here we picked up Bob Lippincott, who had just won this race and who was kind enough to pilot us through the rather tortuous channel ahead that led into Dredge Harbor. From my later contacts with Lippincott and other members of this fine old club, I would say that there is no superior organization of simon-pure Corinthians on our eastern seaboard.

Dredge Harbor turned out to be a pleasant spot, and we enjoyed our stay in a basin but rarely redolent with the sewage odors of Philadelphia. Nevertheless, *Apache* refused to sell, even at a reduced price, although I did receive a hundred dollars for a week's option on her, which the somewhat erratic prospective purchaser forfeited the next day when he saw—and bought—another sailboat he liked better.

Cruising to Florida

Dredge Harbor Yacht Basin is well worth a visit by any yachtsman who happens to be in the Philadelphia area. It has the makings of one of the finest marinas in the country, although at the time of our visit its docks and slips were somewhat run-down. This basin is a by-product of the operations of a big gravel dredging company, and forms a perfect landlocked harbor, within which a fair percentage of the boats are left in wet storage throughout the winter.

When we became convinced that *Apache* would not sell for a fair price in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, we decided to take the old girl down into the Chesapeake (where, as I have said, we should have gone direct from Cape May) and offer her for sale in a region where a good shoal draft schooner would be appreciated. We were encouraged in this plan by a Baltimore yacht broker with whom we had been corresponding, and who assured us he could sell the boat quickly at the price we were now asking, if only we would bring her to Baltimore or Annapolis.

So, early one September morning, we shoved off from Dredge Harbor, scraped under the Socony-Palmyra bridge, fiddled around for a time until the Penn bridge could open for us, and once more powered past the Philadelphia waterfront, past the Navy Yard, past Tinicum Island, Chester, Wilmington, and New Castle, and along toward evening—after having been headed all day by a southwesterly wind—entered the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. Hauling alongside the dispatcher's barge we gave him the information he requested regarding our boat, and then began the transit of the canal.

I have no way of knowing how this 12-mile stretch of canal affects other yachtsmen, but to us its quiet reaches were altogether welcome and enjoyable, particularly from the cockpit of our slow-moving schooner. We also enjoyed the speed with which those bridges which required opening for our passages were swung open. Furthermore, it was mighty nice to get out of that fragrant old Delaware and feel that we would shortly have clean salt water under our keel and sweetening our bilges once again.

Somehow or other we completely overlooked Chesapeake City on this trip, partly because it is such a small place, and partly, I suppose, because the bridge shown on our chart as spanning the canal at that

Windjammers for a While

point no longer exists and by the time we became aware of this latter fact, the village was well astern and we were headed down Back Creek. Disliking as we always have to return to any port we have passed, we decided to take a chance on replenishing our depleted gasoline supply at some point farther down the Chesapeake, and continued on down Elk River to flashing back buoy "3," where we cut across into the mouth of the Bohemia, pulled over to a spot equidistant between the points outlining the entrance to Veazey Cove, and dropped anchor there in seven feet of water.

Someone has said that only a fool would attempt to express in words the beauty and grandeur of the Grand Canyon, and I believe in lesser degree this same prohibition should apply to those yachtsmen who blithely essay to analyze the charm of the Chesapeake to other cruising men. The truth is, of course, that the Chesapeake is all things to all men, and that is why each of us finds the particular attraction we seek when we enter her waters. It may be an exaggeration to declare, as the editor of one boating magazine did to me, that the Chesapeake is "the world's finest cruising ground, bar none." There are other bodies of inland water that possess charms different from, but no less appealing than, the Chesapeake. It is also true that so much raving has been done in print regarding the beauties of this shoal estuary that the newcomer to these waters may be momentarily disappointed.

Instead of going into raptures over the charms of the Chesapeake, therefore, let me point out, as briefly as possible, and wholly from the viewpoint of the cruising yachtsman, some of the good and bad points of this body of water. To begin with, I like the Chesapeake because it has excellent protected anchorages in nearly tideless water, and I enjoy anchoring in depths but little greater than the draft of my boat, simply because this makes it easier to handle my ground tackle. I love the Chesapeake's scenic inlets, and the old-world atmosphere of its Eastern Shore. I am particularly impressed with my first contact with the proper and natural relationship of the white man and the black man, which exists throughout the South and which the Northerner encounters for the first time in the neighborhood of Baltimore and Annapolis.

Being a peaceful and rather indolent type of cruising man, I cor-

Cruising to Florida

dially detest the vagaries of wind and weather in the Chesapeake, and am inclined to consider it a personal affront every time this inland body of water decides to kick up worse than many oceans on which I have sailed, and with no barometric warning or reasonable meteorological excuse for such actions, as far as I have been able to determine. To me the Chesapeake is a wholly feminine sea, completely lovable and forever fascinating, but utterly and incurably illogical in all her moods. I like her immensely, and I admire her, too, but I have never trusted her any farther than I could see the next oncoming wave.

The Chesapeake gave us a splendid welcome at our Bohemia River anchorage where, for a wonder, no faintest summer-night squall disturbed our slumbers. On the following morning we powered back out into the Elk and continued bucking our southwest wind on the way to Annapolis. There was no chance to use our sails, and it was becoming imperative that we secure gasoline, and particularly lubricating oil at once, so we headed across the choppy mouth of the Sassafras for Betterton.

We had been warned before leaving Dredge Harbor to keep away from this resort town of Betterton, since, as we had been told, the citizens of this community did not welcome yachtsmen to their midst. However, being low on gas and oil, we had no choice, so we came alongside a dock carrying gasoline pumps, and tied up there. The townspeople who had gathered on the pier refused to take our lines and stared at us as though they had never seen a yacht before. Then, to make matters worse, we found that the fellow who operated the gas pumps at that dock was in no mood to come down to the pier and give us service. So we had to get out a pair of five-gallon cans and lug our gasoline from an automobile service station in the center of town. Fortunately, our Scripps burned but little over a gallon per hour at our 6-knot cruising speed, so a few gallons of gas were enough; but after ineffectively attempting to get either ice or water there, we made a solemn vow never again to stop at Betterton, and shoved off from the dock with mixed feelings of relief and exasperation.

We now powered slowly down the Eastern Shore, passed between Pooles Island and the entrance to Worton Creek (one of the most popular overnight anchorages among those who cruise the northern

Windjammers for a While

reaches of this Bay), and around noon pulled up on the bell buoys, respectively red and black and numbered "4" and "1," which lead over toward the Western Shore. On this, our first crossing of the Chesapeake, we continued to have beautiful weather, although the same old southwest wind prevented sailing. Shortly we sighted Baltimore Lighthouse, which does not mark the entrance to Baltimore Harbor, as one might suppose, but which does make an excellent landmark for entering the Magothy River, just below Gibson Island. In midafternoon we negotiated the rather tricky entrance to the Magothy (pronounced with the accent on the "Mag") and, because it was still early, decided to cruise on up the river as far as possible. This limitation we reached, after three or four miles of cruising, off the mouths of Mill and Dividing Creeks, a spot which obviously constituted the head of navigation in the Magothy, as far as our draft was concerned. Here we anchored for the night.

Cruising yachtsmen are strange creatures who form instant and often lasting likes and dislikes for the communities they visit, and for reasons not at once evident to the landsman. Here on the Magothy occurred one of those simple incidents that will forever make us feel most kindly toward this old estuary. Shortly after anchoring we climbed into the dink and rowed ashore, where we discovered that the only gasoline and grocery supplies to be had in the vicinity were half a mile up one of the aforementioned creeks. We had no outboard motor, and this seemed an unconscionably long row in our Old Town dink. However, just as we were about to abandon the trip and return aboard, along came a high-school boy in an outboard skiff, who sensed our dilemma and at once volunteered to tow us up the creek to the stores behind his rowboat. You may be sure we accepted this proffer with alacrity, and our entire memory of the Magothy is pleasantly colored by the courtesy of this lad, who thus helped us add to our supply of gasoline, oil, and foodstuffs. When we had completed our shopping, the boy refused to accept any payment for the gas he had consumed, but he did come aboard for a helping of cake and a dish of ice cream before shoving off for home. My guess is that that lad will grow up into the best type of cruising yachtsman—which is the finest prognostication I know how to make for any youngster.

Cruising to Florida

dially detest the vagaries of wind and weather in the Chesapeake, and am inclined to consider it a personal affront every time this inland body of water decides to kick up worse than many oceans on which I have sailed, and with no barometric warning or reasonable meteorological excuse for such actions, as far as I have been able to determine. To me the Chesapeake is a wholly feminine sea, completely lovable and forever fascinating, but utterly and incurably illogical in all her moods. I like her immensely, and I admire her, too, but I have never trusted her any farther than I could see the next oncoming wave.

The Chesapeake gave us a splendid welcome at our Bohemia River anchorage where, for a wonder, no faintest summer-night squall disturbed our slumbers. On the following morning we powered back out into the Elk and continued bucking our southwest wind on the way to Annapolis. There was no chance to use our sails, and it was becoming imperative that we secure gasoline, and particularly lubricating oil at once, so we headed across the choppy mouth of the Sassafras for Betterton.

We had been warned before leaving Dredge Harbor to keep away from this resort town of Betterton, since, as we had been told, the citizens of this community did not welcome yachtsmen to their midst. However, being low on gas and oil, we had no choice, so we came alongside a dock carrying gasoline pumps, and tied up there. The townspeople who had gathered on the pier refused to take our lines and stared at us as though they had never seen a yacht before. Then, to make matters worse, we found that the fellow who operated the gas pumps at that dock was in no mood to come down to the pier and give us service. So we had to get out a pair of five-gallon cans and lug our gasoline from an automobile service station in the center of town. Fortunately, our Scripps burned but little over a gallon per hour at our 6-knot cruising speed, so a few gallons of gas were enough; but after ineffectively attempting to get either ice or water there, we made a solemn vow never again to stop at Betterton, and shoved off from the dock with mixed feelings of relief and exasperation.

We now powered slowly down the Eastern Shore, passed between Pooles Island and the entrance to Worton Creek (one of the most popular overnight anchorages among those who cruise the northern

Windjammers for a While

reaches of this Bay), and around noon pulled up on the bell buoys, respectively red and black and numbered "4" and "1," which lead over toward the Western Shore. On this, our first crossing of the Chesapeake, we continued to have beautiful weather, although the same old southwest wind prevented sailing. Shortly we sighted Baltimore Lighthouse, which does not mark the entrance to Baltimore Harbor, as one might suppose, but which does make an excellent landmark for entering the Magothy River, just below Gibson Island. In midafternoon we negotiated the rather tricky entrance to the Magothy (pronounced with the accent on the "Mag") and, because it was still early, decided to cruise on up the river as far as possible. This limitation we reached, after three or four miles of cruising, off the mouths of Mill and Dividing Creeks, a spot which obviously constituted the head of navigation in the Magothy, as far as our draft was concerned. Here we anchored for the night.

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Cruising to Florida

That night the old Chesapeake got tired of putting her best foot forward for us and reverted more nearly to her normal behavior. About one o'clock a typical Chesapeake summer squall sprang out of the northwest and kicked us about for a couple of hours. Fortunately, we had out a good scope of $\frac{1}{2}$ " chain on our 75-pound kedge and no squall could worry us with that sort of ground tackle down. In the morning our cove was again like a millpond and we powered back out through the entrance to the Magothy, past Baltimore Light, and down toward Sandy Point Light en route to Annapolis just around the corner. We regretted that we had not the time to visit the famous Gibson Island Club, but our feeling for the Magothy could not have been kinder if we had been entertained most regally at the Club's yacht basin.

By noon we sighted the radio towers off Annapolis, and dodging the fish traps, soon picked up the channel buoys marking the entrance to the Severn. Entering the roadstead off the Academy, we passed the green dome of the Administration Building, then skirted the anchored fleet of Academy sailboats, and drew alongside the oil dock of the Annapolis Yacht Anchorage. Here we gassed up and, after much maneuvering, even contrived to secure a cake of ice from a nearby icehouse. The service at this dock is fairly good, but the attendants there should warn newcomers not to anchor in the basin off the docks, since a constant heavy swell makes this anchorage a most uncomfortable one. Instead, the stranger should be advised to proceed through the rickety old drawbridge to port of the anchorage, and moor or anchor in the quiet, peaceful waters of Spa Creek. We spent one night in the turbulent outer anchorage, then hoisted our hook and moved up above the Langan boatyard in Spa Creek, to the foot of Market Street, where we anchored for several days in what is certainly one of the most beautiful settings in which I have ever moored a yacht.



From Sail to Power

ON THE Sunday following our arrival at Annapolis we sold the *Apache*. Two young fellows from California bought her for \$4,500, and appeared well satisfied with their bargain. The schooner was hauled out and surveyed at the Hartge boatyard, down on West River, and we took the new owners for a demonstration cruise on the Chesapeake. Then we unloaded our possessions from *Apache*, stored these effects in a warehouse, bought a used automobile, and started on our search for another boat.

There followed a hectic period of boat hunting all up and down the Chesapeake, at Baltimore (locally pronounced "Ballmer"), Annapolis, West River, up the Sassafras and Chester Rivers, at Havre de Grace (locally pronounced "Haver de Grass") and at Northeast. Everywhere the story was the same—too little boat for too much money. We were not too particular about the boat we would buy, but it had to be worth the money asked for it. We looked at dozens of cabin cruisers and sailing auxiliaries, of all sizes and in every conceivable condition. Some of the auxiliaries were in terrible shape, while others had no headroom or storage space, and little living room. The cabin cruisers were, for the most part, either old crocks that were all too obviously unseaworthy, or shiny little spitkids all varnished up to appeal to the ladies, but equally unsatisfactory for protracted cruising.

We were still open-minded in the matter of whether to secure a cabin cruiser or sailing auxiliary, but we soon found that good 35-foot ketches or yawls simply were not to be had, at least not within the price range we had decided on for the new boat. We looked over all

Cruising to Florida

available boats at Essington Yacht Yard without finding anything suitable, and finally arrived, somewhat discouraged, at Dredge Harbor, from whence we had recently departed in *Apache* for Annapolis. Here the yard owners—the Parsons boys—showed us a number of cabin cruisers that were for sale there, and the third boat we looked at was *Luberta*. As soon as I saw this boat I knew that our search was over, providing I could get her at what I considered to be a reasonable price.

This boat *Luberta* is a Hand-designed 37-foot cabin cruiser, most beautifully built by her owner (who had served an early apprenticeship in his Norwegian father's boatyard), and in whose construction he had used only the choicest of woods and fittings, and the infinite pains of a master craftsman. Six years had gone into *Luberta's* building, and never have I seen a so-called "homemade" boat, either sail or power, to compare with her in the matter of those hidden details of woodworking and handicraft that make the difference between superb construction and mediocre workmanship.

Luberta is a double-cabin bridge deck cruiser; that is, she has an after cabin or stateroom as sleeping quarters (the toilet compartment also is aft), with a neat little quarterdeck with cushioned seat abaft this cabin. (It was particularly nice on this cruise to have the sleeping quarters completely separate from the galley and living quarters.) Forward of the cabin comes the bridge deck, semi-enclosed, with controls mounted amidships. Below this deck is the most beautifully appointed engine room I have ever seen on a small cruiser. The power plant is a 125 h.p. Pierce Arrow conversion, which runs like a chronometer—except when I mistreat it most shamefully, as hereinafter noted. There are two 50-gallon gasoline tanks mounted on either side of the engine room, an oil cooler, three storage batteries, and the usual auxiliary equipment. Sixty gallons of fresh water are carried in two tanks aft, under the aforementioned quarterdeck.

Forward of the bridge deck comes the galley and forward cabin, with a big icebox, an alcohol stove, and the usual four bunks, lowers and uppers. The boat throughout is beautifully appointed, with chenille rugs on the floor, a world of storage space and hanging closets, and a number of interesting trick gadgets that many of the stock

From Sail to Power

cruiser builders could well emulate in their postwar craft. One of these innovations is to be found at the galley sink where, in addition to the usual fresh-water pump, the builder has installed two extra faucets, one connected with a second pump that brings up water from overside, and a second faucet connected with the engine's cooling system, from which warm water—fresh or salt, depending on where the boat happens to be cruising—is available when the boat is under way. *Luberta* has a modified V hull, with a heavy sawed frame spaced every 30 inches, and with three steam-bent frames interpolated between each pair of sawed frames. She is of batten seam construction, her hull is sound and tight, she carries a spacious forward cockpit with cushioned seats in the eyes, a space which proved to be a Godsend when anchoring; and she is trimmed throughout in genuine dark oak. Her name is a hybrid, based on that of the builder's wife, Lucille, and that of his daughter, Berta. Although we had never cared much for these names concocted from the cognomens of the owner's family, we liked this name of *Luberta* and, after buying the boat, decided to keep it. Since the name appears in heavy cast bronze script on the stern and on both sides of the bridge deck superstructure, *Luberta* is now pretty well known the length of the Intracoastal Waterway.

The owner of *Luberta* had just acquired a larger cruiser, one of those boats that had seen yeoman service in the Coast Guard during the war, and the acquisition of this new craft was his reason for offering *Luberta* for sale. Already he was up to his neck in revamping the newly acquired craft, and since *Luberta* was a finished job and he was a natural-born fixer, his interest now was wholly in reconverting the ex-Coast Guarder into a suitable pleasure craft. I went over the boat carefully, and then made what I considered a fair offer. This offer was accepted. We hauled the boat out, I made a minute survey of her hull, and the deal was consummated. At last we had what I will always consider to be almost the ideal boat for this cruise down the Intra-coastal Waterway.

There was, however, one small fly in our otherwise perfect ration of ointment. Needing the equipment on his new boat, the owner had pretty well stripped *Luberta* of everything detachable, even before we first inspected her. There was no dinghy, for example, no dishes or

Cruising to Florida

cooking utensils, not even a tool of any sort aboard. And there was no compass on the boat. In particular, this last item was difficult to replace so soon after the close of hostilities, and it was not until we were halfway to Florida that we managed to locate another one. Amusingly enough, however, these folks, once they became really acquainted with us, began to experience pangs of conscience. Therefore, each day certain items that had been removed from the boat were returned to us, one piece at a time. I am sure if we had stopped at Dredge Harbor long enough we would eventually have got the dinghy and the compass, since these people dearly loved the boat they had created, and did not wish to see her start on a long cruise without proper equipment. However, we were in a hurry to start once again for Florida. Therefore I scouted around, located a lightweight lapstrake seven-foot dinghy (which, in that crazy market, I was fortunate to secure for \$50), and Madge shopped for dishes and utensils.

We decided to make a quick run down to Annapolis in the automobile, load up the car with our belongings at the warehouse there, and bring the gear back to Dredge Harbor. This we did, making the round trip between daylight and dark. Then we loaded this gear aboard *Luberta*—22 boxes of it—and at once sold the car. At last we were ready to shove off for Florida.

It was something of a shock for us to become accustomed to the rumble of a big motor after our years aboard sailboats, but on the other hand it was nice to be independent of wind and tide when we wanted to get somewhere in a hurry. The builder had represented *Luberta* as having a cruising speed of 9 knots and a top speed of 11 knots. After our experience in buying a number of other boats, we were rather surprised to discover that this was exactly the way the boat performed. We found that, as a rule, if we cruised her for ten hours we could rest assured we would be 90 nautical miles farther along on our course down the Waterway.

We left Dredge Harbor late in September and very early in the morning, but *Luberta's* former owner and his wife were nevertheless on hand to see us off. At this last moment they returned to the ship a tall chair, from which Madge was to handle her chart work all the

From Sail to Power

way to Florida. Also, they added to this gift a basket of fruit and home-canned eatables. I suspect both of these fine folks were crying as we shoved off; partly, I think, because they hated to see their beloved cruiser leaving them forever, and partly because (not being accustomed to the rather unusual controls on this boat, nor to so much motive power) I made such a botch of getting the boat out of its slip that they must have been sure I would wreck the craft before I got her out of the harbor.

Once out in the river, however, I soon became accustomed to the boat's controls, and for the second time within a couple of weeks we went hightailing past the Philadelphia waterfront. This time, because our mast was only twelve feet above the waterline, we had no worries about the bridges, and since we had picked an ebbing tide to go down on, we were at Reedy Point and in the canal before noon. When we checked in at the dispatcher's office, this official looked us over carefully, evidently trying to remember just where and when he had seen us recently. On this occasion, at Chesapeake City, we made it a point to stop at Schaefer's, fill up with gas, take aboard ice, and do a bit of shopping for groceries. Thus we found it unnecessary to return to that misnamed port of Betterton, but continued on across the mouth of the Sassafras to the entrance to Worton Creek, which we entered in midafternoon, anchoring just below the landing pier.

Worton Creek is highly rated and quite properly, as an all-weather anchorage by Chesapeake Bay cruising men, because it has sufficient water in mid-channel to float any craft that draws six feet, or even a bit more, and this is true well up to the head of the estuary. Then again, the creek has a couple of turns in it, and these protect the anchored craft from any swell that may be running in the bay proper. (I have heard one skipper contend that he anchored there on a night in which a stiff northeaster was blowing, and that a sizable swell was running in the creek. However, it would seem that this fellow's boat must have been anchored too near the mouth of the creek.) Worton Creek also possesses the third requisite of any good Chesapeake Bay anchorage, in that the channel is of sufficient width to permit adequate swinging room. Also, I am told that near the head of

Cruising to Florida

the creek there is an old ranch where it is possible to obtain fresh eggs, chickens and vegetables in season—all of superior quality. However, we did not get an opportunity to check on this information.

This night was peaceful enough, but next morning there was a sufficiently strong southeasterly wind blowing outside to make the bay rough, and our run diagonally across it to Annapolis was a most uncomfortable experience. On this crossing we found ourselves either running almost in the trough or taking the short, steep chop over the bow. The latter position was not so uncomfortable, but we soon felt the lack of a windshield wiper on our windows, and as the spray became heavy on them, our visibility was so impaired that it became advisable to open the forward window. This, in turn, necessitated that the helmsman wear rain clothes, because the spray then came almost continuously into the bridge deck compartment. (Incidentally, we never did get a windshield wiper installed on this boat, and this rather messy open-windshield practice was adopted each time we struck rough weather or heavy rain squalls all the way to Florida.)

Arriving finally at Annapolis, we once more tooted up the Spa Creek bridge and were delighted to find our old anchorage vacant at the foot of Market Street. This spot was beginning to look like home to us, and indeed all of this quaint old town of Annapolis was coming to represent something special to Madge and me, as I think it must to every cruising yachtsman who spends much time thereabouts.

While we were at Annapolis, the Academy celebrated its first centennial, and we got as big a kick out of the middies' spectacular parade as did the townsfolk who crowded the sidewalks to witness the spectacle. Perhaps the finest commentary that can be made on this Academy is to call attention to the splendid relationship that has always existed between the students and the townspeople of Annapolis—an altogether different relationship than that guarded antagonism that so often exists in similar instances in the average university town. Annapolis residents really love their Academy; and at the time of our visit they were, as a city, up in arms because some Congressman from California had suggested that the school should be transferred to the Pacific Coast. Indeed, feeling against California was running

From Sail to Power

so high that Madge and I felt it wiser to tell casual acquaintances that we were from New Jersey and overlook entirely the fact that we were but a few months removed from Glorietta Bay, in Coronado.

Annapolis has excellent shops, and the entire business district is within easy walking distance of our Spa Creek anchorage. All kinds of marine hardware and engine parts are for sale here, and Weem's navigation school, on Maryland Avenue, has a wide assortment of charts and Coast Pilots. We also found the Annapolis Yacht Club, where we had guest cards, a very convenient place in which to meet almost anybody in Annapolis. Among others, we had a very interesting session here with Commodore Magruder, dean of local yachtsmen, who invited us to inspect his collection of early Americana, which others had told us was something to see.

We had planned to remain in Spa Creek overnight and then high-tail it south as fast as we could go. Because of our determination to change boats in midstream we were well behind schedule, even though it was still October. Also, the first cool mornings of autumn were manifesting themselves, right there in Annapolis, and we were eager to follow summer in her trek southward. However, two factors combined to hold us at Spa Creek for four days longer. The first of these was a belated equinoctial storm—one of those funny Chesapeake Bay blows that come in on a barometer reading of 30.5—and this northeaster blew for three days. Then, in inspecting the engine, I found a leak in the fuel pump and it took me those three days to get hold of a mechanic to replace the diaphragm and other parts of this mechanism.

This equinoctial disturbance culminated, on its third day, in a curious display of pyrotechnics. In midafternoon the whole sky went inky black, and appeared to be setting the stage for a howling squall. However, after a short time there dropped down out of this cloud bank a twisting, writhing funnel of light-colored vapor that appeared to be searching at its lower extremity for the sea and earth. Obviously the thing was headed directly toward Spa Creek, and I was positive that this would be another one of those "freak storms" such as we had experienced off New Castle, only worse.

A boy passing in a skiff spotted the gray twister, stopped rowing,

Cruising to Florida

and stared at it with open mouth. Then turning to me he pointed up and said, "Is—is that something?" And I said, "Son, that *is* something. It's a tornado." Then the lad turned and pulled for the shore as fast as he could go. Later I talked to other yachtsmen who spotted this incipient tornado while they were out in the middle of the Chesapeake, and they were all honest enough to admit that they were really frightened of that sinister light-colored funnel. Fortunately, however, after a bit the twister appeared to strike some air currents and began to dissipate from the lower end upward. In a few minutes it had disappeared completely; nor did it re-form again. Afterwards we received the normal wind and rain that accompanies a northwest squall in the Chesapeake area, but that was all.

By October 5th we were all set and, the storm having abated, we shoved off bright and early that morning for Solomons Island in the Patuxent. As it turned out, this was the shortest day's run of the cruise, and we never even got close to Solomons. Once outside, it began blowing and raining so hard that we were glad to compromise on a short run into West River, where we once more anchored at the Hartge boatyard for the night. While here I took the trouble to interview this interesting seafaring family for a boating industry magazine, getting a particular kick out of Cap'n Oscar Hartge, the dean of Bay racing skippers, and one of the founders of this yard—which, incidentally, furnishes the nearest salt water anchorage to the city of Washington, D.C.

This Hartge boatyard is one of the oldest in the Annapolis area, having been founded by old Emile Hartge back in the '80's. Now it belongs to Cap'n Oscar Hartge and Uncle Dick Hartge, brothers, and is run by young Emile of the third generation, who is known to everyone on the Chesapeake as "Meel." Cap'n Oscar, on the Saturday before our arrival, had won a race while skippering one of the Academy boats, sailing down the future admirals on the competing craft—and this despite his 74 years.

Quite a man, this Cap'n Oscar, and well thought of in a community of seafaring folk. On our previous visit here he had driven us over to the neighboring Woodfield fish dock to get some ice, and while we were parked there an old-timer came up to the car and looked beseech-

ingly at the old skipper. "Cap'n Oscar," he said, "we ain't had no rain now for nigh onto three weeks. Cap'n Oscar, we *need* rain, right *now*." He continued to look beseechingly at the skipper, but Cap'n Oscar glanced at the sky, looked out over the Bay, and then just shook his head. Without further argument the old-timer walked dejectedly away. He had consulted the oracle. The answer was no, and that was all there was to it. Cap'n Oscar had spoken; there would be no rain.

On a nearby mooring at this anchorage we encountered, for the second time since our sojourn in the Annapolis area, the sleek blue schooner on which a well-known writer of articles for the yachting magazines lives with his wife. This fellow has built himself a dandy auxiliary, and fitted it up below to the queen's taste. The only trouble with the boat, as I was so impolite to intimate to the owner, is that it never goes anywhere except within a small radius of Annapolis, and it is kept altogether too spick and span for such a solid cruising boat. It is a fact that any yachstman can place so much emphasis on making his beloved hooker a thing of flawless beauty that he soon dreads to expose the craft to the vicissitudes of wind, weather, and the digs in the paint work that inevitably accompany anchoring the boat in many strange harbors. Personally, I prefer to cruise in any boat that I may own, even though this activity makes it impossible to keep her spick and span at all times. The writer's boat to which I refer certainly would have looked less yachty, for example, if it had essayed the long cruise to Florida, either outside or through the Waterway. I am quite sure that splendid little schooner would have enjoyed the trip, and it is too bad that her owner was not willing to risk a little paint and varnish to make it.

This fellow's situation brings to my mind the only real drawback I have found, both in connection with Chesapeake Bay cruising and in regard to cruising down the Intracoastal Waterway to Florida. This is the question of the effect this habit of ours of cruising inland will eventually have on our desire actually to go to sea in small yachts. I cannot help but feel that anything which makes the American yachtsman fight shy of open-water coastwise cruising will, in the long run, work against the best interests of this, our favorite form of recreation.

Later on in these pages I point out that, during this trek of ours

Cruising to Florida

down the Waterway, there were but two or three days in which we did not have a favorable wind for sailing all the way to Florida; and of course what was true along this coastwise channel was equally true a few miles offshore. Therefore, any seagoing sailing auxiliary could have made a splendid run of it down the coast at any time during this month of October.

Of course, in the final analysis, it is nobody's business but that of the individual owner of such an auxiliary whether or not he elects to cruise through the Waterway or outside to Florida. Nevertheless, it often struck me as definitely incongruous to see a big schooner or ketch, drawing six or seven feet of water and fully equipped for ocean cruising, picking her way down the tortuous channel of this Inland Waterway and forever bumping on shoal spots, instead of sailing coastwise in the open sea, with a fair wind and plenty of water under her keel. It may be that the swift opposing current of the Gulf Stream has something to do with the decision of these Corinthians to stick to the protected Waterway, or there may be some other good reason for this action. But, just on the surface, it would appear that this Waterway should be used primarily by power boats and small centerboard sailing craft.

After our night's layover at Hartge's we decided to shove off once more for Solomon's. It was raining hard and there was a gusty wind blowing into the harbor, but our brief acquaintance with Chesapeake weather had taught us that it can moderate as quickly as it can worsen. So, blustery as it was, we got up the hook and powered out of the Hartge anchorage for the last time.



Fish Traps and Battlewagons

AFTER NEGOTIATING (with no little difficulty in that poor visibility) the safe channel through the myriad of fish traps that festoon the shore line of the Bay off West River, we found a surprisingly disturbed sea outside, with the wind shifting from southeast to northeast, and freshening. I had already found that this boat of ours could knock down a fair chop head on, providing full cruising speed was maintained; and could also take a following sea most comfortably. She was uncomfortable only when she was running dead in the trough—at which time she rolled too much for my taste—or when, as now, on this shift of wind, the seas were so confused that she could not adjust herself to a chop from any given direction. After a bit of experimentation I found her most comfortable course to be dead across the Bay, and this I maintained until Bloody Point Bar Light-house loomed up ahead. Then I shifted the course to southward a sufficient distance to enable me to pick up the bell buoy off the shoal that makes out from this point.

By this time the northeaster gave promise of becoming a fixture and increasing in strength, while the rain was striking us in almost solid horizontal sheets of water. So we decided to continue on up Eastern Bay and see what sort of shelter this big estuary might afford from such a blow. Curiously enough, earlier that morning we had been bemoaning the fact that our schedule, intended to put us in Norfolk without further delay, would not permit us to see any more of the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake. Now we would at least have another glimpse of that side of the Bay, whose shores are as sparsely settled as those of any section of the Chesapeake.

Cruising to Florida

The rain and wind showed little indication of diminishing, but we held our speed, picked up the bell buoy off Wades Point, and eventually through the muck discerned the peninsula that forms the hook at Tilghman Point. Rounding the flashing light north of this headland, we backtracked on our course inside the point, gradually picking up a lee from the spit of land, and shortly made out the entrance markers to Tilghman Creek. Just inside the entrance we dropped the hook in the first cove that opened to port, a haven which was as calm as the proverbial millpond. If we had not been trying to get some place in a hurry, we would gladly have spent a week in that peaceful spot. However, after bailing out the dink (which developed a leak I was able to check only briefly during any of our periods of layover, all the way to Florida) and after eating a good hot lunch, we sensed that the northeaster, with true Chesapeake unpredictability, was already diminishing in force. So we upped the anchor, got under way once more, dropped the dink back on its full length of sisal towing line, and retraced our course out into Eastern Bay.

Sure enough, the sea outside had subsided to an amazing extent just in this short period of time, and after rounding Tilghman Point again we were able to lay a comfortable course right down the middle of Eastern Bay, past Poplar Island at the bay's entrance, and out beyond the fish-trap line. Nowhere else, I am sure, can wind and weather change faster than in the Chesapeake. With the wind on our tail we made excellent time and soon brought the big lighthouse south of Tilghman Island abeam. We were sorely tempted to enter the Choptank at this point and visit Oxford before continuing southward, but felt we had digressed enough from our schedule for one day, and so held on to the southward. A little later we were similarly tempted to enter the Little Choptank, but by this time we were so close to Cove Point that we felt it would be almost as easy to make the Patuxent as to find a good anchorage in Little Choptank, so we continued on for Solomons Island.

Looking back at this roundabout run of ours from West River to Solomons Island, it is difficult for me to draw conclusions from our experience that might be helpful to others. The truth is, of course, that the 30-mile stretch of the Western Shore between the mouth of

Fish Traps and Battlewagons

West River and Cove Point—just north of the mouth of the Patuxent—is one of the least hospitable stretches of shore line in Chesapeake Bay. Aside from the possible havens provided along the Eastern Shore—particularly in the two Choptanks—there is no good shelter available in the area. (We were warned locally against attempting the Herring Bay entrance, just to the south of West River.) Perhaps the only advice that will be helpful here is: Pick a good day for this run south from Annapolis, and if the old Chesapeake then fools both you and the weatherman—as she so often does—keep sufficiently in mid-channel so that you can make a quick run of it into Choptank or Little Choptank for shelter. Even then you will find it necessary to make an early decision in this matter of running for shelter, since it may require an hour or more to make a safe haven, and Chesapeake weather changes so fast that this may well turn out to be a most unpleasant period of time.

After you make a hurried run such as I have just described, past a hundred intriguing-looking inlets like those opening from the mouth of the Choptank, you can well understand why yachtsmen come back to this Bay year after year in an effort eventually to visit every last one of these estuaries, if there is as much as three inches of water in their channels beyond the draft of the boat in question. Speaking for ourselves, we will never be happy until we have spent at least one full summer in the Chesapeake, and of course this means from April to November. In that time we feel that we could, by resisting the impulse to lay for weeks at a time in one small enticing creek, perhaps visit at least a few points of interest on each of the larger rivers. Even then it is doubtful if we would have time to cruise that least-known section of the Chesapeake, the Eastern Shore of Virginia. As Kipling says, there is so very much to see and to admire in this world, and the cruising yachtsman has so very little time in which to see it all.

About four o'clock that afternoon we rounded Cove Point Lighthouse and shortly thereafter were picking our way through the fish traps into the mouth of the Patuxent River, following the buoyed channel and an old, rusty-sided coasting steamer into that unique harbor and anchorage at Solomons. This island, which is roughly horse-shoe-shaped, with a perfect landlocked cove within its extremities,

Cruising to Florida

lies well within the mouth of the Patuxent, and across this river from the naval base that was established there during the war. Solomons is a famous old sailing ship center, and later became popular as a rendezvous for windjammer yachts. The Patuxent has the deepest water of any section of the Chesapeake—over 100 feet in places, and this is *really* deep, not only for Chesapeake Bay, but for the Atlantic Ocean in this coastal vicinity as well. It was here that the builders brought the old Dewey floating dry dock, back in 1905, where they found enough water to sink her and refloat her. Then they hitched a sea-going tug to this dock, towed her around the Horn, and then all the way out to Alongapo, in the Philippines. Here the dry dock arrived in good shape, was sunk once more, and for years gave excellent docking service to our naval vessels stationed in the Orient. A few months after her arrival in Manila Bay I made my own first landfall off Corregidor, and my ship was later dry-docked in the Dewey. Even in those early days there were constant rumors that the Japs were preparing to blow up this huge dry dock, and thus cripple our fleet in Asiatic waters—and there is no doubt the yellow-bellies were planning to do just that, even then.

At Solomons we came alongside the Esso oil dock at Webster's and while I gassed up, Madge shopped at the adjacent grocery store. The natives to whom I talked here complained rather vaguely that the proximity of the Navy base across the river had just about ruined Solomons, but I could not gather any real bill of particulars regarding this complaint. Since I was able to get gasoline and groceries, and then found a quiet anchorage in a small cove well away from the oil dock, I personally found nothing to grumble about, other than the lack of ice. Indeed, if every town along the Intracoastal Waterway had the accommodations and service of Solomons, the cruise would be far more enjoyable than is now the case.

The Patuxent is another of those rivers I am going to see more of some day, since its upper reaches appear from the chart to be almost perfect cruising grounds. However, on the following morning our one thought was to make an early start and get away from there as quickly as possible. This urge to gas up and move on undoubtedly is the strongest motivating force in the breast of the cruising yachtsman, and

Fish Traps and Battlewagons

it is the characteristic most commonly evidenced in the make-up of every skipper and crew you encounter, all the way south to Florida. Also, it seems that the farther south you get, the stronger becomes this urge in all your contemporary cruising folk until, by the time they reach Georgia, they appear to begrudge even the hours of darkness that limit their day's cruising time. Particularly is this true as the autumn days become shorter and dawn does not break until after six, while darkness closes in by six in the evening.

From time to time I have mentioned the fish traps that border the Chesapeake's shores, and until now I am quite sure that there has been no animus whatever in my references to these curious devices. The reason for this forbearance of mine, up to this time, is that in the northern reaches of the Bay they are only occasional obstructions to navigation, while below the Patuxent and all the way south to Hampton Roads, they become for the small cruising yacht genuine menaces to navigation. Threading through the channels among them develops into a task to test any skipper's skill and patience, besides keeping him much farther offshore than he likes to be. This morning, for example, the early light was so deceptive that it was almost impossible to differentiate between the spar buoys that outlined the fish-trap area and those sticks from which the traps themselves are so crudely constructed. Since an error in judgment here may result either in a fouled propeller or an underwater broken stake being driven through your hull—and either of these contingencies could well be serious occurrences out in that Bay in rough weather—it behooves the cruising yachtsman to keep well out from these traps unless he has local knowledge of those paths that may be safely threaded among them.

The fish traps of the Chesapeake Bay are unique affairs, unlike similar traps I have encountered in other inland bodies of water. They consist of rows of stakes driven into the bottom in the shoaler sections of the Bay, and they would perhaps be much less confusing if they began at the shore and extended out the legal limit of one-third of the distance across the Bay at that point. Actually, however, they may begin a mile offshore, then continue for a mile or so, have a hiatus of perhaps half a mile, and then pick up again for another mile or two. Also, in each of these stretches, the traps are built in relatively short

Cruising to Florida

sections, usually terminating in box-like pens at the outer end of each section.

Thus it is possible to cut across an area of fish traps by following the open water between sections. However, you do this at your own risk, since there may well be broken stakes from abandoned fish traps in any of these lanes of water. So, when you are running anywhere within the area indicated by the broken lines on the chart as being fish-trap territory, you must proceed with caution. The proper method of navigating these waters, of course, is to follow always the buoyed channels indicated on the charts as being free of fish traps until you are far enough offshore to clear all such traps. Then you can turn and make your day's run well out toward the middle of the Bay. The difficulty here lies in the fact that following this safe course adds many miles to your run between ports. For this reason, you are constantly tempted to take short cuts through fish-trap areas, particularly when you see other boats with local knowledge doing so.

In this particular instance, we became confused by the spar channel markers, but contrived to orient ourselves when we finally spotted Point No Point Lighthouse (a designation that made me a bit homesick for its namesake in Puget Sound), and hauled sharply toward mid-channel until we were clear of the traps. This morning the wind was from the southwest and, as usual, it freshened as the day advanced. By the time we passed Point Lookout, which forms the northern tip of the mouth of the Potomac, there was a nice confused sea running every which way, and we took a mild beating all the rest of that day. Nevertheless, we made knots, and after passing Smith Point Lighthouse we revised our earlier decision to visit the Great Wicomico River. (This name, pronounced Wy-comeeko, somehow fascinated us, as did the gorgeous cruising possibilities of the inlets off this estuary.) We felt that since we were making such excellent southing we could stand a little discomfort, so we continued on our way as far as Indian Creek, which we chose for our night's resting place.

Once again we picked at random from the chart a honey of a spot. A mile up the creek we passed an old turreted mansion which, properly enough, was known by the natives simply as "The Castle." Just beyond this deserted old landmark we came to a "fish factory," which,

Fish Traps and Battlewagons

at that moment at least, was out of commission. In mid-channel, just above the factory landing, we anchored at about 4:00 P. M. in as beautiful a spot as any we had yet encountered along the Chesapeake. I took advantage of this opportunity to row the dink over to the dilapidated factory wharf and make another futile attempt to seal her bottom with cement. These efforts of mine to make the dink watertight always resulted successfully for a few hours' run, and each time I was encouraged to believe I had licked that leak, but every evening the old dink always was carrying three or four inches of water over her floorboards. As someone later facetiously remarked to us, it may have been that skidding her along on her tail behind us for a thousand-odd miles wore her planks so thin that they could not keep out the water. In any case, I often wondered just how many knots of speed and gallons of gas it cost us to tow that half-drowned dink all the way to Florida. On the other hand, however, I would never have rested easy if we had not had her back there.

Next morning we began what was destined to be one of our biggest day's runs of the cruise—not only in actual nautical miles covered, but in the strenuousness of that particular stretch of water—from our anchorage in Indian Creek north of the Rappahannock, to Great Bridge, Virginia, well past Norfolk and within the Albemarle-Chesapeake Canal. All that day we were headed by a brisk southwest wind, which freshened as the day advanced, but which at no time became sufficiently unpleasant on the course we were following to encourage us to hole up in wayside anchorages. Outside of Fleets Bay, into which Indian Creek empties, we refused to follow the dot-and-dash lines on the chart in order to miss the fish-trap areas, but cut directly across for Rappahannock Light. This time we got away with it and saved a few miles on our course southward. Clearing this light, we crossed the mouth of the Rappahannock River in early morning, passed the light off Stingray Point, and decided against stopping in at Piankatank River or Milford Haven. By now we were well outside the fish-trap area and could square away for Wolf Trap Light, 22 miles southward from our Indian Creek anchorage. As we rounded Wolf Trap, the swells increased in depth and, following our usual procedure of forever distrusting the old Chesapeake's weather, we tried, without much

Cruising to Florida

success, to decide upon a haven within the vicinity of New Point Comfort for which we could hightail it if the weather seriously worsened. Approaching the tip of New Point Comfort, we decided to cut diagonally across the largest fish-trap area we had yet encountered, with the idea of placing ourselves within easy striking distance of a Back River anchorage.

If you will check a chart of this section of the Chesapeake, you will find a most intricate layout of fish-trap area boundaries, and of navigable channels between these areas that, on the chart, resemble nothing so much as a map of a city's crisscrossing streets and tangential avenues. We elected to take the avenue leading from black can "9A" to bell buoy "2," from which point, if the weather still looked propitious, we would cut southeastward along a narrow channel between fish traps that led toward Old Point Comfort. On paper this course looked altogether feasible, but we had not gone very far when we became completely and inexplicably lost in a maze of fish traps that extended in every direction as far as the eye could see. It was on this morning that the Coopers finally and irrevocably turned into fish-trap-haters, and even now we do not like to talk about that period of time in which we wandered around among those stakes and shoal spots, uncertain whether we would hit bottom or a broken trap stake, but positive it would be one or the other, and soon. Fortunately, within the hour I sighted the bell buoy we were hunting, and skirted lane after lane of traps until I could read its numerals.

Orienting myself as well as I could by this navigational aid and the topography of the approaching coastline (and wishing mightily that I had a compass aboard), I laid a rough course intended to clear Drum Island Flats and Plumtree Bar at the entrance to Back River. This time, however, I wandered too far offshore, and from that point all the way to Thimble Shoal Lighthouse, near Old Point Comfort, it was a case of dodging one fish trap after another. After worrying about this situation for a while, we frankly threw caution to the winds and set a straight course for Thimble Shoal Light, veering only to pass between sections of the fish traps. While doing this we alternated between thanking our splendid engine for staying with us so nicely through a hard day, and discussing the possibility of securing an over-

Fish Traps and Battlewagons

age destroyer from the Navy Department and butting her steel nose right through every damned fish trap in the lower Chesapeake. What a glorious day's cruise that would turn out to be!

Early in the afternoon we rounded Thimble Shoal Light and left the last of the accursed traps behind us as we entered the big ship channel that permits ocean-going steamers to enter Hampton Roads. We were most thankful to approach Old Point Comfort, yet we were to discover that the inconveniences we suffered in those southern waters of the Chesapeake were as nothing compared to the experiences of others who, in days immediately preceding the one of which I write, had attempted this crossing in small cruising craft. One of these boats we met farther down the Waterway. She was a twin-screw Chris-Craft, owned by a professional party-boat fisherman. A week earlier she had been caught in a real blow off Thimble Shoal and, encountering there a disabled ocean-going steamer riding at anchor, tied up astern of this vessel for the night. Sometime during the night, however, the steamer's counter overrode the Chris-Craft's bow and smashed her railing and deck so badly that it cost her owner \$750 to repair the damage after the boat had later made Norfolk. Also, during that same wild night, a 24-foot inboard-powered sea skiff which this fishing skipper was towing to Florida, collided with the steamer, was stove in and sank. Second-guessing is easy, but I do not know whether I would have attempted to tie up to this big steamship in such weather, with the shelter of Hampton Roads but a few miles away. In any event, the decision to remain out there was an unfortunate one for this skipper, and cost him some \$1,500 in loss and damage.

Passing Old Point Comfort Light, we made another one of our quick changes of plan and decided not to enter the yacht harbor at Hampton, where we had planned to spend the night. From the chart it appeared that it would take almost as much time to thread through the devious channel into this yacht anchorage as it would to run through Hampton Roads, besides putting us in the trough of what was now a rather nasty sea. Instead, we decided to negotiate the Norfolk waterfront and see what sort of anchorage we could come upon in the Portsmouth area, along the shores of the Elizabeth River. This

Cruising to Florida

decision led to a couple of hours of buffeting from the fresh southwest wind that continued to head us, combined with the everlasting confusion of sea occasioned by the big Navy tugs tearing here and there through the roadstead, usually without a tow and traveling at full speed. Hampton Roads, at the end of a hard day's cruise and on a windy afternoon, is not a very pleasant body of water for the cruising yachtsman to encounter. I got a small kick, however, from the fact that this was my first visit to the harbor since that day, many years earlier, when I had been shipped here as an extremely raw Navy recruit. This time, at least, I was in command of my own small yacht, and no petty martinet of a master-at-arms could tell me when to come and go, or send me on fruitless trips to the lucky bag for a hammock ladder.

Out in Hampton Roads, where many a fine battle fleet has lain at anchor, a motley group of ocean freighters were now moored, and it was not until we passed the Navy Yard proper that the big flattops and battlewagons began appearing, tied up snugly alongside piers or riding high in dry dock. Our interest in these scenic effects was, however, secondary to our relief at getting out of the boisterous, chopped-up water of the Roads, and into the increasingly quieter waters of the Elizabeth. We had had just about all the pounding we wanted to absorb in one day, and were quite ready to call it quits and tie up for the night. However, we saw no place that looked remotely like a good yacht anchorage. We did pass a floating Esso oil barge, and we should, by all means, have stopped there for gasoline and information. If we had gassed up at that barge, we would have saved ourselves most of the grief that came our way during much of the remainder of this cruise.

Our experiences that afternoon in Norfolk Harbor were typical of what may happen to any cruising man who enters the harbor of any large seaport without adequate foreknowledge of local conditions. Later we were to learn that there were a number of places thereabouts in which we might have moored for the night. The Municipal Pier, although still being operated under Coast Guard supervision, accommodates yachts for overnight mooring, as does also the Norfolk Yacht and Country Club, which provides twenty slips and other facilities for visiting guests. Then, we found out, there were a number of boat-

Fish Traps and Battlewagons

yards and firms operating piers who will oblige the yachtsman with mooring space, use of dock telephones, and fresh water.

Also, we were later told that the anchorage at Norfolk, which is known as "The Hague," is one of the prettiest landlocked havens on the Atlantic seaboard. To enter this anchorage you turn sharply to port when nearly opposite the domed Navy Hospital building on Hospital Point, duck in past the gasoline barge, and approach the small railway swing bridge which marks the entrance to The Hague. Tree-shaded houses, green lawns and walks will be seen framing the anchorage. Pass through the bridge and bear to port, when a small boatyard and docks will come into view. Boats drawing less than six feet can anchor in the soft bottom off and just beyond these dock ends. Six feet can be carried well along the yard docks, but at low tide care must be taken to avoid the submerged marine railway beds. At this anchorage reasonable repairs may be made to your boat and engine, and taxicabs may be called for the trip to Norfolk's shopping center.

However, at the time we knew nothing of Norfolk's proffered hospitality, and continued on, past the interminable industrial district of South Norfolk and into the quiet upper reaches of the Southern Branch of the Elizabeth. Now we were approaching the beginning of the Intracoastal Waterway proper, and we were fortunate at the moment in having a small cruiser as a leader, who whistled up the series of bridges ahead of us and made it possible for us to slide through these drawbridges in his wake. By now I was getting pretty tired, and welcomed this opportunity to follow a leader for a while. Somehow, though, we had long before decided to try the Albemarle-Chesapeake Canal, rather than the alternate Dismal Swamp Canal—a decision which we now consider to have been ill-advised—and so, when our little leader switched off at Deep Creek into the Dismal Swamp cutoff, we parted company with him and continued on our way toward Great Bridge.

Soon we entered the first stretch of dug canal we had encountered since Chesapeake City, and with it began that succession of triangular red and square black markers that, in the days ahead, were to become so familiar to us. At Camden Mill I wanted to enter the branching channel leading up to the mill and anchor there for the night, but

Cruising to Florida

there were a number of seagoing ships moored alongside its wharves and I feared that one of these might be sailing that evening, in which case there would not have been room for him to pass us in this channel. So we continued on to the lock at Great Bridge, where we found the gate closed and a big Norfolk-bound tug and tow filling almost the entire lock. We pulled up to the mooring dolphins (those curious groups of pilings bound together with steel cables which appear so often just before a bridge or lock is approached, all along this Waterway) and made ourselves as small as possible while we waited for the tug to be released. After a short wait the gate was opened, a little water poured out, and the tug, with much snorting and puffing, got her big tow moving again. As soon as the lock was clear, an attendant motioned us to come on in. We entered, tied up in front of the office, and I went ashore with our papers, from which the fellow in charge made his record of our passage. After this the upper gate was opened and we were permitted to pass out of the lock.

A half-mile farther on we came to the town of Great Bridge, passed under another drawbridge, and tied up alongside the yacht basin bulkhead on our starboard, just beyond the bridge. Here, at the South Atlantic Marine Basin, we were told we could moor free for the night where we were, or for a small charge we could moor within the yacht basin proper, where we would be protected from the swells of passing tugs. To save trouble we elected to stay where we were, feeling that no tug in existence could disturb the slumbers of people as tired as we were. Actually, there was no traffic at all through the canal that night, nor did I ever see a tug or other commercial vessel attempt to navigate those canals at night.

We arrived at this mooring just at closing time in the local yacht yard, and although I caught the manager as he was leaving his office, he refused to unlock the gas pump alongside our boat and service us. After he had gone, we contacted the caretaker, a man named Lockhart, who lived on the premises, and from whom we received a little better service. He suggested that we see a service station operator in the village, who would deliver us gasoline by truck, right alongside the boat. This seemed the sensible thing to do rather than to wait until eight in the morning for service by the disobliging boatyard

Fish Traps and Battlewagons

manager, so we went ashore, had a rather unappetizing chicken dinner at a lunchroom across the bridge, bought a gallon of cooking alcohol (the last gallon of this fuel to be had in the village) and four quarts of lubricating oil. Then we arranged for delivery to the boat of 50 pounds of ice and 50 gallons of gasoline. Here also, it must be noted, we bought a box of Crackerjack, from which we later unearthed a tiny pewter Plymouth Rock hen. This toy was carefully set up on our chart table and thereafter acted as our mascot through some of the more trying moments that lay ahead of us.

We returned to the boat, and along about nine o'clock a truck drove in, carrying our drum of gasoline and five gallons of kerosene, together with three negroes and two white men. Somehow or other, during the next half hour, this outsize crew contrived to get all of that gasoline into our tanks. They were a good-natured and obliging gang of workers and, at the finish, insisted on upending that drum and pouring every last drop of gasoline into our tanks. We paid the driver, congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in getting such excellent refueling service at that time of night, and prepared for bed. If we had known that at least two gallons of the contents of that drum were nothing but dirty water and sludge, we might not have rested as well as we did that night.



A Little Assistance from the Coast Guard

WHEN ANYONE asks me whether I prefer the Albemarle-Chesapeake Canal or its alternate, the Dismal Swamp Canal, as waterways through which to make the approach to Albemarle Sound, the query brings to mind the story concerning a prisoner and the judge presiding at his trial. This prisoner was without funds, and the court set about appointing counsel to represent him "You may have Mr. Brown, here," said His Honor pointing to a young lawyer in the courtroom, "or you may have Mr. Jones, who is outside in the hall." The prisoner critically inspected young Mr. Brown, turned to the judge and said, "If it's all the same to you, yer honor, I'll take Mr. Jones."

I have never traversed the Dismal Swamp Canal, but, believe me, if I had the cruise to do over again I would certainly take that route. As I talked with the merchants at Great Bridge, I was impressed by the fact that even they considered this Albemarle-Chesapeake branch of the Waterway pretty much of a dead pigeon. It may well be, too, that the enterprise of the citizens of a town such as Elizabeth City may swing the choice between the two routes. In any case, everyone I have talked with who took the Dismal Swamp route was satisfied with his choice, while everyone who went through Great Bridge and Currituck Sound had some complaint to make.

The cruising yachtsman is in a peculiarly vulnerable position, and needs every bit of cooperation he can get from those boatyards, anchorages, oil docks, and waterside grocery stores which profit by

A Little Assistance from the Coast Guard

his passing. All along the Intracoastal Waterway, with very few exceptions, there is much room for improvement in the service rendered by these merchants to the itinerant, but free-spending, yachtsman. Much of the poor service we encountered may have been a hangover from that war-time customer-be-damned attitude that was so prevalent in all our stores and restaurants during the years of world conflict. My inquiries into this situation, however, led me to believe that there was not much difference in this service even before the war. The truth is, I think, that the yachtsman will never get the unusual service he requires until his associations work out this problem with the major oil companies and the chambers of commerce of those towns and cities that border the Waterway. My experience in public relations work convinces me that you cannot expect oil dock attendants or mercantile clerks to exert themselves in serving strangers unless someone higher up has laid down the law in this matter. In any case, there is room for a lot of improvement in the attitude of those who serve the yachtsman, and any action that is taken in this direction will certainly increase the pleasure derived by those who make this trip in the future.

Our own initiation into Inland Waterway cruising appeared to us to be unnecessarily rugged. Early on the following morning we shoved off from our sea-wall mooring, determined to make plenty of knots before nightfall. A few miles out of Great Bridge our wonderful motor, the mill that had never missed a stroke all the way from Philadelphia, conked out without any warning whatever and left us drifting helplessly in the coffee-like swamp water of that narrow ditch. Now, my knowledge of gasoline engines is extremely rudimentary, and probably will always remain so. As a rule, when they quit on me, they stay quit. But this time I had to do something, so after trying futilely to start it again I took a flashlight, opened up the trap and crawled down into the engine room. To my inexperienced eye everything looked all right down there until I turned my light on the fuel filter. This glass cup was filled to the brim with dirty water and sludge, and even I knew that you cannot run even the best of boat engines on water. I hollered for rags and a pan to drain the gas into, shut off the gas tanks, took off the filter cup, emptied it and replaced

Cruising to Florida

it. Fortunately its cork gasket was nearly new and formed a seal that prevented leakage at the cup. By the time I had finished this job, we had drifted over to the side of the ditch, but when, after only a little coaxing, the engine took hold again, I began to feel like a real motor mechanic. This feeling continued for at least several minutes as we plowed along the cut, or until the filter had time to refill with water, overflow into the carburetor, and once more stall the engine.

Four times in a row we repeated this routine, and all within the space of a few miles. Each time, too, it became increasingly difficult to start the engine, even after the water was removed from the filter. Apparently the carburetor and spark plugs were getting pretty well gummed up with water and sludge. After the first failure of the engine, I found it advisable, whenever the mill quit, to drop the anchor near the side of the cut, figuring thus to keep us from drifting helplessly in mid-channel should a tug and tow happen to come along; and also hoping to keep us from snagging our stern on one of the stumps and root snarls that line the stream at the side of the cut.

Somehow we contrived to finish the run through Virginia Cut and, holding our breath, through North Landing bridge into the headwaters of North Landing River. By now we had no confidence whatever in our engine, and that is a poor state of mind for a power boat operator to find himself in. However, there was nothing in the engine's performance to justify any other mental attitude. Half a mile below the bridge she conked out again, and this time I decided to anchor fore and aft, using my kedge forward and a small Danforth as a stern anchor.

This looked like a smart maneuver, even though it was not. When, at long last, I got the engine running again, I found it impossible to hoist either anchor. Both were obviously fouled in the maze of stumps and roots along the bank. After struggling with the stern anchor for half an hour, I was forced to cut it adrift, hoping thus to be enabled to use power to get the bow hook up. But by the time I was clear astern and ready to use the engine to break the bow anchor out, our skeg was resting firmly on a big root and I did not dare cut in the propeller for fear I would bend the blades and the propeller



Photo by Rosenfeld

Berg Boat Company docks, Georgetown, Md.



In our anchorage cove at Solomons in the Patuxent, Chesapeake Bay.



The old "fish factory" on Indian Creek, Chesapeake Bay, near which we anchored for the night.



The 45-foot staysail schooner *Apache*, lying at anchor in the cove at the foot of Market Street, in Spa Creek, Annapolis.



A section of Dismal Swamp at Lake Drummond.



Approaching the Great Bridge, Va., locks of the Albemarle-Chesapeake Canal.



Tugboat entering lower level, Deep Creek, Va., locks, Dismal Swamp Canal.



A Little Assistance from the Coast Guard

shaft among the entangling roots. I tried again to get the bow hook out by hand, but could not even pull our stern clear.

Eventually, I suppose, some tug might have come along and washed our stern clear of the root maze. However, we were becoming pretty well fed up with the entire situation, and had arrived at that critical point where we were beginning to wax definitely sarcastic in our remarks to each other. Then Madge let out a yell, thereby announcing her discovery that a Coast Guard patrol boat was just then passing through North Landing bridge, headed our way. This was to be the first time, in many years of cruising, that we were to be rescued from an unfortunate situation by the Coast Guard, and it seemed particularly ignominious that this should have to happen in a hundred foot-wide ditch with 12 feet of water in it. Nevertheless, I will confess that that cutter looked mighty good to me, for I was completely stumped in my efforts to get out of that maze. Incidentally, I never did find out whether the bridge tender phoned our plight to the Coast Guard Station at Great Bridge, or whether this was just a routine patrol for this cutter.

As the patrol boat came alongside, I explained our predicament to the crew as quickly as possible, and the skipper nodded and went to work. Perhaps he had encountered other boats in a similar situation. In any case, he backed the cutter up to our bow and had his crew take up some of the slack in our anchor chain, making a turn of it fast to the towing bit on the cutter's stern. Then he gave our hook a jerk, but nothing happened. Another jerk and it was obvious that something had loosened a bit down there on the bottom. So the two deck hands on the cutter began to heave on the chain, grunting mightily at each heave. I commented then that the hook was only a 35-pound kedge, but this information was not well received by the sweating boys. "If this hook only weighs 35 pounds," said one of the lads, "then, brother, I'm getting mighty weak." A few minutes later the hook broke surface, and attached firmly to it was a waterlogged stump that must have weighed at least 150 pounds. By jerking on the free fluke of the hook, the boys contrived to free the anchor from the stump and let it tumble back into the water. Then they returned our mud-

Cruising to Florida

hook to us, fortunately none the worse for its experience, and prepared to haul our stern off the gripping roots.

Once more backing up to our bow, the skipper had his crew put the bight of a brand new rope—one-inch diameter prewar Manila—around our Samson post, and went ahead smartly on his engine. As the rope came taut, it snapped in two like a piece of string, and *Luberta* remained seated hard and fast on the stump. Once more the skipper had a rope made fast to us, but this time he looped his end over his bow Samson post and took up the slack more slowly, with his engine in reverse. As the rope tautened, this time it held, and after the Coast Guard skipper had revved up his engine sharply we began slowly to move forward. In another moment we were free of all underwater entanglements and afloat. What a glorious, ecstatic sensation—to be afloat again after a grounding!

Since we had no liquid refreshment aboard, we could only offer the C.G. boys our heartfelt thanks and continue on our uncertain way down the river. I had explained to the young skipper about our watered gas, and for a time the patrol boat followed along in our wake. However, when we gave no further indication of having trouble, they turned about and hightailed it for home. Hardly had they passed around the bend when our engine began missing, and we held our breath until she picked up her steady rumble again. By this time North Landing River was beginning to open up into Currituck Sound, and we were heading into a slight chop; just enough to lift *Luberta's* bow a bit and cause her to pitch a few more drops of water into the filter. Crawling down alongside the engine, I found the filter nearly full of water. On deck again, I swung the ship about and headed back upriver. I wanted no part of Currituck Sound with engine trouble almost a certain eventuality.

A short time previously we had passed a spot called Pungo Ferry, where our chart showed an abandoned ferry, but where we had noticed the flatboat actually was in commission, carrying automobiles back and forth across the channel. Motive power for the ferry was an old towboat, lashed alongside the flatboat and reversing its heading for each trip across. Nearby there was a Texaco oil dock, which had no pump or attendant on it, but which sold bulk oil and gasoline to

A Little Assistance from the Coast Guard

government boats. A Mr. Phillip Bonney runs this Texaco distributing station, and lives a hundred yards from the shore, where the big tanks for storage of this gasoline and Diesel oil are also located.

At this oil dock we tied up, and at the Bonney's we telephoned to the nearest town for a mechanic. The town was Creeds, three miles inland, and the mechanic was a good one, named Kenneth Carroll, who operated the garage in that village. Our idea was to jettison our supply of gasoline and thus attempt to get rid of that water. (Since then I have heard of a much better and simpler way to handle this situation of water in the gasoline tanks, and if it actually works—as it should—it would prove far better as a remedy for this trouble than the system we employed. Briefly, this other method calls for the addition of a couple quarts of cooking alcohol to your gasoline supply. This alcohol will combine with the water in the bottom of the tanks, and the resulting mixture, instead of conking the engine, will burn right merrily in the cylinders.) We had more than 70 gallons of gasoline aboard, but felt that throwing this fuel away would be a small price to pay for a motor upon which we could depend for the trip across Albemarle Sound.

The mechanic could not come down to help us until the following morning, so we remained at the oil dock overnight. There are, by the way, 12 feet of water at the face of this dock. That evening we received a formal call from Miss Nancy Bonney, Miss Frances Mae Williams, and Master Arleigh Waterman, all 10-year-olds, who gravely inspected *Luberta* from stem to stern, and placed their stamp of approval upon her. These children were aboard off and on as long as we were tied up at this dock, and when we left they brought us a card on which were listed their names and addresses, with a request that we drop them post cards as we made our way south. Our young friends also jointly presented us with a nickel bar of fudge with which to complement our food stores.

Next morning the mechanic arrived, rolling a couple of empty oil drums down to the dock. He then took a bucket into our engine room, where he began the laborious process of drawing off the gasoline from the bottom of the tanks, one bucket at a time. All efforts to siphon the gas out of the tanks were unavailing, and we had no pump for this

Cruising to Florida

job. Therefore, I swung the buckets of gas up from the engine room and dumped them into the drums. Thus we got rid of the gas—the hard way. It required several hours to complete the job of draining the tanks, and for our labors we recovered but a few cupfuls of water. We rocked the boat right lustily in an effort to drain out a little more water, but what we should have done, of course, was to remove the nipples from the bottom of the tanks and really drain them dry. However, neither we nor the mechanic thought of doing this. As it was, we threw away 70 gallons of gasoline and yet had further water trouble for several days, or until the water finally cleared itself from the tanks through the carburetor.

With our fuel tanks empty, we carried aboard five gallons of fresh gasoline to permit us to run the motor; then, since there was no roadway to this oil dock, we moved over to the ferry landing to take aboard a new load of gas from Bonney's Texaco tank truck. This put the ferry out of commission for half an hour, but fortunately no cars were waiting at the time for transfer to either shore. With tanks full again, we paid for the gas and for the mechanic's time, and it then being mid-afternoon, we tied up once more to the oil dock and spent a second night there. Early the following morning we shoved off and, with a following wind, took Currituck Sound in our stride. During much of the trip across this sound we held our breath, hoping there would be no recurrence of engine trouble. By the time we arrived at Coinjock, I was beginning to breathe a bit easier, but when I checked the filter there I found it was almost brimful of water.

At Coinjock I pulled an about-face stunt that may or may not be uncommon at that drawbridge. In any case, as I approached the bridge I could not see any docks with gas pumps on them on our side, so I tooted my horn and the bascule was opened for us. Through the bridge I saw a big Navy boat bearing down from the opposite direction, but I scooted through the draw, only to find there were no docks at all on that side of the bridge. So, spinning *Luberta* about on the proverbial dime, and much to the Navy boat's surprise, I contrived to keep out from under his cutwater long enough to lead him through the bridge. Then I hauled over to the side of the cut and moored at the first dock I came to.

A Little Assistance from the Coast Guard

Coinjock, at the center of the North Carolina Cut and the last town before you reach the big Albemarle Sound hop, was like the rest of this Albemarle-Chesapeake canal, a real disappointment to us. Neither gasoline nor water was to be had at the dock, and it required much persuasion to get a local service station operator to carry gasoline to our boat in cans, five gallons at a trip. Then, having no clean water bucket aboard, I borrowed a bucket and funnel and filled the water tanks from a faucet over in the center of the so-called business district of the village. Having noticed that the water in our storage batteries was getting low, we then walked half a mile up the road to the nearest garage, only to find there that the proprietor used the same tap water for his batteries that we had just put into our water tanks. We emulated his example, and found that it worked as well as distilled water. These little chores, in addition to the work of operating the boat, were typical of what kept us from taking on weight during this cruise.

We have only one pleasant recollection of this, our first North Carolina town. At the dock we met old Cap'n Jack Tate, 76 years old, who is known for the assistance he gave the Wright brothers in their early experiments down at windy Kitty Hawk. While I was draining the water from the oil filter, Cap'n Jack sat on the dock and regaled us with an account of how he fooled the censors during World War II. It seems that the captain had an only son who enlisted at the outbreak of the war and was shipped to the Pacific theatre of operations. Before parting, Cap'n Jack and his son rigged up a crude code by which the young man could keep his father informed at all times of his whereabouts, despite the efforts of the censors to prevent this. The scheme was so simple that it worked. Whenever the son was transferred from one area to another, his next letter would make inquiry about either a mythical boy and girl, or a young married couple back home, the pair in question always being engaged in some sort of an altercation. The initial of the man's name used in this reference was the first letter of the city or town to which the son had been transferred, and the initial of the girl indicated the country. Thus an innocent question, "Have Sam and Alice made up their quarrel yet?" caused the old skipper to get out his map and determine that his boy had been transferred

Cruising to Florida

to Sydney, Australia. The old man said he kept a map of his son's peregrinations during all of the war years, and when the boy came home he checked it with him and found it to be 100 per cent accurate.

We were particularly careful in making our preparations at Coin-jack, for this is the jumping-off place for the hop across Albemarle Sound, the largest open-water stretch on the entire cruise. Being still jittery about the continued presence of water in our gasoline, and having, as I have said, no compass aboard, we were perhaps justified in taking seriously this trek across Albemarle. We were, however, fortunate in having met Cap'n Jack Tate, since his last word to us was, "If you have any trouble just before you hit the Sound, or don't like the looks of the weather out there, run into Broad Creek and lay over there until morning." Broad Creek was indicated on our chart (831) only as an indentation at the border of the chart, just north of Little Broad Creek and under the lee of Camden Point, but the old captain identified it for us and assured us it was a perfect anchorage. This friendly, last-minute tip probably saved us from an extremely unpleasant experience.

Down North River we continued past the bush stakes that had been outlining the limits of the channel ever since we had entered North Landing River. As the river began to open up rapidly toward its junction with the Sound, a stiff northeaster started to roughen up the water. Cap'n Tate had also informed us that a northeaster of any strength in Albemarle Sound creates a particularly ugly sea on the farther side, at the Alligator River Bar. However, we were rolling along nicely, and had I not made a last-minute check of our gas filter before rounding Camden Point and heading out into the Sound, we would have attempted the crossing that afternoon. However, the filter was nearly full of water again, so we decided to play it safe and spend the night in Broad Creek. Even this decision was not too easy of execution, since the change of course required to bring us into the creek mouth threw us dead into the trough, and with the ensuing rolling we expected the engine to quit at any moment. She did miss a few times, but that was all. We rolled along across two miles of open channel and then made out the unmarked entrance to the creek and lined ourselves up to go in midway between the tips of land opening

A Little Assistance from the Coast Guard

on either side of the mouth. This method of entering unbuoyed creeks, all the way from the Chesapeake to Florida, we usually found to be safe and reliable.

Broad Creek proved to be a most beautiful and restful anchorage, although there was no opportunity to go ashore, since the marsh grass extended in every direction. I drained the gas filter, bailed out the dink, and was glad that we had decided to stop over and try the big crossing in the early morning—a smart rule for all small craft to follow in negotiating bad stretches of water the world over.

After a good night's sleep we arose exceptionally early and finished breakfast just at break of dawn. I hauled in the anchor chain until we were riding to a short scope, then went back to start the engine to break out the hook. However, this morning the engine positively refused to start. I tried again and again, pausing only when I noticed that the battery was beginning to show signs of weakening. Then after a bit I would try it once more, but to no avail. An hour later we were still there, the battery was almost through, and I was trying to figure out just how we could possibly get assistance, since there was nothing but marsh and swamp within sight, and our little dink would be worthless for seeking help if we were forced to take her out into the river's mouth.

Nevertheless, I knew I would have to make the effort to attract the attention of some passing boat, and decided to start out in the dink after just one final effort to get the engine running. And on this final attempt, praise be, it took hold, falteringly at first and then more strongly, and, believe me, we were a very thankful pair of sailors. Just how we would have extricated ourselves from that predicament if the engine had not started just when it did, I do not know. We had plenty of food and water aboard for at least a week's stay in Broad Creek, but it is problematical whether any boat would have entered our creek within a month's time, and we were, of course, completely hidden from the channel outside.

This is one of the few instances in which we felt that we would gladly have swapped our comfortable cabin cruiser for almost any kind of sailboat. Under sail we could easily have worked our way back into the channel and with equal ease—and a favorable wind—we

Cruising to Florida

could have crossed Albemarle. And speaking of sail, it may be well to mention here that during our entire cruise in *Luberta*, there were but one or two days when the wind headed us. In a sailboat, therefore, we could have sailed nearly every foot of the way to Florida, using the engine at times, but only to increase our speed by a few knots. During this October run the wind was uniformly from the northeast, which is a tail wind in most of these southern channels and sounds, and its strength varied from gentle to—on a couple of occasions—strong. As a rule this following wind was moderately fresh, and this fact led one observant native along the way to remark to us, “I reckon these nawthuhly winds blow steady at this time of yeah to he’p th’ birds in theah migration from nawth to south,” which struck us as being a very sage observation. Certainly the birds, in untold thousands, were accompanying us on this migration of ours to the Southland, and as we found ourselves catching up with summer again, down there in the Carolinas, we began to feel increased respect for the perspicacity of those birds—creatures with sense enough to do this sort of thing every year, instead of freezing to death in northern blizzards.

With the engine warmed up, I broke out the hook and hauled it aboard, and we edged out of the creek into the river channel. We were more than an hour late in getting under way, but it was still early. However, the northeast wind of yesterday was now a southwester and inclined to be boisterous, as this wind so often is in those latitudes. We picked up our final bell buoy outside Camden Point and, by lining up our last markers and checking carefully the set of the swell worked out a rough course for the $10\frac{3}{8}$ miles that separated us from our next marker. We could not see the opposite shore, and would have to proceed blindly for an hour before we could hope to find the next bell buoy. Since we were heading into the swell, we pitched just enough to make me wonder exactly where, in this potentially unpleasant body of water, our engine would next elect to quit on us. Between our lack of compass and our fear of engine failure, that crossing was not a comfortable one, despite the fact that the sea was in no sense dangerously high.

Our crude navigation worked out about as you would expect. Steer-

A Little Assistance from the Coast Guard

ing only by the swells, when we sighted the opposite shore there was no bell buoy to be found, even with the glasses. There also were two indentations in the land, one on either hand ahead of us, and a broad promontory dead ahead. We had to guess which of these indentations should be Alligator River, and were inclined to favor the one to starboard. However, at this juncture I spotted a big motor yacht plowing across the Sound several miles to port of us, and well abaft our beam. Obviously she had come out of Dismal Swamp cutoff, but where was she heading? From our point of observation it looked as though she were bound out into the Sound with a view to skirting the outer reef, inside Hatteras, and thus making an open-water run of both Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds. The motor yacht (we later identified her as the *Moonglow*, owned by Howard Field of New York) was big enough for such an outside run, but we definitely were not, and the question was whether or not to adopt her course in the hope that she would lead us to the bell buoy at the Alligator River Bar. Finally we decided to do this, and after a bit Madge picked up the desired buoy with the glasses, very much to our relief. Then and there we took a solemn oath that never again would we attempt such a crossing, even in good weather, without a compass.

As we neared the Alligator entrance, we saw two more small cruisers far across the Sound, nearing mid-channel on a course from the Dismal Swamp cutoff. In that curious companionship of the sea lanes, I afterwards learned that each of us four craft had carefully noted the position of each of the others. Later, too, we were to see much of that pair of Chris-Crafts that were overtaking us from astern. At the moment, however, we were congratulating ourselves that the engine had withstood the crossing without becoming flooded with water, and hoping that the broad Alligator would soon narrow down and become less choppy. However, we had a twenty-mile run ahead of us before we could enter the Alligator River-Pungo River Canal, and I made a check of the gas filter, finding it, as usual, full to the brim with water. We therefore shut off our engine and tossed about in the channel while I emptied the filter. When we resumed our course, we spotted a faded sign along the edge of the channel, reading "Norfolk 104, Great Bridge 92." We were not greatly encouraged by these markers, but

Cruising to Florida

felt that at least we were not losing any ground in our effort to reach Florida before snowfall.

By this time the wind had shifted back into the northeast, where it apparently belonged at this season of the year, and once more we had a following sea to help us on our way. Here, as many times later, we were surprised at the steadiness of this boat of ours in a tail wind and sea. Even when the sea was really rolling astern of us and surprisingly deep swells were passing under our keel, the boat had practically no motion at all, either roll or pitch, just as long as we held our course and speed. I have never owned a power boat that had this characteristic and heretofore had always assumed that only sailboats could move comfortably downwind in a lump of a sea without the stern swinging from side to side and requiring a lot of steering. Perhaps because of her V-bottom construction and narrow stern, *Luberta* needed but the lightest touch on her wheel whenever she was riding a following sea. Since so much of this cruise was made with the wind astern, I consider this happenstance to have been a fortunate break for us and one that in no small degree offset the mental distress of forever worrying about that water in our gas tanks.

Fortunately for us, we were to have but two more bad sessions with that water, after which the last of it appeared finally to have left the tanks. Perhaps, too, we should have been thankful for this factor in our cruise, which never for a moment permitted us to relax to the point of becoming bored. Come to think of it, however, every person we contacted on this trip to Florida had tales to tell of difficulties, often far more serious—and certainly much more costly—than any that beset us, and of methods they had devised for overcoming them.

And at no time on this cruise did I meet anyone who complained of ennui due to the monotony resulting from the perfect performance of his boat or its engine. Undoubtedly, one of the most satisfying experiences for any skipper on this cruise is to listen, at the end of a particularly trying day's run, to the troubles and misadventures of those other skippers who also are traveling southward. Their problems are usually different from those you have encountered, and you can gain some small comfort in reflecting that at least *everything* bad has not yet happened to you.



The Neuse River Run

LEAVING THE Alligator River, we were not at all sorry to take on the long ditch of the Alligator River-Pungo River Canal—one of the longest continuous stretches of dug canal in the entire Waterway. It is a curious fact that you come to welcome the serenity of these dredged ditches, after traversing some particularly worrisome piece of open water; yet after a few miles of their everlasting sameness you find yourself looking forward with some eagerness to the next stretch of open water, worrisome or not. This Florida cruise would, indeed, become a monotonous affair if the waterway were just one long ditch of coffee-colored water, bordered either with marsh grass or cypress swamp.

Back in Alligator River we had spotted those two cruisers slowly overhauling us, and now, on the long straightaways of the canal we would see them from time to time, always a bit nearer to us. After a couple of hours they were close astern, and just before we reached Wilkerson Bridge, at the end of this cut, they passed us. First came the boat we will misname the *Lorelei*—a big, shiny Chris-Craft with a flying bridge; then came the *Sport* (likewise misnamed), a somewhat smaller Chris-Craft, but equally shiny. Each of these boats was doing fifteen when it passed us, and each of them, pulling the whole canal behind it, rolled *Luberta* over beautifully, putting her almost on her beam ends. Nevertheless, we contrived to smile sweetly and wave at those aboard the Chris-Crafts, even while we waited for our engine to fill up with water from the rolling and quit on us. At the moment, however, she only coughed a couple of times and then settled down again to steady running.

Cruising to Florida

It was not until we were out in Pungo River (along here, by the way, in the approach to Belhaven, is one of those points at which the red markers shift over to port) that the slight chop finished the job begun by the twin-screw boats, and made it necessary for us to take time out to run into Upper Dowry Creek just long enough to clear the water out of the gas filter. (This creek, incidentally, just ahead of Belhaven, would make an excellent overnight anchorage.) Thereafter we continued on into Belhaven and tied up at the outer end of the Texaco dock there. *Sport* and *Lorelei* were already moored alongside the gas pumps.

Belhaven has mooring facilities superior to most towns along this Waterway. Particularly at this Texaco dock there is ample overnight space for several boats, and normally, according to the local representative, there will be gas and water available at several points along the side of the pier. At the time of our visit, however, only one pump was in service.

We went ashore at once, and my first errand was to line up an engine mechanic to come down the following morning and go over our carburetor. We then inquired for a good place to eat, and were told there were two, "The Greek's," and a restaurant operated by a "local man." The local fellow was recommended, and we tried this place, which specialized in seafood. After a rather poor dinner we did the necessary shopping in one of the several very good grocery stores along the main street, and returned aboard.

Next morning we were visited by the mechanic, just as *Sport* and *Lorelei* pulled out. He took down the carburetor, cleaned the water and sludge out of it, and carried the jets up to his shop to blow them out. After reassembling the carburetor, he tuned up the motor and she seemed to run as well as ever. We were pleasantly surprised when this mechanic charged us only \$2.00 for his services. He also secured for us a half-dozen much-needed cork gaskets for the cup of our fuel filter; the old gasket was worn out from our efforts to keep this cup free from water.

We received another pleasant surprise at Belhaven. While the mechanic was aboard, Madge went up to the Guaranty Bank & Trust Company and asked the manager how we could get some money trans-

The Neuse River Run

ferred in a hurry to his bank from ours up north. This manager did a nice job of quickly sizing up a customer who was a total stranger to him, and at once suggested that time could be saved if Madge would just write out a check for the \$200 we needed, and he would cash it. This exceptional service saved us a couple of extra days' stopover at Belhaven, and it certainly left us with a kindly feeling for that old town. Incidentally, when you tie up at the Texaco dock there, have your camera ready, for just across the basin will be moored a number of big skipjacks and bugeyes, laying over after unloading their oyster cargoes at the adjacent fish dock. These are the most picturesque sailing craft in America, and I would like to have taken some snapshots of them. At the time we made this cruise, however, it was extremely difficult to secure roll film for our Kodak and at this particular juncture we were entirely out of it.

That afternoon we purchased four gallons of cooking alcohol at a local hardware store, and a small anchor to replace the lost Danforth. After this we went through one of those long rigmaroles that were sometimes necessary on this cruise to get a cake of ice into our refrigerator. We phoned the ice company repeatedly, and each time someone promised faithfully to send the ice out to the dock at once, but it never showed up. Finally, Mr. Jordan, who runs this Texaco dock, took his truck and fetched us some ice. No doubt within another year many of these small, but irritating delays in service will have been eliminated, and gasoline, Diesel oil, lubricating oil, fresh water, and ice, will be available at every dock along the route.

We sailed from Belhaven bright and early on the following morning—which was Sunday, October 14th, and rather chilly—with the wind already in the northeast and blowing with some force. Down the Pungo we rolled along merrily, and the Pamlico River crossing offered no problems, since the wind was not setting easterly enough to permit a full sea from Pamlico Sound to sweep into the wide river mouth. Likewise, we negotiated Goose Creek and the ensuing piece of dug canal without incident, passing under Hobucken Bridge at 8:45 A. M. (We noted that there was gasoline available at docks located near this bridge.) From this cut we emerged into Gale Creek, then into Bay River, and, passing between May Point and Bay

Cruising to Florida

Point, we began working our way out toward the bell buoy on May Point Shoal; the bell that marked the turn of the big dogleg on the Neuse River run.

Speaking of making the Neuse River run on this cruise to Florida is indulging in somewhat ambiguous terminology. What you are really doing is making an exposed run of twenty-odd miles across a section of Pamlico Sound. In other words, if the wind is in the north-east—as is usually the case in this area during the autumn season—you get the culmination of anything that has built up out in this, the largest sound encountered on the entire cruise, and this *can* be plenty. Your best bet in negotiating this potentially bad stretch of water is to make the run early in the morning on a day of light wind.

The trick, of course, is to guess at that time how long the wind will remain light. I have talked with yachtsmen who were lucky in making the Neuse River run, and who honestly considered it as presenting fewer difficulties than the Albemarle crossing. Most of those with whom I discussed the Pamlico, however, agreed that this section of the cruise represented something of a climax with respect to wind and weather, with everything that followed being more or less anticlimatic. Then, too, of course, I talked with a few of that curious type of boat owner—you've met him—who pretended to consider the Neuse River run as a matter of no consequence whatever for a person of his long experience in making rough passages.

It is even possible that the skipper of the little fisherman *Tuna*, which we picked up before reaching the May Point Shoal bell, was later able to speak lightly of the Neuse River run. But at the moment we sighted him, this fellow was by no means having a pleasant summer outing. This leg of the run calls for working your way out past the tip of this shoal, and on a northeast wind this course puts you almost squarely into the trough. On this morning the wind had already attained sufficient strength to make this trough a good four feet deep, and the *Tuna* was finding the going exceedingly tough. As we watched her wallow along, she dropped her speed so sharply that for a moment we believed her engine had quit altogether. We pulled across her stern to look her over, but her skipper just waved at us, so we hauled ahead of him and concentrated on our own difficulties.

The Neuse River Run

Our problem, of course, was to keep our stern up to the seas whenever possible in order to avoid that severe rolling which always seemed to result in another teacupful of water finding its way into our carburetor. In the sea that was building up we did not relish the thought of a conked engine out there in Pamlico Sound, particularly since our only companion ship seemed to be having her hands full just taking care of herself.

A very little bit of that trough-running proved entirely sufficient for me. I wanted to straighten out for the southwest course down the Neuse, in order to get the sea more nearly astern. After a quick check of the chart, we decided that it would be reasonably safe to cut corners, and headed well inside the bell buoy. Shoals are comparative, and after the Chesapeake, six feet of water seemed ample to us even in that seaway. After some hesitation the *Tuna*, now well astern, followed suit and lined up behind us. With the sea astern, both of us rode much more comfortably.

I suppose it was due to this abandonment of the course shown on the chart that before long we found ourselves in a quandary as to our position. The chart indicated compass courses to succeeding markers, but we had no compass. Visibility was none too good, the seas were rolling ever higher, and this made steering much more difficult. Our principle marker for this long run was to be the Neuse River Light, which the chart depicted as a 40-foot structure standing out well in the center of this wide estuary. (At its mouth, Neuse River is nearly as wide as Albemarle Sound at the Alligator River crossing.) This light guards a shoal running far off Piney Point, on which the depths are shown on the chart as two feet and less. Obviously we had to identify this lighthouse, or take an excellent chance of striking on the shoal. Also, we were by now holding our breath, waiting for the first miss of the engine. I had decided to make a run for the mouth of Broad Creek that showed on the chart just beyond Neuse River Light, if the engine began acting up. But before I could do this I had to clear that shoal.

We spotted Neuse River Light promptly enough, but apparently we couldn't believe our eyes. This light sits on a spidery iron framework, unlike the solid masonry piles to be found supporting similar

Cruising to Florida

lofty lights in the Chesapeake, and from a distance it was impossible to tell whether it was a 40-foot light a long way off or just a flashing light close by, perhaps some 12 feet above the water. The chart showed a Point of Marsh Light over toward the eastern shore, and if this light were the Marsh marker, we must leave it well to port. But if it was the Neuse River Light and we left it to port, we would be in two feet of water or less. And while we were trying to make up our minds, the little *Tuna* was following confidently behind us, her skipper apparently having decided that we knew what we were doing. (Or perhaps he was resting secure in the knowledge that we would strike a shoal a sufficient distance ahead of him to give him time to work around it.)

Our first decision was to keep *inside* of the spindle-legged light and watch closely for a masonry lighthouse ahead. Therefore, we held our course until, on a fortunate second thought, I made a careful inspection of this light with the glasses and decided that it *must* be on a taller frame than had at first appeared to be the case. Convinced, then, that this must be Neuse River Light, I altered my course to take it to starboard, and asked Madge to begin hunting for the bell buoy that the chart showed as being located just to eastward of the light. Until she spotted this verifying marker, we were still not sure that our decision had been correct and were merely hoping that we would not bump bottom in the next trough. The *Tuna*, without hesitation, once more altered her course to follow us.

Then began a scramble to obtain sufficient easting to put us clear of the shoal which extends *even outside* Neuse River Light (why don't they put these lights at the outer edge of a shoal?) and at the same time keep out of the trough. Actually we cleared the light by such a scant margin that I cannot yet understand why, in the sea that was running, we did not hit bottom on the five feet shown on the chart between the light and the bell buoy. Obviously, only a high tide saved us from what could have been an experience with serious consequences.

Once around Neuse Light, we cleared the bell buoy and, since the engine was still running smoothly and we had the seas astern again, we decided against changing course into the trough in order to make the three- or four-mile run into Broad Creek. From here on, even though

The Neuse River Run

markers were few and far between, we had little difficulty in orienting ourselves and, if anything, the wind and seas diminished as we neared the end of the Neuse River run. We passed the fishing village of Oriental without turning off, picked up the flashing light opposite the entrance to this port, the bell buoy farther on, and soon were running in smooth water up Adams Creek. When we reached Cedar Creek, we pulled off into this tributary of the Adams and dropped the hook. For the last time on this cruise, in the course of a day's run, I inspected the gas filter and found it just full to the brim with water. We were much pleased, however, that this long, rough Neuse River run had been unable to do more than fill the filter with water. After negotiating it without a power failure, we felt that nothing ahead could bother us very much.

Sport and *Lorelei* were not so successful with the Neuse River traverse. It was weeks later before I learned the full story of their misadventures on this run, made the day previous to our own crossing. It seems that, back in Goose Creek just before Neuse River, *Lorelei* hit a submerged floating stump and broke a strut holding the propeller shaft of her starboard engine. Then, with *Sport* leading and *Lorelei* limping astern, the navigators had the same trouble we did in identifying Neuse River Light and, in attempting to play it safe, finally found their craft way over behind the Marsh Point Light, where they both ran smack aground. I gathered from the story of the *Sport's* owner that he was a bit peeved because the *Lorelei's* owner (who had made this Florida cruise in prewar years on eight previous occasions) did not warn him of his error in taking the wrong course until it was too late. Anyhow, they finally got off the sand bar, found a fishboat nearby and from its skipper obtained directions for making the nearest port, which happened to be Oriental. At Oriental, *Lorelei* was hauled out for repairs to the broken strut, while *Sport* proceeded to Morehead City, there to await her cruising companion's arrival. Sometime later in these pages, after I have recounted some of our own brief experiences in partnership cruising, I would like to discuss this whole question of going it alone on the one hand, or cruising in consort with friends on the other. There appears to be something to be said on both sides of this question.

Cruising to Florida

After our brief Cedar Creek stopover, we sauntered along through the ensuing ditch, feeling vastly relieved that our watered-gas difficulty was a thing of the past. In Core Creek we discussed the question of whether to stop at Beaufort or Morehead City, the twin ports but four miles apart that lay just ahead. We decided upon Morehead City, simply because this enterprising community had taken the trouble to advertise its attractions on signboards along the Waterway for a hundred miles or so to the northward. We found that almost everyone else made the same choice, and for much the same reason. Yachtsmen like to go to places where they know they are welcome.

Winding through the tortuous channel in the approach to these twin towns, we whistled up the bridge and worked our way around to Morehead City's waterfront, tying up at a Texaco oil dock which happened to be out of commission as a service station. We arrived at 2:45 P. M. and were glad to call it a day, since we had been under way for more than eight hours. *Tuna* had passed us as we lay at anchor in Cedar Creek and was already docked. A little later *Sport* pulled in from Oriental and moored at a nearby wharf, where also we discovered *Moonglow*, the big motor yacht that had shown us the way across Albemarle. She was laid up awaiting shipment of engine parts from New York. *Moonglow's* skipper told me that he, too, had had trouble somewhat similar to ours, when an oil dock attendant at Elizabeth City had put 40 gallons of gasoline into his Diesel oil tanks before the error was discovered, and this necessitated jettisoning a full tank of gas-diluted Diesel oil. We wondered at *Sport's* belated appearance without the inevitable *Lorelei*, but erroneously assumed that these two Chris-Crafts had parted company for the nonce, with *Lorelei* laying over at Beaufort, four miles away.

That afternoon, after having successfully, if foolishly, crossed Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds without a compass, we found one of these instruments in the first hardware store we entered in Morehead City. It was a small compass, obviously of wartime manufacture, but it had a well-known maker's stamp on it, and at least appeared to point in a general northerly direction. We bought it and thereafter had the satisfaction of knowing in what direction we were headed, although few other occasions arose on the remainder of the cruise in which a

The Neuse River Run

compass meant the difference between being oriented and being lost.

Morehead City, besides marking our return to the Atlantic coast line (Cape Lookout was our first actual contact with the ocean since leaving Cape May), also turned out to be quite a place in its own right. It had the best shopping district we had encountered since Annapolis. The merchants were both enterprising and friendly, and, in direct contrast to the attitude displayed in so many towns along the Waterway, everyone exerted himself to make the yachtsman's stay a success. My suggestion would be that all other towns (and cities) along this waterway, between Norfolk and Jacksonville, study Morehead City's methods of handling cruising yachtsmen and take a leaf from the book of this hospitable town.

Next morning we found the waterfront in the grip of a real northeast storm—one of those gales that the local fishermen, for obvious reasons, call a "mullet blow." These gales are supposed to last for three days, and they are accompanied by plenty of cold rain. As soon as we put our noses out that morning, we knew *Luberta* was going to lay over at least one more day at Morehead City. Then, along about 10:30, a curious flotilla of some fifteen Coast Guard boats came in from the south and moored at our dock. These boats were old patrol craft from the "boneyard" at Bucksport, S.C., and were being moved up to Norfolk for transfer to the Navy.

They had not been in commission for many months, so their crews told us, and only a few of them had engines that could be turned over at all. Therefore, they had rafted these boats together, five and six abreast, and in each grouping one or two boats with good engines furnished the motive power for the flotilla. They had left Swansboro, 22 miles ahead, at 6:30 A. M. and had been bucking this howling northeaster all the way to Morehead. They had also run aground repeatedly, right in mid-channel, and (to complete their story of tribulations) the crews had as yet had no breakfast. Obviously these lads were not dressed for this sort of weather, having no rainwear or pea-coats aboard, and all hands were soaked and half frozen. Madge was all for taking on the job at once of cooking a hot breakfast for twenty or thirty members of the Coast Guard, but I managed to talk her out of it. After the patrol boats had been gassed up at a nearby dock, the

Cruising to Florida

flotilla commander let the boys go ashore and get a good meal under their belts, after which they looked much less pathetic.

I was of little help in building up the morale of these sailors, since I could only speculate with them as to what Neuse River would be like when they headed into this storm for its full length. With these rafted boats they were in for a real beating, and I told them so. Perhaps this word was relayed to their commander, for shortly thereafter word was passed among the craft that the flotilla would remain overnight at Morehead City—a very sensible decision, too, considering the shape these boats were in. Some day I would like to know just what happened to this squadron of decrepit patrol boats on the remainder of the run to Norfolk. Forced thus to run abreast, they must have had a difficult time in some sections of the Waterway.

On the morning of the “mullet blow” our erstwhile cruising companion, the *Tuna*, got under way in true fisherman fashion, storm or no, and headed out for Swansboro. I had had a talk with her owner the evening before, and had listened to his recital of the engine troubles he had experienced all the way down the Waterway. This skipper was making the cruise to Florida with a ’teen-age son as crew. He was intending to engage in party-boat fishing at Miami, if, when, and as, he arrived there. His engine was not much of a kicker, he said, and he was frank in admitting that he was glad to have us in the vicinity during the run down the Neuse. He hoped we could “sorta stick together” during the remainder of the cruise to Florida. But after he pulled out into the mullet blow, he disappeared entirely from our ken and we never crossed his path again.

From this skipper, as well as from the Coast Guardsmen and others we talked with at Morehead City, we began to hear mention of shoal spots in the channel ahead, and before long we discovered that we were now going to have something to worry about other than water in our gasoline. It was unbelievable that the Waterway, even in wartime, had been permitted to fill its channel until even a boat drawing but $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet could not always have water under her keel, but evidently this was to be the case.

On the following morning the three-day “mullet blow” appeared to have telescoped into a one-day affair, since the weather was beauti-

The Neuse River Run

ful, with the barometer up to 30.5 and a gentle northeast wind blowing. The Coast Guard flotilla shoved off for Norfolk, and we moved over to their berth at the Gulf dock to gas up. We noted that the ship's company of the *Sport* were enjoying a leisurely breakfast in their deckhouse, there in the basin behind the dock. The *Lorelei* had not yet put in an appearance, so we felt we could continue on down the channel without being overtaken and rolled over by this pair of Chris-Crafts. Our association with these boats was fast assuming the complexion of a hare-and-tortoise race, and it was to continue as such. Anyhow, at Morehead City we pulled out, leaving the *Moonglow*, *Sport*, and *Lorelei* somewhere astern. We had lost a day at Belhaven and another at Morehead City, and we wondered anew about those folk who, in the pages of our favorite yachting magazines, talked about running down the Waterway from New York to Florida in a matter of ten days or so. Nobody we encountered on this cruise was going to make the trip under three weeks, and we felt that some of them would be lucky if they finished the cruise at all.

From Morehead City to Swansboro, the Waterway channel is dug along the northern shore of a shoal sound (the Bogue) that runs nearly east and west. (After the easterly bulge at Hatteras, our course was generally southwest, all the way to Georgia.) On the Atlantic side there is a narrow strip of sand, and along the Waterway channel there is a chain of marshy islands. Shoals of one foot border the edge of the channel, and careful steering is necessary to stay within its dredged limits.

Because of our forewarning, we were expecting trouble with shoal spots, and were pleasantly surprised to find none until just outside of Swansboro, where we had decided to break the long run to Southport with an overnight layover. Just before reaching Swansboro we bumped once, hard, and for a time it seemed we would be stuck there. However, our momentum carried us over the shoal spot, and we experienced no further difficulty until after Swansboro.

Swansboro is located near the entrance of Bogue Inlet and is headquarters for quite a fleet of commercial fishing boats. The shoaling in the Waterway channel at this point is due to the increase in tidal flow as you continue south. Here the tides run seven feet or more,

Cruising to Florida

and in Georgia this flood runs up to ten feet, before it tapers off to practically nothing in northern Florida. These excessive tides, racing in and out of occasional narrow inlets, can quickly silt up any channel. They also complicate matters when it comes to mooring at fixed docks, where the builders in this area never seem to take the trouble to place ladders along their faces, and where, of course, landing floats are almost wholly unknown. Only once on this cruise did we encounter an adequate landing float and this was at St. Simon's Island, near Brunswick, Georgia. At all other times Madge got ashore at low tide by climbing, first onto our cabin roof, then onto our bridge deck roof, from which she jumped for the dock. Yacht mooring facilities all up and down our eastern seaboard are years behind the times, with the exception of those in certain cities in Florida. Some day boat owners will insist on adequate floats at all oil docks and yacht anchorages where there is any appreciable tidal flow. Until they do so, their womenfolk will have to put up with whatever type of dock happens to suit the local commercial fishermen.

At Swansboro we attempted to tie up at the only dock carrying gas pumps, but found this to be a "fish factory" where the fishboats unloaded their catch. Since we really did not need gas, we moved from here down through a rather tricky channel to a deserted Texaco dock at the other end of town, where we tied up. The chart showed little water off this dock, but the lead line showed more than ten feet on an incoming tide, and this mooring satisfied us. We went ashore and did what shopping we could in the few understocked stores of the village. I also attempted to get some ice and was fortunate enough to contact a local iceman on his truck who, after some discussion, graciously consented to drop off a cake of ice at our dock as he passed. We considered this a great stroke of luck, since we had been unable to get delivery on ice, even at hospitable Morehead City. (Some day someone is going to gimbal properly the heating unit of a kerosene-burning Electrolux refrigerator and save the cruising yachtsman half of his worry—which is simply how to get a 50-lb. cake of ice for his icebox every other day. Evidently the electric refrigerator is a little too much for the average small yacht, but it is time we were finding some substitute for ice on long cruises. Too often ice is simply unobtainable on

The Neuse River Run

short notice, and, as a result, much food that requires refrigeration may spoil.)

The *Martha* and the *Tomadge II*, both of Washington, D.C., stopped momentarily at Swansboro and continued on their way to Southport. Then a Chris-Craft, which we will call the *Falcon*, came in and later moved over to our dock and tied up right on top of us. This, by the way, was the same party-fishboat that I mentioned earlier in these pages as having tied up astern of the disabled steamer near Old Point Comfort, where the Chris-Craft had her bow caved in and lost a power sea skiff. We heard now the full story of this unfortunate occurrence, told with many eloquent gestures.

The *Falcon's* skipper also was full of the perils of the channel we were traversing, and brought tidings of further shoals ahead, for a period of at least six miles. Coming into Swansboro, he had run aground a number of times, and he was sure that he had bent a propeller shaft on one of these occasions. (Incidentally, it seems that the propellers of twin-screw boats, being well out on either side and with nothing to protect them, are always getting into trouble on this Waterway. The single-engine boat, on the other hand, usually has its propeller tucked up under the stern and protected by the skeg below it, so that it is much less likely to suffer damage in running aground.)

The skipper of the *Falcon* suggested that we keep each other company "for mutual protection," at least during this bad stretch of shoal water. It was difficult to see just how the "mutual" part of this arrangement would work out, and we were, on general principles, opposed to cruising in company with twin-screw Chris-Crafts; but there seemed to be no courteous way to turn down the offer, so we agreed to sail in consort with these people for a while.

That afternoon a very sweet Southern lady, who was sojourning at Swansboro, came down to our dock to fish. She didn't catch much of anything, but we became interested in watching her bait her hook with tempting bits of shrimp and cast it into the millrace of the incoming tide. After a time she insisted that Madge and I try our luck, and furnished us with another line and some bait. We were even less successful than she, but did get in a little fishing for the first and only time on this cruise. We noted, however, that the true fishing fanatics

Cruising to Florida

who were making the cruise could be found at odd moments practicing their art alongside a dock, and oftentimes with surprising success. While, of course, trolling is out of the question at cruising speeds, there appeared always to be some sort of edible fish around the dock pilings and in the creeks where the boats anchored between towns.

As for myself, I soon tired of fishing and took the old dink ashore for another unsuccessful attempt to make her bottom watertight. This procedure had become a sort of Dantesque ritual with me, because I could never get the boat out of the water long enough to dry out the wood, and consequently nothing I used as cement ever stayed in place for very long. Knowing this to be the case, and never having enough time to do the job properly, I nevertheless felt it incumbent on me to make some sort of effort, at regular intervals, to stop those leaks. Yet each night it was the same story—a dinghy with several inches of water in her, which had to be laboriously bailed out as part of the regular ritual of coming to anchor. Once in Florida, however, it required but a couple of days' time to dry out the wood of the dink and then an hour or two to cement her properly, thereby stopping all leaks—I hope forever.

On the following morning we cast off from the dock shortly after *Falcon* had left, and almost at once caught up with her in the shoal channel just outside of Swansboro, where she was crawling along after her second grounding.



Shoal Spots and Southern Hospitality

NO DOUBT there will always be shoal spots at some points along the Intracoastal Waterway, but with dredging constantly going on it must be understood that no record of groundings can be accepted as anything more than the experience of one boat on a given day. The shoals we hit between Swansboro and Southport will, in all probability, be dredged out before another year has passed. Nevertheless, the peculiar topography of the stretch of coast between Morehead City and Southport, with miles of marshy sounds honey-combed by thousands of islands, with frequent inlets cutting through these marshes to the Atlantic, and with tides ever increasing in strength as you move to the southward, it would appear that there will be possibilities for shoaling as long as the Waterway continues to follow this channel.

On this morning we were to bump once in mid-channel shortly after leaving Swansboro, then run clear of the bottom for a hundred yards before striking again, this time going definitely aground. Fortunately our propeller was clear, and by rocking the boat with the engine in full reverse, we worked the ship off this sand bar. Then, in going ahead around the obstruction, we dragged our keel along the bottom for a matter of a hundred feet or so, but somehow always managed to continue our forward motion. Finally the bad place was passed, and we no longer felt our keel plowing a furrow through sand.

Shortly thereafter we overtook *Falcon*, whose skipper told us of his grounding and said he thought one of his propeller shafts was bent. He then asked me to take the lead, which I did, and for the next ten miles *Falcon* followed in our wake without mishap. Then, ahead of us and coming our way, there loomed something I had been hoping

Cruising to Florida

to see for some time: a big seagoing tug with an enormous dredge in tow. Evidently something was going to be done about those shoals, and at once. This dredging was a bit late to do us much good, but it was nice to know that the channel would be improved for those who followed us.

However, I had a hunch that the appearance of this deep-draft tug would have its effect on the morale of our follower, and asked Madge to keep an eye on him. Sure enough, a few minutes later *Falcon* came pounding alongside, and her skipper yelled, "I want to get to Swansboro before night." Then he opened her up wide and was about to pass us, as usual pulling the whole ocean behind him. Obviously there was nothing wrong with his propeller shaft; he had only wanted someone to run interference for him. Now, on the evening previous, I had told this skipper about the trouble we had experienced from water in our gas, and particularly from the heavy rollings to which we had been exposed by fast cruisers passing us in narrow channels. So, turning the wheel over to Madge, I went out on our bow and motioned forcefully for this fellow to slow down. Registering great surprise, he nevertheless cut his speed; then I signaled Madge to slow down, and the Chris-Craft thus passed us without washing us out of the channel. We were definitely glad to see the last of her.

Since this experience I have discussed with many skippers the matter of passing other boats in narrow channels along this Waterway. Invariably, the owners of the slower boats considered the skippers of the faster craft as lacking in common courtesy in this practice; on the other hand, in all fairness it is difficult to see how the faster boat can be expected to lay back and fail to pass through, say, twenty miles of dug ditch. Perhaps the answer here is something along the lines I used with this Chris-Craft: a signal to the passing boat to cut her speed, followed or preceded by a reduction of speed on the part of the boat about to be passed. This would eliminate the worst of the heavy wake from the passing boat, and the passed boat would be little discommoded by the experience.* We have learned to expect little

* This procedure agrees with the Army Engineering Corps' regulation governing vessels passing in this Waterway. This regulation reads: "A vessel being overtaken by another shall slacken speed sufficiently to permit the passage to be affected with safety to both vessels."

Shoal Spots and Southern Hospitality

courtesy or consideration from other automobile drivers on our highways; it will be too bad if the time ever comes when yachtsmen fail to display common courtesy to each other.

It was some time after this experience that the fear of running aground left us, and we could resume our way with any degree of confidence. In any event, the channel throughout this stretch of the Waterway is tricky and calls for careful steering. About the only enjoyable feature here was the increasing number of porpoises that wandered in through the inlets and were forever bobbing up just ahead of the boat, slowly curving over and diving out of range just as we came up to them.

As we passed Old Topsail Inlet, we experienced the first engine trouble we had had that was not caused by water in the gasoline, or at least, when the engine began to miss and lose power, I could find no trace of water in the gas filter. Since, with the exception of having learned to empty and replace this filter, my knowledge of how to repair gasoline engines had not increased one iota during this cruise, I began to look ahead for a place where we might find a mechanic who could locate this new trouble and remedy it.

According to the chart the only possibility of securing a mechanic in that area appeared to be at Wrightsville. So we kept the boat rolling along in spite of its jerky motion until we spotted the bridge at this town. On the east bank, everything was Army, with a lot of crash boats tied up at the dock. On the west bank, beyond the bridge, there was an old pier that carried a gas pump and a sign "Private" on it. Ignoring this sign, I tied up there and walked over to the store nearby.*

The store proprietor, a Mr. Stokely, told me that the nearest engine mechanic was located at a garage three miles up the road. He also told me that this fellow was temperamental, and although I could telephone him from the store, the chances were overwhelmingly against his coming down to look at my engine unless I went to the garage and talked him into it. Obviously, this man Stokely knew his neighbors. He then volunteered to have his darky drive me up to this

* I understand that this store has since burned, and that the Army docks are now available for mooring yachts at Wrightsville.

Cruising to Florida

garage, and I appreciated his courtesy. Leaving Madge aboard *Luberta*, I set out with the negro through as beautiful a piece of countryside as I have ever seen.

At the garage I entered upon one of those sessions so familiar to boat owners in these days of labor shortage, the purpose of which was to coax a mechanic to drop what he was then doing and give me a little emergency service. In this instance, it required but three-quarters of an hour of artful pleading to persuade this garage owner—his name was Gideon—to return to the Wrightsville landing with me and fix my engine. And, by the way, if you ever find yourself in a similar situation down in that country, don't try to buy your way out of your dilemma. These back-country folk are pretty nice people, and they resent patronage, particularly from a Damyank. If you can make a good impression on them, they will give you anything they have; if they don't like you, they will give you nothing but a polite, but firm, brush-off.

Once Gideon decided to take over my problem, he made a good job of it. He loaded his kit of tools in his car, sent the negro back with Stokely's car, and we drove down to the boat. Aboard, Gideon quickly located the trouble, which was in the spark plugs. Apparently the water and sludge they had been treated to had resulted in the gaps of two of them becoming frozen solid, so no spark could pass between the points. A pair of new plugs, a better spark adjustment, and a little draining of water from the carburetor, and the engine ran as good as new. We made a trial spin with Gideon aboard, then returned to the pier and dropped him off. His charges for the trip and work were \$3.50. We thanked him and Mr. Stokely, gave the darky a tip, and shoved off.

I have related this incident in some detail because it is typical of situations that frequently arise when you are cruising nowadays. Either you handle these situations properly and receive splendid cooperation from those who are in a position to help you, and at a reasonable cost; or you antagonize these people and eventually have to pay ten times as much to accomplish the same result. I believe this is one of the deciding factors in how much this cruise will cost you. Food prices and the cost of gasoline are about the same everywhere. The variable

Shoal Spots and Southern Hospitality

factor is what you pay for repair services. Of course, the ideal situation here is for the boat owner to be an expert engine mechanic in his own right. However, I have noted that few boat owners appear to fall in this category, and oftentimes I have encountered owners who, because they rather fancied themselves as mechanics, were forever causing trouble in their motors which eventually took many hours of labor by a real mechanic to straighten out. Undoubtedly every power boat owner should know something about engines, but it is unreasonable to expect the average owner to be an expert gas or Diesel engine mechanic. On the other hand, if I had to make a choice between carrying a paid skipper or a skilled mechanic on this Waterway cruise, I would certainly pick the mechanic as the more valuable addition to the ship's company.

We got out of Wrightsville at about 2 P. M., with the engine running perfectly. (Indeed, after Gideon put his magic touch on her, she never caused us another moment's concern all the way to Florida.) In midafternoon we crossed over the cut connecting Myrtle Sound with Cape Fear River, and negotiated the rather tricky route across the river to the main ship channel that goes up to Wilmington. (This, by the way, is another of those points at which the red markers change over to port.) Once in this channel, we turned south and found ourselves bucking a strong tidal current which, with the opposing wind, produced a choppy sea in the river. This condition continued until we passed Snow Marsh Island, and pulled into Southport. Even along the waterfront at Southport, the water was so confused as to make mooring there for the night an extremely uninviting prospect. Therefore, after filling our gas tanks and doing a little shopping at a nearby store, we moved around the point into a protected basin in which both pleasure craft and fishboats were moored.

We selected a vacant berth at a dock and tied up, but when I made inquiries among neighboring fishboats I found that this berth belonged to two trawlers which tied up there abreast of one another every night. Therefore, since all other dock space was already occupied and we knew better than to attempt to take over space belonging to other boats, I hauled out into the middle of the basin and dropped our hook. Since our anchor is a kedge, I had Madge reverse the engine,

Cruising to Florida

thus digging in the hook with the engine, then I let out a good scope of chain, and Madge reversed again, hard, and dug her in deep. We were then comfortably settled for the night.

Almost immediately the basin began to overflow with yachts and returning fishboats. And almost the first of these to appear was our old acquaintance, the *Sport*. Her owner made the same mistake that I had and moored in the trawlers' berth. In this instance, however, he attempted to stick it out there and remained until the trawlers pulled in, an hour later, when he was forthwith evicted.

Moving out into the middle of the basin, *Sport's* skipper made several futile attempts to get his hook dug in, but could not make the anchor stay put in that hard bottom. Abandoning this idea, he then spotted a couple of stakes driven in the marsh near the opposite shore, and tied up broadside to these. With *Sport* settled for the night we prepared to eat our supper in peace, and had just sat down when all of a sudden we saw a big boat passing within a foot of our cabin portholes and heard quite a commotion outside. Running on deck, we found the excitement was caused by none other than *Lorelei*, now fitted out with a new strut and overtaking us once more. This time the shiny yacht was emulating *Sport* in attempting to anchor in mid-basin, and with no more success. She had dropped her hook almost squarely on top of ours, and her crew was now paying out scope furiously while the owner, at the controls on the flying bridge, went astern at full speed. By some miracle their anchor did not foul ours, nor did they collide with us, but it was a near go, as the English say. After a few further attempts to make their hook stick—and during which I became entirely too outspoken in my comments regarding their unseamanlike anchoring technique—they gave it up, moved over alongside the *Sport*, and rafted themselves to her. Thus rather precariously moored, the two Chris-Crafts spent the night.

The following morning we made the earliest start of the cruise, not wishing to be overtaken by *Sport* and *Lorelei* in the narrow ditch out of Southport. (Actually, as it turned out, we led these craft all the way to Georgetown.) It was not yet daylight when we passed the bridge outside of Southport, where we were overtaken by a pair of cruisers, very small and fast (little more than speedboats), which,

Shoal Spots and Southern Hospitality

since they hailed from New York, were obviously making the trek down the Waterway. As usual these speedsters pulled a whale of a wake, rolled us unmercifully, and washed a few more tons of dirt from the banks of the ditch into the channel. The speeding motorboat is just as much of a nuisance on this cruise as he is in any yacht anchorage. Fortunately, he is rarely encountered on the Waterway, the type of owner who takes to speedboats having little stomach for the discomforts of a long cruise.

Speeding in these cuts or dug ditches is, of course, prohibited by law, and if the offenders are caught by patrol boats, they are subject to a stiff fine. However, unless this patrolling were done by airplane, it would be difficult to catch these speeders in the act. In the meantime, they make matters more difficult for all others who use the Waterway. Not only do they make everybody else uncomfortable, but this type of boat owner makes it inevitable that we have imposed upon us closer and closer regulation of yachting by Federal agencies.

With our engine performing beautifully and with so much of this day's run confined to good channels, we now began for the first time really to enjoy this cruise in the sense of a pleasant outing. For the first time, too, little fishermen's shacks began appearing along the canal's banks, in clearings cut out of the surrounding cypress forest. The unending marsh continued, but in spots there appeared to be sufficient dry, solid earth to justify someone's putting up a habitation. Later there was even some attempt at cultivating the ground, and just before Charleston we were amazed to spot a real, live cow grazing along the bank of the ditch—the first cow we had seen since leaving the Chesapeake. Looking at that coastal country from the deck of a cruiser, you are not surprised that a cow cannot exist in that growth of marsh grass. You also understand why it is that fresh milk may be unobtainable in town after town along the route, with packaged dried milk appearing on every grocery shelf.

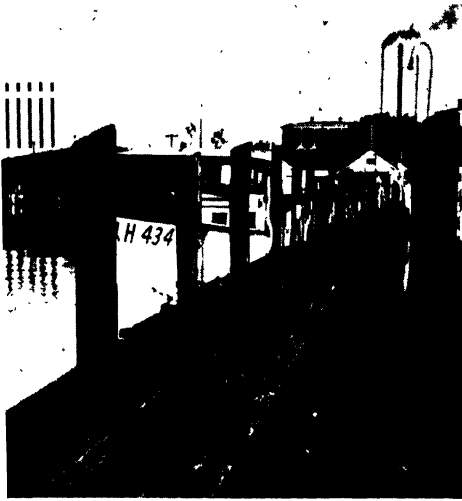
At Shallotte Inlet we negotiated without incident the tortuous channel that crosses the entrance from the Atlantic to the river of the same name. However, as we found out later, another boat—the 34-foot ketch *Flood Tide*—a day or so earlier struck a sharp squall at this point and had her mainsail ripped to pieces before the crew,

Cruising to Florida

consisting of the owner and his wife, could get the canvas off. This brings to mind an important reservation to bear in mind when reading any description of a cruise down this Inland Waterway. Always remember that, with the exception of certain potentially hazardous stretches—such as Albemarle, Neuse River, and certain of the big Georgia coast sounds—you may meet excellent weather where the writer met particularly foul weather, and vice versa; and also remember that the weather encountered can make a whale of a lot of difference in your reaction toward that particular stretch of water. Shallotte Inlet registers in my memory as only another outlet from a tortuous inland channel to the sea, but to the folks on the *Flood Tide* this inlet will always have a much more sinister significance. Here they lost their only mainsail, and from this point southward, they sailed the remainder of the cruise under jib and jigger only, plus the assistance of a little kicker.

After Little River Inlet (where temporary dockage and gasoline are available and, incidentally, where you leave North Carolina and enter South Carolina), the channel became much easier to follow and soon we had entered another one of those long dug canals, through the length of which no particular steering is called for and no markers occur at all. This ditch was close to 30 miles long and at one point passed under a combined railway and highway bridge and later on under Socastee Bridge, where distance markers indicated that Georgetown was 32.8 miles ahead and Charleston 96.2 miles. Charleston, in particular, interested us, since it was here that we would get our first mail since leaving Annapolis, and we had also decided to lay over at this city for a few days.

Beyond the Socastee Bridge the canal shortly opened out into the headwaters of the Waccamaw River, which we were to follow all the way to Georgetown. A little later we passed Bucksport, one of those sites the Army and Coast Guard mushroomed into quite a sizable base during wartime. Our real interest along here, however, was the Waccamaw River itself. As this river broadened in its approaches to Georgetown, it offered us the first really beautiful scenery on the entire trip from Norfolk. Here for a time the everlasting marsh and swamp gave way to a most gorgeously tinted forest, in which a score



Left: The wharf at the municipal yacht basin in Charleston, S.C., where we laid over for several days.



Photo by J. Carver Harris

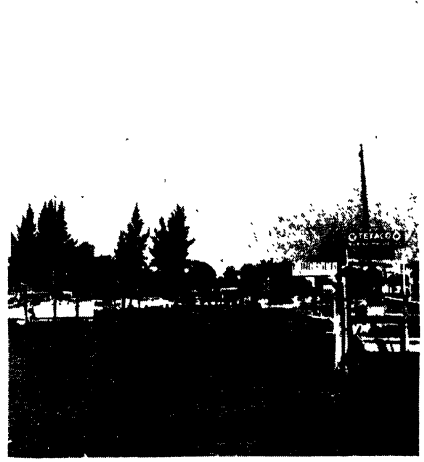
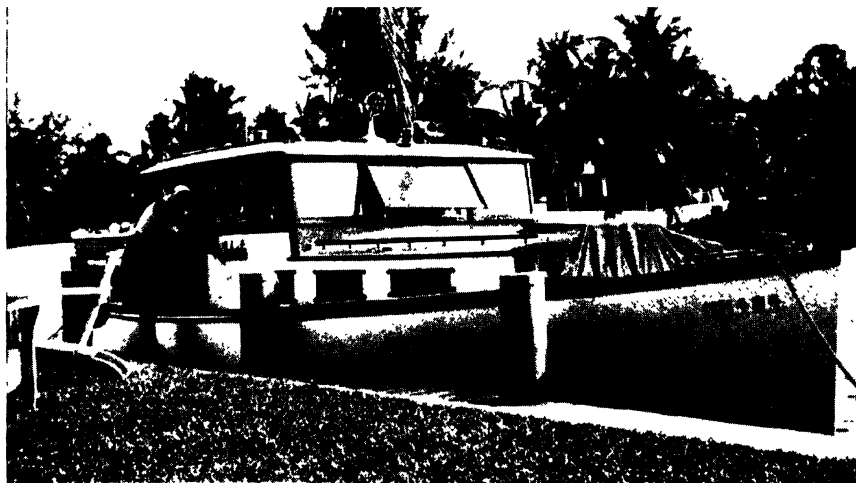


Photo by Rosenfeld

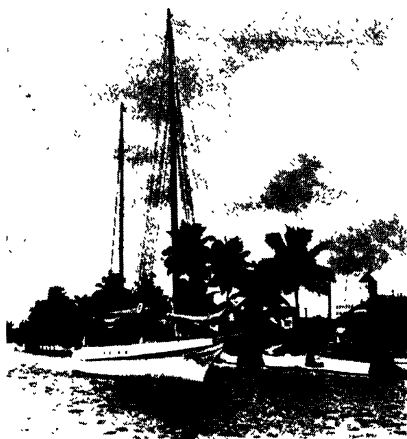
Above: Bridge and municipal pier at St. Augustine, Fla.



Right: Tug with heavily loaded



Above: Madge swabs down the white trunk cabin after the three-day rainstorm at our Hotel Champ Carr mooring in Fort Lauderdale.



Left: A typical anchorage scene at New River, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Below: Luberta moored at the docks of the Champ Carr Hotel, on beautiful New River, in Fort Lauderdale.



Shoal Spots and Southern Hospitality

of varieties of deciduous trees vied with each other in their display of amazing autumn colors, while behind this riot of reds and browns and yellows, the evergreens formed a solid backdrop of deep green. Then, underneath it all, the shrubs and plants all appeared to be in full bloom. Yes, you will like the Waccamaw and appreciate its lovely banks all the more after the monotony of marsh grass and cypress swamp that has been meeting your eye ever since you entered the Waterway.

You will appreciate noting at this point, also, the fact that, as the chart indicates, there are small, but deep, estuaries leading off, all along this river, where the yachtsman can anchor in comfort and safety rather than spend a night tied up to a dock in a choppy harbor. Here the big idea is to select a creek just wide enough to permit good swinging room, and not too long or too deep. The tidal flow is very swift in a long creek or in one that connects with an extended network of estuaries above, and some of these creeks, scoured out by ages of swiftly racing tides, are astonishingly deep. Handling heavy ground tackle in thirty or forty feet of water is unnecessary if, when anchoring, you select a spot having a low-water depth of ten feet or less. Allow for upwards of ten feet of tide throughout this area.

About 3:30 that afternoon we came alongside the Texaco oil dock at Georgetown and tied up. An old houseboat was moored at the side of the dock, and on her afterdeck was seated a lady who appeared to be supervising our mooring. A man whom we at first assumed to be the dock attendant, but who later turned out to be the lady's chauffeur, took our lines and hauled us well over to one end of the dock, explaining that they "were expecting a couple of boats in at any minute." We later discovered that this lady was the wife of the owner of the *Lorelei*, who was making the trip to Florida by automobile while her husband brought the *Lorelei* down via the Waterway. Sure enough, by the time we found an attendant and got our gas aboard, *Sport* and *Lorelei* came into view around the bend, and they tied up abreast at the pier just ahead of us. We debated shoving off and finding a better spot in which to spend the night, but the Winyah Bay run was just ahead and a long stretch of dug canal was beyond that, with no good place in which to anchor. Furthermore, we needed ice badly and so

Cruising to Florida

consoled ourselves with the thought that, after our Charleston lay-over, we would pick up an entirely new set of traveling companions.

On the following morning, instead of getting under way early, I began one of those periodic searches for a 50-pound cake of ice. Cornering the oil dock attendant, who also operated an automobile service station a block away, I elicited from him a half-hearted promise to find us some ice. Placing little confidence in this promise, I then went to a pay phone and called the local ice company, where the clerk assured me that a chunk of ice would be delivered at once. I returned to the dock just in time to see Mrs. "*Lorelei*" deliver big cakes of ice to the *Sport* and her consort on the bumper of her car. We then decided to remain at that dock until we got ice if it took a week. Also, we decided not to leave until *Sport* and *Lorelei* were gone, since we did not want them overtaking and passing us in the narrow ditch that lay just beyond Winyah Bay.

For some reason, *Sport* and *Lorelei* made ready to go, but failed to shove off, and appeared to be watching us as though waiting for us to lead the way. They warmed up their engines, then all hands stood on the dock and stared at us. We had not started our engine, and it occurred to me to wonder if they thought we had engine trouble and wished to offer us assistance. This didn't sound reasonable in view of past experience; nor could they, by any possible stretch of the imagination, consider us members of their party. Anyhow, after about an hour of this stalling, our ice arrived, and simultaneously *Sport* and *Lorelei* shoved off.

Our ice arrived with a vengeance, from two directions and in duplicate. The gas station man came rolling in with a 50-pound cake on his bumper, and I paid him for the ice and his trouble. By the time we got this in our icebox, a second 50 pounds arrived from the ice company, and of course I also paid for this chunk. However, the box being full, there was nothing to do but leave the second piece to melt on the dock. Vaguely, but unfairly, I found myself blaming this entire contretemps on that ubiquitous pair of Chris-Crafts whose presence appeared to bring us nothing whatever but grief. It was on this day that we opened the package of Crackerjack, extracted the fat little pewter hen, and set her up on the chart table as a humble talisman

Shoal Spots and Southern Hospitality

of good luck. She was wobbly on her two feet, but thereafter, as long as she remained upright, everything went well.

We finally got under way at 8:45 A. M., the latest start we had made on the entire cruise. The run down Winyah Bay was uneventful, although I imagine this bay could kick up if conditions were right. However, on this morning we were in the dug ditch and headed across Cat Island by 9:30.

This day was one of those rare ones on this cruise, when everything went so perfectly—after Georgetown—that there is little to write about. With the exception of two stretches—one near Andersonville and one opposite Dewees Island—the steering was a cinch and required no concentration whatever. At the two aforementioned spots, markers have been placed very close together to guide you safely over what is evidently a bad stretch of channel. Otherwise, a child can safely take the wheel all the way from Winyah Bay to the entrance to Charleston Harbor.

As we approached Charleston, the first city of any size we had passed since Norfolk, we could see the suburban developments beginning well to the northward. As we spotted the church spires of village after village, we would have known that we were approaching a city, even without the aid of a chart. Soon the bridge at Fort Moultrie came into view, and the markers began to work us across the channel, right over to the shore, where the draw for this bridge is located. Passing through, we were soon out in Charleston Harbor, passing Fort Sumter and approaching a huge dredge that was anchored in the middle of the harbor. As we attempted to pass this fellow, holding our course for the bell buoys that would lead us up into Ashley River, the dredge's skipper set up a hullabaloo of tooting on his whistle and the crew waved warningly at us. Fearing some uncharted danger in this strange harbor, we swung about and came nearer to the dredge in order to get any message they might have for us. But when we approached the big hulk, those aboard paid us no further attention.

To play safe, however, I cut around the stern of the dredge, thereby skirting much too close for comfort to a one-foot shoal located in that vicinity, and essayed to pass him on the starboard side. As soon as I drew abreast, that fool skipper started tooting his horn again, and

Cruising to Florida

since there was no course remaining for us to follow, I tooted back at him and continued on my way past the Battery. Later I discovered that he made a practice of thus tooting warningly at every pleasure craft that passed, this being his idea of one method of whiling away the tedium of his job. Charleston yachtsmen at the time of our visit were putting up with a lot of unnecessary inconveniences, but there is no excuse for their permitting this dredge operator to confuse the stranger within their midst needlessly, particularly since his antics might well cause someone to go aground in the heavy swell that runs through this harbor.

Once clear of the dredge we had no difficulty in entering Ashley River, and in a short time we were opposite the entrance to the yacht basin. This basin was formerly a municipally operated affair, built in depression days by WPA labor. Then when the war came along, the Coast Guard took it over as a base for anti-submarine operations off-shore from Charleston. Now with the war over, the Coast Guard continues to keep control of the yacht harbor, using it as a base for their auxiliary activities. At the time of our visit, yachtsmen were sold gasoline at the dock, and were permitted to lay over for one night; or for two nights if they had engine trouble. Just what happened to the boat if this trouble was not cleared up within 48 hours I was unable to ascertain, but it would have been a pretty serious matter to be forced to leave that basin with a bad engine, since there was no other anchorage available to yachts anywhere in or around Charleston. Such boat-yards as existed were filled with boats and could not moor additional craft. On the other hand, this municipal basin, which could accommodate hundreds of pleasure craft, with a little dredging and building, continued to remain under governmental control.

Since it was absolutely essential that we lay over at Charleston for a matter of at least four or five days, this situation bade fair to work a real hardship on us. We had no engine trouble, but I did have a publisher who wanted me to get out revisions of two of my books for second editions, and who wanted this new material at once. I had promised him earlier that I would break this cruise at Charleston, get out this work, and then complete the trip to Florida. If this were

Shoal Spots and Southern Hospitality

to be done, it was necessary for me to get some special concessions from the Coast Guard.

The lieutenant who was in immediate charge of the basin reported to a local commodore. When I told the lieutenant what I wanted to do—I made the request for a two-week layover, just to allow myself plenty of time—he at first demurred, saying the commodore would not permit it. However, the commodore came along about that time, and when the matter was put up to him, he O.K.'d our stopover there for two weeks, providing that we would move over to the side of the dock opposite the gas pump. This move was made, and we settled down for as pleasant a stay in Charleston as the town and my work would permit.

My writing went well enough, and I finished the revisions on the first book in about three days' time. The city of Charleston, however rich in historical significance, was a big disappointment, I felt, from the standpoint of the cruising yachtsman. It was an arduous task to shop in that place, with long bus trips over rough pavements to stores that were poorly stocked and even more poorly staffed. Nevertheless, I am hoping that the faults I found with Charleston as a midway stopover point on this cruise will be corrected before another autumn rolls around. *Sport* and *Lorelei* were, of course, already moored to the dock when we arrived in Charleston and they also laid over for a time. It was here that *Sport's* owner came over to *Luberta* and introduced himself. We found that he had made the cruise all the way south from New York. He had had many misadventures, including the grounding in Neuse River (for which he blamed his cruising partner, who, he said, had made the cruise frequently in prewar years and should have warned him when he got off the course); and before we informed him of our intention to lay over at Charleston, intimated that *Sport* and *Luberta* would cruise well together, since experience had proved to him that there was less than a knot's difference in their cruising speeds. This was flattering news to us, considering that his Chris-Craft was twin-screwed and that he was burning twice the gas that we were. Nevertheless, the record seemed to bear out his contention, despite the fact that his boat was supposed to cruise at 12 knots.

Cruising to Florida

We found that *Sport's* ship's company consisted of the owner, his wife, their 'teen-age son, a lad who was to be entered in a private school in Florida, if, when, and as they arrived there. They were, therefore, in a hurry to finish the trip and were, we gathered, being held back by *Lorelei*. We had noticed that the wife of *Lorelei's* owner was limping along the Charleston pier and were told that she had somehow fallen during one of her automobile trips between ports and injured her knee. At first the doctor said the injury was unimportant and advised her to use the leg as much as possible. However, an X-ray later showed a chipped fracture of the knee joint, which necessitated her going to the hospital for treatment. Later on, in discussing this matter with her husband, I had the temerity to suggest that if the lady had stayed aboard the boat instead of needlessly exposing herself to the unquestionably greater hazards of automobile travel, she would have saved herself this injury. Somewhat to my surprise, this gentleman promptly replied, "That's exactly what I told her." If this incident proves anything, it is, first, that *Lorelei's* owner has the viewpoint of a real cruising man and, second, that boats are far safer than automobiles as a means of getting from New York to Florida.



We Land with the Marines

IT IS VERY difficult to make an instantaneous transition from cruising to writing; the two activities call for altogether different mental attitudes. When you are making a long inland cruise, you crowd as much mileage as you can into the hours between dawn and dusk, and spend your few remaining waking hours caring for the engine and the boat. Your entire thought is to get going and keep going, day after day, until you reach your goal, and you resent anything that happens to hold you up, even for a few hours. Writing, on the other hand, calls for a more relaxed and leisurely mental attitude, with time for marshaling your ideas, and getting them, in some logical fashion, onto paper.

Because our present cruise was but little more than half completed, I found it extremely difficult to concentrate on my book revisions. *Sport* and *Lorelei* sailed south. Every day two or three or four pleasure craft came into this basin to spend a night and continue southward—boats that really belonged *behind* us in the Florida-bound procession, but which were now catching up with us and passing us. *Moon-glow*, with her engine repairs completed, came in one evening and left the following morning, as did *Sea Horse*, of Rhode Island, *Elsie B III*, of New York, *Chief*, of Alexandria, Va., *Cantine*, of Chicago, the ketch *Volana*, of Erie, Pa., and last, but by no means least, the little 24-foot cruiser *Tinker II*, of Camden, N.J., with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nevins aboard. All heading south, while I was forced to sit in the cabin all day, and write!

I finished the revisions for one book, and then I could stand it no longer. I decided that the other one would have to wait until we ar-

Cruising to Florida

rived in Florida. Down there I would have nothing to do but write; right now we had some cruising to do. Instead of laying over for two weeks, as we had arranged, we stayed in Charleston but five days. In one way it was lucky for us that we got out when we did. Each evening I would talk to the skippers of the boats that had arrived that day, and nearly always I found them experiencing some engine trouble, while many of them were short of lubricating oil and alcohol for their galley stove.

Since neither oil nor alcohol were on sale at this basin, and were difficult to obtain in that section of Charleston in which the basin is located, I found myself selling can after can of our oil, and gallon after gallon of alcohol from our carefully collected supply of these essential liquids. Before we left I renewed my stock of oil by hiking ten blocks to an automobile filling station, but we were short of alcohol for the remainder of the cruise. If we had stayed in Charleston just one more day, we would have been forced to cook on our oil heater. By next year I hope all marine service stations on this route will have learned to stock plenty of lubricating oil in quart cans, plenty of alcohol, either in bulk or in gallon cans, and have available at the dock a drum of kerosene. These are essentials, just as important to the cruising yacht as gasoline or Diesel oil and fresh water. Nearly as important as these is ice, but I suppose it is too much to hope that any oil dock ever will build a small insulated icehouse and keep a few cakes of ice on hand for the visiting yachtsman.

We left Charleston bright and early on the morning of Thursday, October 25th, and made an uneventful run to Beaufort by midafternoon. (This South Carolina Beaufort, incidentally, is pronounced "Būfort," instead of "Bōfort," as is the North Carolina town of the same name.) We were duly thankful that the powers that be had elected, by establishing the Ashepoo-Coosaw Cutoff, to eliminate all of the open water of St. Helena Sound. Just outside of Charleston we passed a cabin cruiser, the *Denny*, in which two mature women appeared to constitute the entire ship's company. We had no opportunity to check on this, but later discussed this boat with others who had seen it, and all agreed that the craft appeared to be an Adamless Eden.

Our recollections of Beaufort, S.C., will always remain unpleasant,

We Land with the Marines

principally because of the stupidity of a single oil dock attendant whom we encountered there. This fellow obviously disliked northern yachtsmen on general principles, and was unnecessarily rude, and the company employing him was extremely short-sighted. Even in those days of labor shortage, any waterfront negro would have been preferable to this fellow as a dock attendant. After we had gassed up, I took the time to go out on the dock and give him a few lessons in how to meet the public, after which we shoved off and left Beaufort in a hurry. Another thing that irritated me in this village was being approached at the dock by a second oaf who wanted to rent us a mooring at a nearby pier for a dollar a night. I also took the trouble to tell this fellow what I thought of waterway communities that refuse to furnish any dockage facilities for the cruising yachtsman, then attempted to hold him up as he passed through. Dollar-a-night tie-up privileges may have some justification in famous resort areas, but any yachtsman who pays to tie up to a filthy dock in such a place as this town of Beaufort, with no facilities—like electricity—furnished, should have his head examined.

We had been told that Beaufort had a yacht club pier where cruising folk could tie up overnight, but found that most of this dock had disappeared in a recent storm. Also, at the south end of the waterfront, we saw a unique floating hotel moored to the bank, where we were told boats sometimes tied up while their owners took rooms in this hostelry. However, the place did not look at all inviting to us, and we decided to move on the three or four miles to Port Royal and anchor in Battery Creek just above the town. Arriving at Port Royal, however, I spotted a good tie-up spot at the railroad wharf there, alongside a loading ramp that gave us access to the dock at all stages of the 10-foot tide. After mooring, I went ashore and obtained permission from the local stationmaster to lie at this wharf overnight. When I returned to the dock I discovered the little *Tinker II* had tied up astern of us. These folk had also received a run-around from the dock attendant at Beaufort and, like us, had intended to anchor in the creek here until they spotted us tied up at the wharf.

The Nevinses, a middle-aged couple, were making their second trip down the Waterway in this little boat of theirs—to which we soon

Cruising to Florida

gave its obvious nickname. This time, they said, they were profiting by the mistakes they had made and the lessons they had learned on that earlier cruise, and they really did appear to be having a lot of fun. One routine which they had adopted might be of value to other yachtsmen of their age: they cruised for only two or three days at a stretch, then holed up in some nice spot and rested for a few days. In this way, they avoided the physical strain of continuous cruising. Also, they had an engine which permitted only slow cruising and they made up for this by getting under way very early. These early starts also, as a rule, gave them the best possible conditions for crossing difficult stretches of exposed water.

Next morning, for example, the *Tinker* pulled out just as we were getting up, despite the fact that we arose at daybreak. Just ahead, however, was Port Royal Sound, the first of a series of such big exposed sounds between there and the Florida border. Their early start was certainly justified on this morning, for they had only a gentle southwest wind and no sea to contend with on their trip across the Sound. By the time we were under way, however, the wind had shifted to the northeast, and was blowing quite gustily. This wind also happened to be opposed to the swift incoming tide, and the channel out in Beaufort River was a confused mass of overfalls and tide rips. Then it began to rain in torrents, and altogether it did not look like the sort of weather in which to tackle the sound ahead. We decided to hole up for a while, at least until the turn of the tide. Looking at the chart, we saw but one creek in the vicinity that looked at all inviting. This was Ballast Creek, and from the chart and our observations that morning, we knew that it was included in the reservation known as Parris Island, on which one of the oldest and largest bases of the U.S. Marine Corps is located.

Now, as an old Navy man, I had never been taught to fear Marines *per se*, and although I had long since outgrown any antipathy I might have once entertained for leathernecks as a species, I now felt no hesitancy in moving my one-man fleet into any stronghold where these fellows might happen to be intrenched. We needed a good haven for a while; the Marines had confiscated the only good one in that local-

We Land with the Marines

ity; this was a free country. *Ergo*, we would tell the Marines to move over and make way for the Navy.

Nonchalantly, therefore, we steamed up the channel into the Marine boat anchorage, under the not-too-friendly stare of some dozens of pairs of eyes, made a smart swing to the center of the anchorage, and let go the hook in the midst of a fleet of moored sailboats and utility craft. Bailing out the dinghy spoiled some of the effect of our entrance, but as soon as the small boat was reasonably dry I climbed in and rowed ashore. I was met at the dock by a flock of Marines, and in their midst was a lonely bluejacket wearing a boatswain's mate 2/c rating badge. I felt better. If that gob could work regularly in the midst of those Marines, surely I could get by among the leather-necks for one night. Furthermore, this boatswain seemed to be running things around there.

I introduced myself to him, and requested permission to moor in the basin for a few hours. The boatswain got on the phone and called the Navy officer who was in charge of water transportation at this base, and I talked with this officer. He gave his permission for us to moor there, providing we first secured passes from the provost marshal. I relayed this information to the boatswain, who suggested that I pick up a vacant mooring in the basin and then accompany him in his car to the provost marshal's office. This sounded O.K., so I returned aboard, hauled in our anchor and picked up the indicated mooring pennant. I reported progress to Madge and told her if I didn't return shortly she would know I was in the brig and she would have to make her way as best she could to some other port. Then I returned ashore and was driven to the provost marshal's office.

I was introduced to this officer, who surprised me by promptly offering me a cup of coffee. I soon found that every office in this base was equipped with coffee machines and that everybody drank a cup of coffee on the slightest provocation. I had one with this chief of police—it was as strong as lye—who then suggested that, since I was a writer, I must meet the chief of staff and other dignitaries of the post. I was hustled into a station wagon by a big M.P., and the major seated himself beside me. Over at the main Administration Building

Cruising to Florida

I was ushered into a reception room and introduced to three or four captains who appeared to work there. Then I was deserted by the provost marshal, who stated I would be given transportation back to the boat basin after my interview with the chief of staff.

However, the colonel in question was all sewed up in a series of conferences, and I cooled my heels outside his office for over half an hour, getting more and more disgusted all the while with the red tape connected with anchoring at this spot for a few hours. Finally I told one of the captains I was tired of waiting and asked him to phone the provost marshal's office to come and get me. This the captain did, and after a time another station wagon arrived, and I was driven back to the boat basin. I rowed out to *Luberta* and was telling Madge all about the run-around I had experienced, when we heard a commotion alongside the boat. A marine sergeant (an M.P.) in a rowboat told me that the provost marshal was on the dock and wished to see me at once. Again I said farewell to Madge (I was practically under arrest by this time), climbed into my own dink and rowed ashore. The major, however, was entirely cordial. He said the chief of staff was now at liberty and wished to see me. Would I be so good as to accompany him back to the Administration Building?

This was purely a rhetorical question, considering the number of M.P.'s at the major's beck and call. I climbed into the station wagon again, and again landed in a waiting room in the Administration Building—a different one this time. This time, too, the provost marshal stayed right with me, and in a few moments the major, a couple of other officers we had picked up somewhere en route, and I were ushered into the office of the post adjutant. Here we picked up a couple of additional colonels. More black coffee was offered to me, but I refused. Then everybody sat back and looked at me expectantly, so, inasmuch as I was evidently expected to interview these gentlemen, I borrowed a block of paper and a pencil and went to work. I began asking a lot of questions. Some of these—such as “How soon do you expect us to be at war again?”—they dodged, but for the most part I was able to get an excellent picture of the workings of a big Marine Base. (There were more than 22,000 men there at the time, even though the war had been over for some months.) Most of the activity

We Land with the Marines

was confined to routing thousands of Marines through the base for discharge and return to civil life. Some day I hope to find use for all the information I received in that interview which, at the time, I waded through solely in order to secure temporary anchorage there.

As the interview progressed, everybody became quite chummy, and at its close the adjutant invited Mrs. Cooper and me to lunch with him at the Officers' Club. I could just see the expression on Madge's face if I returned to the boat and gave her ten minutes to get ready to lunch with the colonel, so I talked fast and managed to turn down the invitation without offending anyone. Then they all insisted that Mrs. Cooper and I attend the Navy Day dinner dance at the Officers' Club that evening—it was the night before Navy Day—and I thanked them kindly for their proffered hospitality and took my departure as quickly as possible. Before I left they suggested that I go out to the airfield and inspect the planes and also the crash boats moored nearby. So out to the airfield I was driven, this time by the provost marshal in person, with the siren on his car wide open and sending all the cars of the *hoi polloi* scurrying into the ditch. The provost marshal was a good driver—he had to be to handle a car as he did and live.

Somewhere about here I began to feel less like a captive of these Leathernecks and more like a welcome guest at Parris Island. The provost marshal relaxed and we talked about the old Navy and the Marine Corps, as compared to the new streamlined versions of these organizations. The major said that, with the exception of the adjutant, himself, and half a dozen other officers at this base, everybody was a Johnny-Come-Lately—good men, I must understand, but definitely not of the old Marine school. I had noticed something of this myself, the newer crop of Marine officers reminding me very much of a group of British subalterns in the old days at Hong Kong—except that they drank coffee at all hours instead of tea, and no one at this base carried a swagger stick. The old-timers were, of course, what in the old Navy we would have referred to as Mustangs—officers who had come up to their present ranks the hard way, step by step from the rating of buck private. They were pleasant companions, but very tough hom-bres, and I think it is from their kind that the Marines' reputation as a fighting outfit has developed since 1917.

Cruising to Florida

At the airport I was turned over to Major Donald S. Bush, who appeared to be running things around there. Major Bush was commander of a squadron of Corsair fighters, and although younger than the other officers of that rank whom I had been meeting, was by no means a 90-day wonder in his outfit. He had already seen more than ten years' service in the Corps, and was a regular. He was a Marine career man, having no desire or intention to return to civil life at the end of this war. Major Bush was from Newport Beach, California, which happened also to be our own home port in Southern California. The provost marshal turned me over to Bush, told him I was to inspect the airfield and crash boats and then be returned to my yacht. Having thus satisfactorily carried out the adjutant's orders, he shook hands with me and shoved off.

Major Bush showed me around the hangars, took me aboard various planes, and even offered to take me up for a look at the Base from the clouds. This offer I politely but firmly refused, but asked to be shown their crash boats. Bush then called in a Navy man, Ensign Redfield, who was in command of the crash boat flotilla, and we went aboard a couple of these craft. During this inspection Major Bush was polite but disinterested, while Ensign Redfield and I had a very good time. Redfield turned out to be a dyed-in-the-wool Corinthian from up in New England, who was only living for the day when he could get back to civil life and a good sailboat. Bush, on the other hand, quite obviously considered that anyone who preferred boats to planes must be shy a few of his marbles. Redfield offered to take me out for a run in one of the big crash boats, but it was getting along toward lunchtime and I begged off. The ensign then promised to bring me a photo of one of the crash boats and indicated that later he would like to come out and see *Luberta*. So we called it a day at the airfield, and the three of us were driven back to the boat basin, where I left Bush and Redfield and returned aboard. Altogether I had had a very interesting and instructive morning.

Madge had taken advantage of my gallivanting and the now sunny, windy day to air bedding and mattresses and give the boat a good house cleaning. We were all set to remain overnight and get an early start in the morning. During lunch we agreed that, unless the provost

We Land with the Marines

marshal sent down a couple of M.P.'s to escort us bodily to the dinner dance, we would pass up this shindig and get a good night's sleep instead. That afternoon we expected visitors to the boat, and they came in a steady stream, right up to suppertime. Most of our callers were enlisted men—young fellows who had had a few years of wartime service and were at once eager to get back to civil life and somewhat apprehensive about making a successful transition. I spent most of the afternoon encouraging these boys, and offering them such advice as I could on the best way to connect with a good job, once they were out of the service.

The aforementioned boatswain's mate, Clyde M. Monk, was our first visitor. Monk was from Maine and wanted to get into the boatyard business up there just as soon as he was paid off. Then a Marine sergeant came aboard; this fellow, who acted as instructor for those at the Base who wished to learn to sail, offered to take us out in one of the small sailboats in his fleet. I believe the sergeant's name was Knajdek, and if so, he was from Imlay City, Michigan. Anyhow, I know he was referred to by all hands as "Shorty." Other Marines of all ranks came aboard during the afternoon, and Ensign Redfield showed up with the promised photograph. Partly because we were busy receiving guests and partly because I had somehow neglected to request a pass for Madge, we decided to remain aboard that evening. So Madge never did get ashore at Parris Island.

However, there were a number of those lady Marines about, some of whom, under Shorty's tutelage, were learning to sail a boat in our mooring basin. In the course of my day in the office building of the Base, I had become accustomed to seeing these WRC girls, but I felt that some of the old-timers among the officers I had talked with still resented their presence in a he-man outfit such as theirs. Some of the references made to them by the older officers and men were anything but complimentary, the common nickname with which they branded these WRC's—BAMS—which very roughly translates as "Broad-Axis Marines"—being perhaps the most flattering appellation that was given to these hardworking girls.

After supper we were uneasy for a time lest the M.P.'s should come to escort us over to the dinner willy-nilly, but we were left alone, and,

Cruising to Florida

as usual on this cruise, began getting ready for bed at 8:30. (Strangely enough, nearly every yachtsman we talked to on this cruise was doing this same thing—going to bed every night at this ungodly early hour and getting up every morning around 5 A. M.) The celebration ashore must have been most sedate, since our slumbers were undisturbed. I can recommend this Marine boat basin highly as a snug stopover for the cruising yachtsman—but he should be prepared for just such a going-over as I received if he has the temerity to make use of it in an emergency.

Next morning the wind was still fresh from the northeast, but at that early hour the tide was with the wind, so the river and sound were much smoother than on the previous morning. We cast off our mooring pennant long before any of the Marines showed up at the basin, and steamed out into the river. While we were getting under way we saw a number of power cruisers and a ketch, carrying jib and jigger only, pass on their way toward the Sound. Between Ballast Creek and Port Royal Sound proper, we passed all of these boats—the ketch *Flood Tide*, and the power cruisers *Red Lily*, *Mystery*, and *Happy Days*. Taking the lead of this “flotilla” somewhere in the neighborhood of the gong-buoy off the Parris Spit Shoal, we led it across the Sound, out past No. 2 bell buoy, and then into Chechessee River and Skull Creek. By the time we entered Bull Creek, the other boats were miles behind us.

It was a bit rough out in Port Royal Sound that morning and as we reached the exposed area opposite the entrance, we could feel the long swell from outside. However, no one in our caravan experienced any difficulty as far as I know. In talking to others who have made this crossing, however, I have discovered that this place *can* be plenty bad. One yachtsman, for example, told me that he had made this crossing some time earlier on a blowy day, and discovered, way out near the entrance, a small cruiser which had its hook down, but which was nevertheless dragging steadily out to sea. The rescuing boat came closer, and the owner of the distressed craft told him that they had run out of gas. At the time of their rescue, they were draining the gas from a stove aboard and squirting this into their engine’s carburetor with an oil can, trying to get enough spurts of service from the engine

We Land with the Marines

to stop their drifting out to sea. They had but one anchor aboard, a small Navy-type hook, and 100 feet of rope. The rescuer put a line on the distressed boat and towed her to safety; then the skipper of the rescuing craft took time out to tell the owner of this boat exactly what he thought of a man who would attempt to cross Port Royal Sound without being sure of his gas supply, and without having adequate ground tackle aboard.

These big sounds, which follow one another in succession all the way across the Georgia coast line, appear to fall into a common pattern, insofar as the small cruising yacht is concerned. Invariably you approach them down an ever-widening river, at the mouth of which you head for a bell buoy that appears to be located away out there, just inside the seaward entrance to the sound. This calls for a dogleg course across the sound, necessitated by the fact that inevitably there is a big shoal that blocks any direct course that may be attempted across the estuary. Thus you work your way out to the bell buoy, then make what amounts to a 90-degree turn there, in order to complete the crossing. After this you dive into a narrow creek again. The success of these crossings, and the comfort you experience in making them, depend upon the strength of the prevailing wind, whether or not this wind is bucking a strong tide, and the extent to which either of the courses of the dogleg required to get you around the outer bell buoy throws you dead into the trough of the incoming ocean swell. As a rule, the immediate proximity of shoal areas permits you little leeway in working out a more comfortable course on your own, other than that indicated by the buoys.

I sometimes think that the yachtsman making this cruise down the Intracoastal Waterway is inclined to underestimate these big sounds along the Georgia coast line. Having successfully negotiated the larger sounds of Albemarle and Pamlico, he may feel a sense of anticlimax in dealing with Port Royal, Calibogue, St. Catherines, Sapelo, and the lesser sounds along this section of the Waterway. Undoubtedly this frame of mind could very well get the skipper of a small cruiser into trouble, since any one of these estuaries can, on short notice, give him plenty of grief.

Here, as always when cruising, the yachtsman simply cannot af-

Cruising to Florida

ford to guess at things. If he is uncertain about the identity of a buoy or marker, for safety's sake he must not assume this is a particular navigational aid until he has actually read the numeral on its side. Even if it means a few minutes' delay, such positive identification should be made. Particularly is this true of those flashing beacons that mark turns in the channel. In one instance that recently came to my attention, a yachtsman making this cruise went hard aground while crossing Sapelo Sound in a howling rain squall. As it happened, this boat drew six feet, but it would have been all the same if it had had but two feet of draft.

This yacht sailed out of Johnson Creek rail-down before a stiff easterly. Just opposite flashing beacon "135" a heavy black squall struck the ship. As the rain closed in, the skipper's young daughter managed to identify red marker "136" to starboard. Red flasher "138" should have been the next marker, and through a rift in the squall the skipper picked up such a marker, but a long way ahead. Somewhere ahead, also, was the inevitable shoal that makes out into these sounds, and the tide was at full ebb. The yachtsman assumed that the marker he had spotted was "138" and headed directly for it, with the squall on his tail. Within a few moments his ship struck, and hard, hitting that long shoal that lay between markers "136" and "138." Only by instinctively whirling his helm to port as she struck, and shifting all hands forward to depress the bow, was he lucky enough to claw off the shoal before the mounting seas began to pound his ship on that falling tide.

Now, what caused this error? The answer is simple—in retrospect. Red flasher "138" wasn't there at all. It had been neatly clipped off below the waterline by a big Diesel-propelled barge. The skipper had assumed that red marker "140" was red flasher "138" and because he acted on this unproved assumption, he very nearly lost his ship. And what should the skipper have done under the circumstances? Obviously he should have hove to or anchored until the squall had passed and visibility improved, even though this meant lying for a while in an uncomfortable cross-wind tide rip. With proper visibility it would soon have become evident that a serious discrepancy existed between the markers in sight and those shown on the

We Land with the Marines

chart. Then, with a leadsman in the bow, he could have cautiously felt his way around the shoal until red flasher "140" had been identified, after which he would have been once more oriented.

The smart thing, whenever possible, is to time your arrival at these spots to make the crossing very early in the morning and without too much wind. A northeast wind usually can be depended upon to build up a following sea (or at least one that hits you abaft the beam) on either course of the dogleg, and this sea is most helpful in aiding you to get across quickly and comfortably. However, a gentle wind from any direction is not objectionable, the important thing being to keep a weather eye on your barometer just before attempting the worst traverses.

Timing your arrival so as to cross these sounds early in the morning is not in all cases practicable, for the reason that the sounds come so close together that you may cross several in a single day. In such a situation, the best you can do is to try to hit the one that may be potentially the worst of this series shortly after daybreak and take your chances with the others as they appear, holing up overnight in some safe anchorage should the weather materially worsen.

Along this section of the Waterway, where the tide runs swift and strong, you will find your cruising speed varying sharply, depending on whether or not you happen to have the tidal currents aiding you at any points. Don't figure on having this current with you for hours at a time, as you might if you were at sea, since when you cross a sound you will usually find the currents opposed to each other in the estuaries comprising its approaches. This gives you both helping and opposing tidal currents during a single period of ebb or flow of the tide as it occurs at the seaward entrance of the sound. Likewise, when your channel cuts across other rivers and creeks that traverse these marshes, the tidal current in these other waterways may be running contrary to those in your channel. This condition produces minor tide rips and sharp eddies that may make steering difficult during the crossing of these estuaries.

About noon we left Wright River, slipped across Fields Cut, and started up the Savannah River. A few miles ahead we could see the stacks and spires of the city of the same name, but just before reaching

Cruising to Florida

these the Waterway cuts back through Wilmington River and comes out at the village of Thunderbolt. I suppose we should have stopped and visited Savannah, but at the moment all any city could do for us was to furnish us with an opportunity to fill our gas tanks and replenish our supply of ice, and we felt that little Thunderbolt could do this just as well as Savannah.

At the oil dock an old fellow took our lines and filled us up with gasoline, but he could not help in the matter of ice. Also, he suggested that, if we were going to lay over for a while, we tie up at another dock nearby, a pier that also belonged to the oil company. We followed his suggestion, and as soon as the boat was re-moored we went ashore to shop for groceries and ice.

In the matter of groceries we were fortunate in this, our first Georgia town, for we found a market whose proprietor actually volunteered the information that he had some very fine pork chops in his refrigerator. This was a pleasant surprise, and the chops later proved to be exceptionally sweet and tender. But no one could help us in the matter of ice.

However, on the way uptown from the boat I had noticed a spot in front of a fish dock where ice had evidently been unloaded recently, since there in the dust lay several chunks of the stuff, all covered with mud. So, on our return trip, I picked up the largest chunk, mud and all, and carried it the several blocks back to the boat. There we turned the hose on it and found we had a good 25-pound cube of ice, which cost me only a pair of half-frozen hands. Anyhow, we had ice, and our perishables—including the precious pork chops—would not spoil.

This was Navy Day, and the grocer had told us that even little Thunderbolt was putting on a parade that afternoon to celebrate the occasion. We would like to have seen this parade, but it was so early we felt that we should get in a few hours more cruising before holing up for the night. So we shoved off and continued on our way across Georgia, much encouraged by the thought that, within a couple of days, we would actually be in Florida. Our first contact with Georgia folk had been propitious, and we hoped that further dealings with these people would take the unpleasant taste of South Carolina

We Land with the Marines

out of our mouths, once and for all. And in this we were not to be disappointed, for in Georgia we experienced some of that old Southern hospitality we had heard so much about, and as yet had seen so little of.

Just below Thunderbolt we made a big U loop and came upon a beautiful yacht anchored at a spot known as Isle of Hope, at which there was also an oil dock. Beyond this point, just after cutting through Hell's Gate, behind the entrance to Ossabaw Sound, we saw ahead of us a sedate but familiar little procession, consisting of a ketch under jib and jigger, and a fleet of cabin cruisers, all running in single file. Obviously our consorts had passed us while we stopped at Thunderbolt. Now we overtook them again and, one at a time, passed all five for the second time that day. Considering our nine-knot cruising speed, we were beginning to feel like speedboat hellcats. We had no more than completed our swing around the last boat and taken the lead of the flotilla than we found ourselves approaching the spot at which we had planned to spend the night. The anchorage was to be Queen Bess Creek, an estuary that, according to the chart, answered our requirements for a mooring spot in this country of swift tidal currents.

We wanted a creek which was relatively short and which did not connect with any other estuary at its head. We figured that the tidal flow in such a creek would be at a minimum, and in this reasoning we were correct. The trouble was that, due to some discrepancy between the markers and our chart, we missed the entrance to Queen Bess Creek altogether, and by the time we were oriented again we were opposite Skipper Narrows. On the spur of the moment we decided to go up this estuary and anchor for the night. As we swung out of the channel and proceeded up the Narrows, we saw our followers all stop and go into a huddle. Later we learned that most of them turned about and entered Queen Bess, where they spent the night in comfort.

As for us, we also spent a comfortable night, but thanks only to our efficient ground tackle. We anchored half a mile up the Narrows, in about 20 feet of water and in a swift tidal current. During the night the tide changed twice, but our hook held beautifully and we did not move an inch. In this we were rather fortunate, for we had anchored

Cruising to Florida

in an estuary which, as the name implied, was but a narrows connecting two large networks of waterways, and the current through this estuary was really something to behold.

Next morning we got under way early enough, but as we reached the Waterway channel, we found all of our "flotilla" already steaming down it toward Brunswick. Once more, and for the last time, we passed them all, and soon they were out of sight behind us.



At Last—Florida!

THIS LAST full day of cruising across Georgia was a long, hard drag—and one of the most arduous of the entire voyage. It was just one sound after another—St. Catherines, Sapelo, Doboy, Altamaha, and St. Simon—with short breathers in between in the form of deep, narrow rivers in which a swift tide either helped you or hindered you. And to make matters worse, the moderate northeaster that had been accompanying us for days selected this day to freshen appreciably, until by midafternoon it was really blowing. Those sounds became increasingly onerous as one followed another, and if I had known that the northeaster was to blow itself out that night, I am sure I would have pulled out of the channel and anchored in some quiet creek until the following morning.

However, on this cruise you soon subscribe to the theory that, although it is bad today, it may be a lot worse tomorrow, so you had better keep on going and get those bad stretches over with as soon as possible. You also soon learn to concentrate on the problem immediately at hand, and not worry too much about what lies ahead. This rule, providing it does not prevent the yachtsman from making adequate advance preparations for contingencies, appears to work as well for this inland type of cruising as it does for ocean cruising.

In midafternoon of this day we completed the run to St. Simon Island, passed under the bridge, and swung over toward the oil dock at the yacht yard on the western bank of the Frederica River. Here we were given the warmest welcome that had yet been accorded us at any point along the Waterway. This Seaside Yacht Yard has built a line-up of mooring slips in behind the oil dock, and these slips are

Cruising to Florida

each provided with a float—a great convenience for mooring in that region of heavy tides. As soon as we had gassed up, we were invited to tie up in a slip, without charge, for the night, or for a week, or forever. That, my friends, is the sort of Southern hospitality that we had been looking for, all the way down the Waterway from Cape May. And not only were we offered free moorings for an indefinite period, but we were also introduced to scrumptious showers, with real hot water, in the rear of the adjoining office building. Coming at the end of an exceptionally hard day's run, those hot showers were nothing short of heavenly.

Most of our "flotilla" evidently passed down-river, headed for Brunswick or Fernandina, while we were still in the showers, but the ketch *Flood Tide* later came limping under the bridge and, wishing to share our good fortune, we signaled these folks to come into a slip. This they did, and the couple aboard were very tired people who appreciated the fine mooring facilities and the hot baths just as much as we did. These folk, bringing a boat drawing six feet down this Waterway at a time when craft drawing two feet were hitting shoal spots, had had a rather grueling time of it, running aground so many times that they had lost count. Then, that very afternoon, their corroded exhaust pipe had snapped off under the cockpit, and they had finished the day's run with the engine's cooling water running overboard through a rubber hose, while the exhaust gases found their way out through the open hatch in the floor of the cockpit. These gases had not done the crew any good, and even the dog they carried aboard had become seasick. The last we heard of the *Flood Tide* (after we had arrived in Florida), she was still moored there at Simon Island.

This boatyard at St. Simon is owned by a Capt. S. W. Sullivan, and at the time we were there, was in charge of an elderly Capt. Stevens, who, with his wife, lived across the river on the Island. The Stevenses were both descendants of the earliest settlers of this region, and apparently any family that had been thereabouts less than two hundred years was made up of mere upstarts. Stevens told us that the Coopers were among the oldest families in the neighborhood, one man of that name having hewn the timbers, on his estate just across the river, from which the *Constitution* ("Old Ironsides") was built. The old captain

At Last—Florida!

and his wife were good friends of Margaret Mitchell, author of *Gone with the Wind*, who lives in nearby Atlanta, and who spends most of her vacations at St. Simon. They invited us to remain indefinitely at this anchorage, and promised us the best fishing and hunting in all the South. When we assured them that, much as we were tempted, we could not stop over there, they made us promise that we would return for a stay with them—a promise that will be fulfilled on our trip northward.

Next day we were under way early and spent the morning skirting sounds. We arrived at Fernandina, our first Florida port, shortly before noon. Here the dockside and shopping district service continued to be excellent. The big markets were well stocked, and the negro attendant at the Texaco dock not only filled our gas tanks and fetched us oil in cans, but also made a special trip in his car to the ice company, returning with 50 pounds of ice for us on his front bumper. I sincerely hope that, by the time another year rolls around, all the big oil companies will have had time, after the wartime labor shortage is a thing of the past, to hire and train a good staff of attendants for their oil docks, all the way from New York to Key West. Any improvement in the personal service rendered by these attendants will help to make the experience of cruising to Florida just that much more enjoyable. On this cruise of ours, efficient and courteous service at the oil docks was distinctly a novelty, and perhaps for this very reason, it was deeply appreciated whenever encountered.

While shopping in Fernandina we ran into a curious instance of that antagonism you so often encounter between citizens of adjoining states in this Union of ours. Inquiring of a local shopkeeper for bacon, we were informed that he had "some Georgia bacon is all," and from his inflection we certainly were led to believe that Georgia bacon was a practically worthless form of side meat and he was apologizing for offering it to us. Nevertheless we were bacon-hungry, so we took a chance and bought a hunk of this sowbelly. And even though this bacon was from Georgia, it proved to be as sweet and well-flavored as any we had ever eaten.

Sensing that this might well be our last opportunity to "anchor out" for the night, we had searched the chart and found what looked like

Cruising to Florida

a suitable anchorage in Fort George River. So, when we reached this short estuary about four that afternoon, we turned out of the Waterway channel and began to work our way up the river. At this point, Fort George River connects the Waterway with the Atlantic Ocean ten miles away. This river is quite shoal in spots, but its navigable channel has depths ranging from ten to fifteen feet at low water, particularly in the section adjacent to the Waterway. Also, the river winds about sufficiently to prevent any outside swell from disturbing a boat anchored there.

We followed the markers upstream, and soon, on the starboard bank, we made out first a big old house, and then a group of similar old houses, all nearly concealed by the dense undergrowth that covered the shore. A dilapidated pier, with half its length consisting only of ancient broken pilings, jutted out from a boathouse that had but part of its roof intact. However, within that boathouse there was a surprisingly nice-looking speedboat. As near as we could judge there was not a soul living in any of the buildings on shore, and this air of abandonment gave to the entire locality a spooky atmosphere, the like of which I had never experienced anywhere before.

Passing the white river markers "1" and "3," we selected a little cove just below marker "5" and just above this group of deserted houses, and dropped our anchor in plenty of water. The chart showed the shore to be steep-to, so we anchored quite close inshore. Later I took some soundings from the dink and found that the bank shoaled out farther than the chart showed, so that when we swung back and forth with the tidal changes during the night our stern barely cleared the bottom. However, it did clear, and that was enough.

The tide ran as swiftly through this short river as ever it had through Skipper Narrows, but by now we had supreme confidence in our ground tackle and that makes all the difference. We were mostly concerned about that strange group of deserted houses, curious to know something of their history and to discover why they were unoccupied. The whole setting brought strongly to my mind the weird word-paintings of Hergesheimer in his story *Wild Oranges*, the locale of which, if I remember aright, was somewhere along the adjacent Georgia coast.

At Last—Florida!

After an early supper I decided to have a closer look at those houses and, leaving Madge aboard, I set out for shore in the dink. I tied up to the trunk of a fallen tree that lay in the water and walked this log ashore. Here the sand on the beach was unpleasantly soft, sucking my shoes in ankle-deep. However, the undergrowth higher up on the bank was so dense that there was no place to walk other than in this soft sand. Stepping over a log, I nearly put my foot down on a short, thick-bodied snake of greenish coloring, which fortunately was minded to leave there in a hurry. Eventually I came to a big pipe set horizontally in the hillside, from which gushed a stream of artesian water smelling strongly of sulphur. Stepping on this pipe, I was enabled to reach the top of the bank just at the edge of the matted clearing that surrounded the group of houses.

Even from here the buildings appeared deserted. There was one that looked to be at least two hundred years old, built of brick that had at one time been painted white. It was long and rectangular, with no porches to break the prison-like severity of its façade. Then there were several other buildings of frame, obviously newer than this one, yet none of them less than a hundred years old. Back among the trees still more houses appeared, all apparently grouped in a rough quadrangle. As I worked my way back from shore, I saw a figure moving among the bushes and hailed it sharply. The place was getting on my nerves and I wanted to get back to the clean sanity of my boat and a world that, however topsy-turvy it may have become, was yet something within my understanding.

From behind the trees there stepped an old darky who looked as startled at seeing me there as I had been at discovering his presence. However, he answered my questions readily enough. He was a bit hazy on the history of these buildings, but he knew what they were used for now and he knew why he was there. This group of buildings was now owned by a club of sportsmen, known, naturally enough, as the Fort George River Club, who spent their vacations there hunting and fishing. At present there was no one there except this darky, who acted as caretaker for the place. He lived alone in the basement of one of the buildings, and most emphatically he did not like it. The mosquitoes that, in the early dusk, were beginning to eat me alive, he

Cruising to Florida

minded not at all. But the darkness and the quiet and the loneliness of that deserted spot obviously had affected the old fellow. He had but the vaguest idea of his surroundings, and could not say whether the ocean was nearby or not, although he had "heerd somebody say it was jes' over dem sand dunes yondah."

Finding the darky a poor source of information, I bade him good night and started back through the gloaming for my dinghy, leaving the old man standing there, looking sadly after me. Stepping carefully, I worked my way down the bank to the beach and along it to the log where I had moored the dink. When I was afloat again, I drew a deep breath. One of the nicest things about cruising is that your boat, no matter where you happen to anchor it, always remains the same, both on deck and below.

Even yet I do not know whether certain of these old buildings were a part of the original Fort George, for which this river was named, or whether the fort was farther up, closer to its mouth. However, I would like to know something of the history of that quadrangle of old houses, and some day I am going back there—in broad daylight—and find out more about them.

Also, I noticed that the chart showed some sort of a yacht club just around the turn of the river from where we had anchored, and I am curious to know what kind of yacht club could be located in such an out-of-the-way spot as this, and whether or not its members are able to work their craft out to sea, for fishing or cruising, through the obviously shoal channel that winds through the breakers into the Atlantic.

Fort George River turned out to be an excellent anchorage on the gentle northeast wind that blew during this night. If the wind had freshened, however, our cove, getting the full sweep of the sea up the length of the river, would have been very uncomfortable; in which case, we would have found it necessary to move across, above marker "5," to the opposite bank of the river. On any other wind the dense growth of trees surrounding this anchorage would have furnished a lee. At intervals during the night we could hear the roar of the surf beyond the sand dunes.

Next morning we had an early breakfast and were under way

At Last—Florida!

shortly after daybreak. In less than an hour we arrived at the crossing of the St. John's River and continued straight ahead, instead of turning off for the run up the river to Jacksonville. Somehow, to us, this river represented the real boundary line between Florida and the country to the north, and indeed the topography at once changed sufficiently to bear out this fancy. Instead of the everlasting marshes, we now began running through a long stretch of dug ditch, on either side of which there was a continuous procession of small "landings," consisting in each instance of a rustic house set in a grove of trees, a park bench planted on the bank of the Waterway, and a crude little pier at which was tied a bateau-like skiff. The people who lived in these houses were friendly, and our passage through this cut was almost like a continuous ovation, with the waving men, women, and children welcoming us to Florida. This is another spot, like St. Simon Island, Waccamaw River, and Fort George River, that I hope some day to see again.

From the standpoint of safe navigation, it may be that the endless stretches of marsh grass and cypress swamp along the Waterway are helpful, since the helmsman can concentrate wholly on the job of running his boat, with but infrequent distractions offered by ravishing scenery that simply must be admired, and just at a time when all of the skipper's attention is needed for the narrow channel ahead. The real objectives of this cruise are twofold: first, to do a good job of operating your ship safely under varying conditions of weather and water; and second, to get to Florida, where a winter of warmth and loafing and swimming and deep-sea fishing awaits you. This also explains why everyone who cruises the Intracoastal Waterway is so jubilant when he finally crosses the St. Johns River.

St. Augustine, the oldest settlement in these United States, turned out to be a big disappointment to us. Actually, we never landed there at all, but nevertheless we carried away a lasting impression of the place, based on what we saw along the waterfront. How long will it take the chambers of commerce of the towns and cities bordering this Waterway to appreciate the necessity of making a good impression on the cruising yachtsman? At St. Augustine, for example, there was a municipal dock, with a long row of vacant yacht slips alongside, but

Cruising to Florida

there was no gasoline pump on the dock, and the overeager attendant used all his powers of persuasion to prevail upon us to remain overnight in one of his slips—where mooring charges were a dollar a night. Again, how long will it be before unimaginative city councils learn that yachtsmen spend plenty of money when they stop over at a town or city, but that they will not stop over at places which attempt to gouge them almost before they have landed there? Smart waterfront communities everywhere are now building mooring facilities for yachts, at which no charge is made for overnight stops, and they are reaping an ample harvest from the free-spending owners *after* they have been encouraged to come ashore. As one instance of the effect of silly restrictive regulations, gasoline deliveries could be arranged for at this St. Augustine dock, but only in 50-gallon lots. As it happened, while we would have liked to have kept our tanks full, at this port we could not possibly have taken more than 40 gallons, so we were out of luck. Moreover, our previous experience with gas in drums made us very shy of taking this fuel from anything but a tank.

From all the foregoing, I do not wish to be considered as advocating free mooring facilities for yachts, except for layovers of one or two nights when the vessel is making a definite, extended cruise. For layovers of more than, say, 72 hours, a mooring charge should be made commensurate with the service provided at the anchorage in question. The reason I oppose free moorings on any extended basis is that this sort of gratuity can only be dispensed by some municipal or other governmental organization, and I very much dislike to see government put itself in competition with private enterprise.

If you study this matter of facilities for yacht mooring from coast to coast, you will find that the finest yacht anchorages in America are privately owned and privately operated. And if you do much cruising, you will find that these business-managed marinas usually offer free overnight moorings to cruising yachts, whereas the municipal, state, or federally controlled anchorages are likely to charge you if you remain for more than an hour alongside their dock. Right now all privately owned yacht anchorages are feeling the pressure of the unfair competition offered by the publicly owned marinas.

At Last—Florida!

The history of these government-owned anchorages, which are tax-exempt and which do not have to show a profit, is about the same all over the country. The pattern followed is something like this: Government builds a beautiful yacht anchorage somewhere; the yachtsman moves his boat into this marina; the local, privately owned anchorage then either goes out of business or fails to make enough money to justify installing the facilities afforded by the publicly owned marina. Finally, the government increases rates, its civil service employees become increasingly dictatorial in their attitude, and the yachtsman finds himself, and the local operation of his boat, all tied up in bureaucratic red tape. The answer to all this, of course, is for the privately owned boatyard or marina to offer such splendid service to the yachtsman that this individual will never want to take his boat to a publicly owned anchorage. Then, if some governmental subdivision, overburdened with surplus tax receipts, horns in and builds a local marina, the yacht owner should have sense enough to stick with the privately owned anchorage, purely as a matter of self-interest.

In this matter of yacht marinas, Florida and our Pacific Coast communities are far ahead of the rest of the country. In these ice-free areas, where yachts are kept in the water all year around, private enterprise has learned how to develop gorgeous yacht basins, offering the yachtsman every conceivable facility for enjoyment of his boat; yet the owners of these moorings furnish this unusual service and these facilities at a very reasonable monthly rental. There are, for example, no government-owned marinas in the United States that can hold a candle, where service and facilities are concerned, to half a dozen beautiful yacht anchorages located in a single harbor in Southern California. The reason why we see, each year, increasing numbers of publicly owned marinas in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and other states along our northeastern seaboard, is simply that the privately owned yacht anchorages in this area are, as a rule, not offering wholly adequate or modern mooring service to the boat owner.

At our very next stop on this cruise, we contacted another municipally owned dock, at which there was no service offered at all, but

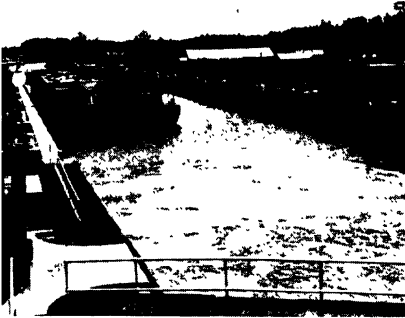
Cruising to Florida

at which there was no effort made to gouge the yachtsman. Here at Daytona Beach a nice long pier was available, to which the yachtsman could tie up overnight without charge. There was a gas pump on the dock, but there was no attendant on duty until after 8 o'clock the following morning. On this particular night there was a fresh south-east wind that came howling up the estuary and slammed the moored boats hard against the pier, making the mooring a distinctly uncomfortable one. However, this municipal anchorage was the only practicable place to moor in Daytona Beach, since the local oil companies were all out of gasoline.

From St. Augustine south, cruising along Florida's Inland Waterway is a matter of comfortably making knots down a series of dug ditches and connecting tideless lagoons, all enclosed on the Atlantic side by a long ribbon of sandy beach, on which are located a chain of ocean resorts. At irregular intervals, inlets cut through this barrier strand to the Atlantic. Throughout this area the cities are built on the western shore of the Waterway rather than on the ocean itself, and usually in the vicinity of some inlet from the sea.

Below Daytona Beach you run through a confused labyrinth of lagoon, studded with hundreds of small, marshy islands—an area appropriately named Mosquito Lagoon. Throughout this section of the Waterway you are following a well-marked narrow channel through a shoal estuary that may be several miles wide and, except within the dredged channel, is but inches deep in many places. This is the sort of going that may be misleading to the helmsman, where there is water extending as far as the eye can reach, but where none of it will float his boat except that which is right within the dredged channel. Also, those wide shoal estuaries can build up a surprisingly uncomfortable sea if the wind, as on this day, happens to be fresh from the northeast. At one spot just below Daytona Beach, we scraped bottom for a moment, right in mid-channel, and later on I found that many other boats were hitting this same shoal.

Just before Titusville your channel cuts through a narrow strand and then you find yourself in Indian River, which looks very much like Mosquito Lagoon, but which, after a few miles, begins to deepen on both sides of the marked channel, until depths up to 12 feet extend



Tug and tow in locks at Great Bridge, Va., on the Albemarle-Chesapeake Canal.



The South Mills, N.C., locks, Dismal Swamp Canal.



The approach channel to the new lock at Deep Creek, Va., on the Dismal Swamp Canal.



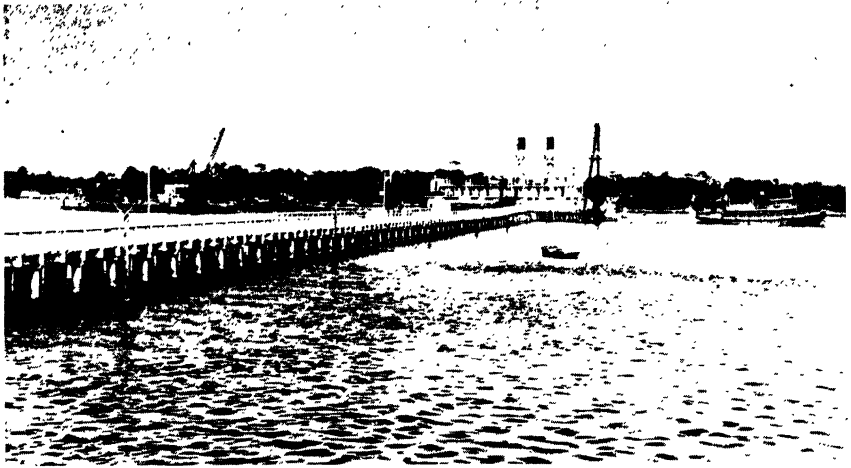
The completed lock at South Mills, N.C., in the Dismal Swamp Canal, Intracoastal Waterway.



Dredge cut at new South Mills, N.C., locks, Dismal Swamp Canal.

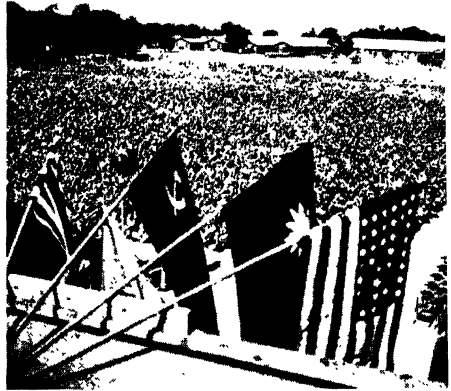


Florida-bound. A ketch making knots through the Turners Cut section of Dismal Swamp Canal, approaching South Mills

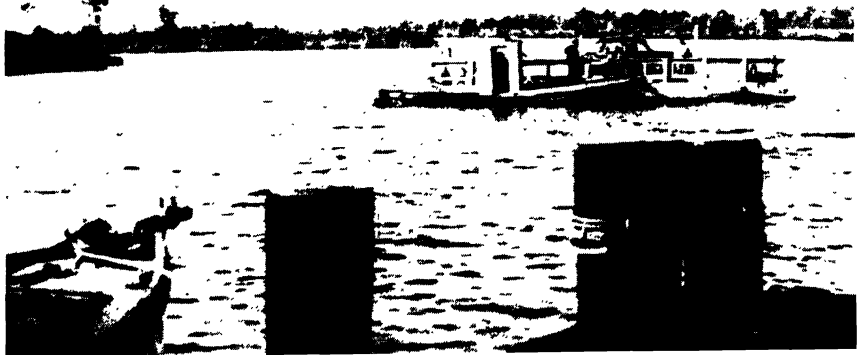


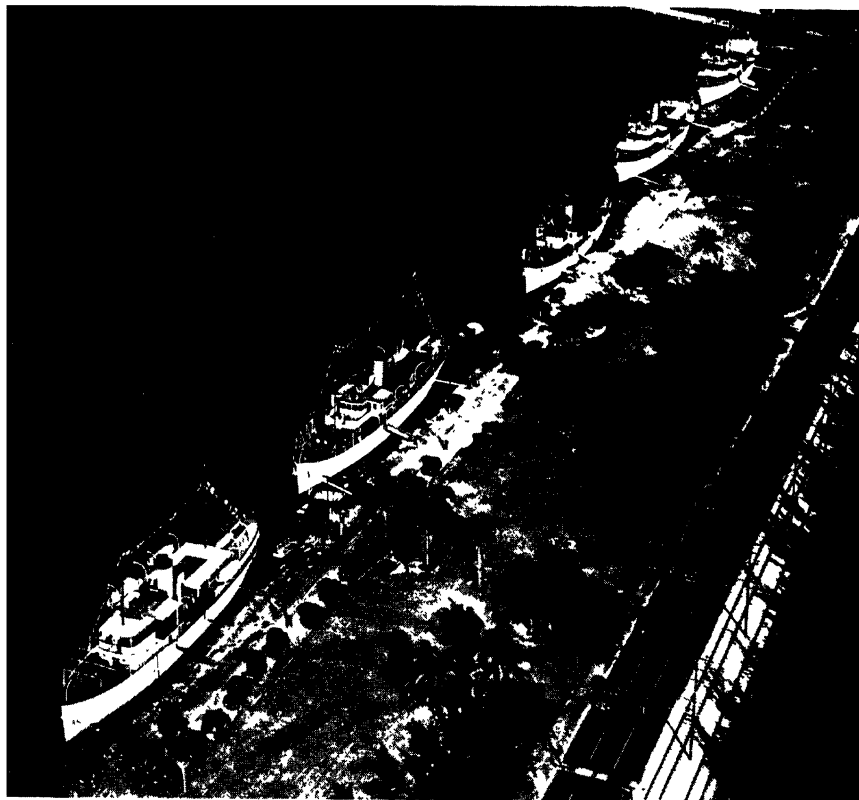
Above: Daytona Beach municipal pier, with Army Engineering Corps dredge moored at outer face.

Right: Marine Corps personnel at Parris Island Base on V-E Day, 1945.



Below: *Luberta* tied up at Pungo Ferry dock in Virginia, where 70 gallons of gasoline were jettisoned in a vain effort to get rid of the water in the gas tanks. The archaic Pungo Ferry in the background.

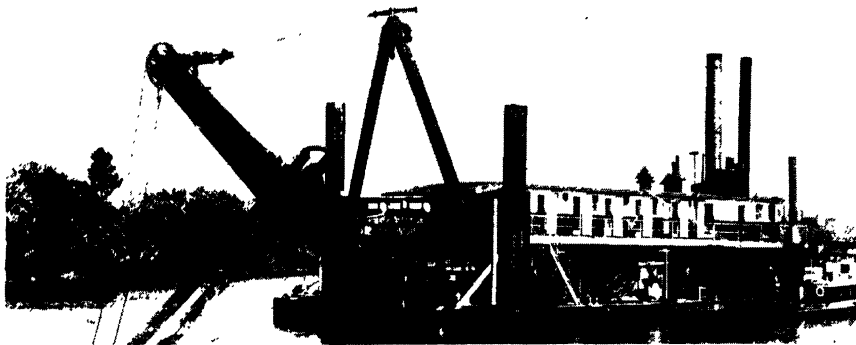




Some of the big power yachts moored along MacArthur Causeway, Miami.



Photo by N. Mich



One of the big dipper dredges utilized by Army Engineers in keeping the Waterway channel at project depth. Dredge is at work in entrance channel to St. Lucie Lock, near Stuart, Fla.



Waterfront at Tarpon Springs, Fla., north of St. Petersburg, on the West Coast.



St. Lucie Lock, on the Cross-Florida Waterway, just as the

At Last—Florida!

almost from shore to shore—a situation that relaxes much of the strain on the helmsman. Indian River continues gradually to narrow down, after the Titusville bridge, past Cocoa,* and all the way to Eau Gallie, where it is little more than a mile wide.

Eau Gallie was our next stop along this broad estuary, and it was at this village that we had decided to make a second stop-over in order to get a little more writing done. Therefore, as soon as we had negotiated the entrance to the local yacht basin and come alongside the oil dock, we asked the management for assignment to a slip where we could moor for several days. As it was after working hours and the crew at this boatyard had departed for home, we were welcomed at the dock by Tom Whitehead, the owner of Eau Gallie Yacht Basin, who, with his attractive wife, Lillian, took our lines and made us feel right at home. They asked us to lie at the oil dock overnight, promising to move us over to a slip in the morning.

This Eau Gallie Yacht Basin is quite a place. It is one of those privately owned marinas that is so well managed that it need have no fear of governmental competition. All the way down the Waterway we had been hearing about what a beautiful spot this basin was, and how much quiet and peace it offered. After the long grind from “up north,” we felt we could use a bit of quiet and peace, and we soon found that its reputation was based on fact. The anchorage is located in a natural enclosed basin, formed within the confluence of Elbow Creek and Indian River. It is completely landlocked, and there is no record of any boat ever having been injured there during a hurricane. It is perhaps the most beautiful natural setting for a yacht basin in these United States.

For a day or so after tying up at Eau Gallie, we had a guilty feeling that we should be pushing on to the southward, but this urge to keep going soon wore off and I was able to get out some production on the typewriter. We also selected this anchorage as a good spot in which to

* At Cocoa, midway between Titusville and Eau Gallie, there are excellent mooring facilities at a dock near the business district, which is operated by one of Florida's oldest and best-known boat builders, George H. J. Gingras. The Gingras boat works is located across from Cocoa on the eastern bank of the Indian River.

At Melbourne, a town of about 3,000 population, 4 miles below Eau Gallie, there is a small and well-protected yacht basin, in which the boatyard of the Indian River Marine Basin offers excellent repair facilities.

Cruising to Florida

refurbish some of *Luberta's* paint and varnish, which unquestionably had suffered on the long trek to Florida. After prettying up the boat so that she would not feel embarrassed among the yachty craft at Fort Lauderdale and Miami, we had her hauled out to see if our few groundings had scraped off too much of her copper bottom paint. We found that she had suffered no damage to her hull and, aside from the renewal of a water pump packing, there was no work required on her engine.

About three or four days after our arrival at Eau Gallie, we were greatly surprised one evening to see *Lorelei* pull in alongside the oil dock, and all alone. I had a talk with her owner and discovered that *Sport* was still back up the Waterway, lying at the Daytona Beach dock with engine trouble. I had supposed that both of these boats were long since moored at Miami, but now it was *Sport* that had been holding up *Lorelei*. In the meantime, the wife of the owner of *Lorelei* had been placed in a hospital at Daytona Beach, where her injury was to be properly treated. During our stay at Eau Gallie, *Sport* never showed up at all, so I suppose she passed up Eau Gallie on her way to Fort Lauderdale. In any event, she was weeks late in completing her run to Miami.

Our contact with *Lorelei* and *Sport* on this cruise, and our own brief experience in cruising in consort with other yachts, led me to wonder about the pros and cons of this matter of cruising down the Waterway in company with one or more other craft. The question may be put thus: Is it better to make this cruise in company with another yacht, or is it better to go it alone? From what I have seen, it would appear that there is something to be said on both sides of this question.

The arguments in favor of cruising in consort with another yacht are fairly obvious. If the engine on either boat konks out (and of course this argument applies with greater force in the case of a pair of single-engine power cruisers), then the other boat is available to pass a line to the disabled craft and tow her safely to port, where a mechanic's services can be secured. Again, if one boat should run hard aground, the other craft can, if necessary, haul her off again. Or, as in our own case in Broad Creek, if the engine on one boat fails to start

At Last—Florida!

in a remote anchorage, the other boat is standing by, either to go for help or to tow the disabled craft to the next port. Or, again, one boat may conceivably run out of gas or lubricating oil and, in such an emergency, may borrow these essential commodities from her cruising partner.

Aside from these strong arguments in favor of consort cruising, there is also the additional companionship and sense of mutual accomplishment when two boats cruise together, and this is particularly true when the two parties—as in the case of the owners of *Sport* and *Lorelei*—are friends of long standing. Undoubtedly it would be fun for two families, owning a pair of staunch cruising craft, to plan this cruise over a period of months, make careful preparations for the voyage and then execute their plan successfully. Yes, there are strong arguments in favor of making this cruise in company with one or more yachts.

However, just to look at both sides of the picture, there are undeniably a few drawbacks to this plan of cruising in consort. To begin with, an important part of the attraction of such a cruise as this lies in the sense you have of definite accomplishment, and I think this feeling is much stronger when you are wholly on your own. Then again, when you travel alone, you set your own pace and neither strain to keep up with a boat that has a naturally faster cruising speed than yours, nor—what is worse—forever hold your cruising speed down to that of your partner. It rarely happens that two boats will have identical cruising speeds.

Continuing the arguments against cruising in consort, while it is very nice to have some other boat standing by in case you have trouble, it would seem, from discussions I have had with various skippers who have made this cruise in company with another boat, that it is always the *other* boat that is getting into trouble, and you spend half of your time getting this craft straightened out. And while you are doing this, a beautiful cruising day goes awasting and you are covering a lot less ground than would have been the case if you had been traveling alone.

Also, as in the case of selecting a crew for a long ocean cruise, you never really become acquainted with these friends of yours until they

Cruising to Florida

actually rub up against the problems presented by this cruise to Florida. From my observation, I would say that always one or the other of these boats cruising in consort gets the worst of the bargain. Always there appears to be one boat, or crew, which does not quite match up to the other, and which is forever having trouble and having to be rescued. Apparently this sort of thing goes well during the early part of the voyage, but after the pattern of events becomes more clearly defined, this role of perpetual rescuer becomes a bit onerous.

This partnership can become particularly trying when, instead of helping you to reach your goal more quickly and easily, your consort acts as a direct hindrance to you. Such a case, for example, might occur when your partner, while leading, runs aground repeatedly, simply because he permits his boat to wander out of the channel. Even though it may not be necessary for you to haul him off the sand bar on each occasion, you must nevertheless at least stop your boat and stand by until he extricates himself from the results of his carelessness.

In the case of *Sport* and *Lorelei*, here were two nearly new twin-screw yachts, each having a power plant twice as powerful as *Luberta's*. Both of these boats were in a hurry to get to Florida, *Sport's* skipper being particularly concerned about getting his son into a Florida school as quickly as possible. The rated cruising speed of these yachts was well in excess of that of *Luberta*—probably twelve knots against nine. And, as nearly as I could judge, both of these owner-skippers knew their business and handled their boats well.

Yet, despite the fact that all three of these boats had their full share of mechanical troubles, *Luberta* was able to make the trip to Florida much more quickly—by a margin of nearly a week—and obviously with much less grief, since we had no one to worry about but ourselves. In other words, it is possible that either *Sport* or *Lorelei* could have made the cruise much more quickly, and perhaps more pleasantly, without the company of the other. This might be true, since whenever one of them was laid up for any reason, the other must perforce call a halt until both were ready to travel again.

Looking at this matter of traveling in consort from another angle, it would appear that there would be less reason for two twin-screw

At Last—Florida!

boats to cruise together than for a pair of single-engine boats. This should be obvious, since there is less chance of the boat with two engines being left entirely powerless. The great difficulty, as I have said before, lies in finding two single-screw boats that have exactly the same cruising speed. Even though two craft have identical engines and are of the same stock model, before the cruise is over one boat may, because of better engine upkeep, develop a faster cruising speed than the other.

In the final analysis, of course, any skipper who is planning to make this cruise will decide this matter of consort cruising on a basis of the facts as they apply to his own particular situation. For example, even though there are some drawbacks to cruising down this Waterway with a companion boat, it may be that the desirability of having a party of close friends on hand to help you enjoy yourself after you reach Florida, will outweigh any difficulties involved en route.



Eau Gallie to Fort Lauderdale

WE FOUND Eau Gallie to be a popular stopover point for many of the pleasure craft making the cruise to Florida in this, the first peacetime autumn in four years. Engines and gear that had been idle for too many months developed unexpected weaknesses on the long grind down the Waterway, and Eau Gallie, having a good boatyard where repairs could be made promptly at rates that were perhaps more reasonable than those charged in the bigger yards farther south, became a logical point at which to spruce up the ship before putting in an appearance at the swankier southern resorts. During our stay there we saw literally dozens of cruising craft hauled out on the ways at this boatyard, where paint was replaced on bottoms that had been too often aground, propellers straightened after too many contacts with driftwood, and topsides made to look white again after weeks of plunging through coffee-colored swamp water.

During the days or weeks of any layover at Eau Gallie, the ship's companies also appeared to profit by the surcease from cruising routine. I suppose that nowhere on the eastern seaboard could these folk have selected a better place than this in which to rest up for a while. This is true because Eau Gallie is probably the deadest little village in all Florida, with not even a picture show to encourage anyone to stay awake after nine o'clock, and with miserable bus service to any more enterprising community.

In such a village there was nothing to do but rest, refurbish the boat and, in my case, to write. Also, by talking to dozens of skippers who had completed the Waterway cruise thus far, I was enabled to

Eau Gallie to Fort Lauderdale

compare our own experiences with those of others and thereby discover how closely the happenings on our cruise approximated those of our contemporary wayfarers. Through all of these discussions one thing stood out sharply. This was the bitter resentment entertained by every skipper I contacted whose craft had been viciously rolled over by fast overtaking boats in narrow waterways. Sometimes these skippers would become completely incoherent as they attempted to convey to me just what they thought of these speed merchants.

Our layover at Eau Gallie stretched into weeks, and it was after the middle of December before we were ready to continue our cruise down to Fort Lauderdale and Miami, and then back up the Waterway to Stuart, and across Florida to Fort Myers. For some time reports had drifted up to us from the south that all available mooring facilities in Miami and Fort Lauderdale, and even as far north as West Palm Beach, were solidly occupied by boats. We wondered how we, or the hundreds of additional pleasure craft that were yet to come down the Waterway, would find places to tie up in the big towns to the southward. We had heard that Miami's City Docks had been wiped out in the September hurricane and were not to be replaced. We were told that Lauderdale's New River was jammed with boats and that no further reservations could be made there.

Facing this situation, I felt that it would be wise to make arrangements ahead of time for mooring facilities in Lauderdale and Miami. Having had contact by correspondence with chamber of commerce and boatyard officials in this area over a period of years, I wrote to a number of these gentlemen, asking that they arrange for moorings for *Luberta*, so that we might enjoy a stopover of a few days at each of these southern cities. The results of this forehandedness were most gratifying. The Lauderdale Chamber of Commerce wired an invitation from the Champ Carr Hotel for us to tie up at the New River docks of this exclusive inn during our stay there, while Miami arranged moorings for us at Howard Bond's marina in Biscayne Bay. With these arrangements taken care of, we were ready to go, and on the morning of the 18th we shoved off from Eau Gallie for the remainder of the cruise.

It was a warm day, with a fresh southeast wind kicking up quite a

Cruising to Florida

chop out in Indian River. Both wind and current opposed us all the way to Miami. Our schedule called for a leisurely first day's run to Fort Pierce, a second day's cruise to West Palm Beach, with Lauderdale an easy run for the third day. The run to Fort Pierce was uneventful, except for the fact that we discovered the highway bridges operated by Florida's State Road Department were manned by much less accommodating personnel than those in any of the states to the north traversed by the Waterway. Whereas, as I have stated, bridge tenders in other states usually opened their bridges for us, even before they were signaled, the Florida bridges never opened without signal, and frequently delayed opening after repeated signaling, even though there was no vehicular traffic approaching the draw span from either direction, and no other boats in sight. From our own experiences, and from discussions of this subject with other yachtsmen, I believe that there is real need for training many of the bridge tenders of this Road Department in the necessity for prompt, courteous service to cruising pleasure craft.

At Fort Pierce our carefully worked-out itinerary for this cruise suffered its first upset. We arrived in this town about 1 P. M., but because this was our first day out, and because Indian River was quite rough from the continued fresh southeaster, we were ready to call it a day. As we passed through Fort Pierce drawbridge, we encountered the most powerful and treacherous opposing current of the entire cruise. With a strong tide sweeping in from the inlet and with the wind and current of Indian River also opposing us, it was most difficult to get under this bridge without being swept into the pilings.

So, when we sighted the City Yacht Basin at Fort Pierce, we were glad to note that there were but two small Coast Guard patrol boats moored therein, and any number of vacant slips available. Just as we went in, however, we spotted a tiny sign to one side that forbade anyone's entering. We decided this sign must be a carry-over from wartime, and continued into the basin, where we tied up at a slip. Almost at once a Coast Guard C.P.O. came down to our boat and asked us to leave the anchorage.*

* The yacht basin at Fort Pierce has since been turned back to the city, and yachts are permitted to moor there.

Eau Gallie to Fort Lauderdale

Since the only other possible mooring spot in Fort Pierce was a dock exposed to the strong southeast swell of the river, and since our next possible anchorage lay more than twenty miles to the southward, we hated to leave this snug basin. However, although we were forced to cruise until nearly dark, we eventually found a much better place than Fort Pierce in which to spend the night. We thought of going up the St. Lucie River to Stuart, but this town is miles off the Intra-coastal Waterway and we disliked losing the time required to go to Stuart and back to St. Lucie Inlet. So we continued on south of the Inlet, through South Jupiter Narrows to the upper end of Hobe Sound. Here we ran into another odd situation. On the chart a yacht club was shown to exist near the entrance to Hobe Sound. We hoped to find mooring space at the club slips for the night, so when we reached the local markers that guided us up to the yacht club wharf, we followed these in. However, as we approached the dock to tie up, an attendant informed us that this club was charging the ridiculous fee of 10 cents a foot for overnight mooring. I noted that there were no yachts alongside the dock, and asked him if anyone was ever fool enough to pay such mooring charges. He replied that one or two boats had paid the charge since he had been there, but that most of the yachts that stopped left the place in a huff when he told them what it was.

The attendant then stated that the club had not been able to figure any way to charge yachts for anchoring in Hobe Sound, and suggested that we spend the night at anchor in the cove just off the club dock. We followed his suggestion and found this anchorage a most comfortable one. (If you have occasion to use this cove, bear in mind that there are shoals between it and the Waterway channel. Enter as we did, following the markers until nearly abreast of the club docks, then swing to starboard and haul out into the center of the cove and anchor. Next morning, retrace your course to the dock and follow the markers out to the Waterway.) .

Whether there was any connection I do not know, but on that night in Hobe Sound we witnessed a total eclipse of the moon, and on the following morning we found the Sound enveloped in as thick a pea-soup fog as I have ever encountered anywhere. Our long run on the

Cruising to Florida

first day out from Eau Gallie had upset out predetermined schedule, and we had accordingly decided to telescope the three-day run to Fort Lauderdale into a two-day cruise. Since this southern section of Florida's East Coast is more thickly settled than the northern section, and bridges become much more numerous, and are slower to open, it is necessary to start early and keep moving right along in order to complete this run in two days' time. Therefore, fog or no fog, we got under way early and began feeling our way down Hobe Sound.

In the upper reaches of the Sound we were in little danger of grounding as we groped from marker to marker. This was true, since in the upper Sound there is plenty of water on either side of the Waterway channel proper. But before long we had less than three feet of water on either side of the channel, and the fog was so heavy that we could not distinguish the marker ahead until some time after we had passed the previous marker. However, we were lucky enough to stay in the channel, and shortly before we reached Jupiter Inlet the fog began to thin out.

Just before Jupiter Inlet there is a bridge known as No. 140 which deserves special mention. Here the tender evidently had taken a vacation, leaving his wife and children to run the bridge in his absence. We whistled repeatedly before anyone showed himself; then a woman in slacks strolled out from a shack on shore and leisurely dropped the semaphores at either end of the bridge. After this she sauntered over to the mechanism (it was a power-operated bridge), but couldn't make it work. So she waddled back into the house and roused a young daughter who came out half-asleep and helped her mother to open the bridge by hand. We waited at this bridge for nearly half an hour before this pair got the draw open just barely wide enough for us to slip through.

This was the worst bridge service we experienced on the run to Miami, although we encountered an even more stupid tender on the trip across the state, which I will discuss later. It is really too bad that so many of these Florida bridge tenders are so set in their antipathy toward pleasure craft. After all, these folk would have no excuse for drawing down nice pay checks for very little work if it were not

Eau Gallie to Fort Lauderdale

for the boats that cruise up and down the Waterway. It would be interesting to take aboard your boat as a passenger an official of the State Road Department of Florida and let this personage see for himself the poor service rendered by these public servants to the taxpayers who pay their salaries.

With the fog clearing, we had no difficulty crossing Jupiter Inlet. At the end of the short run up Jupiter River, the Waterway swings south again just as you arrive at a drawbridge. We followed the markers around the turn successfully without signaling for this bridge to open, but I have heard of many skippers tooting for this bridge, then discovering to their chagrin that their course did not lead under it. This is the only instance on the entire Waterway where you come right up to a drawbridge and then sheer off into a channel paralleling the bridge.

After traversing a section of dredged ditch, the Waterway opens out, just above West Palm Beach, into Lake Worth. This lake is similar to Indian River except that it is narrower. It affords many good spots for anchorage outside the Waterway channel proper, in water varying from 6 to 18 feet in depth, and often with excellent lee afforded by nearby islands. This is fortunate, too, since West Palm Beach has little to offer in the way of mooring facilities for the cruising yachtsman.

At one time West Palm Beach had a municipal dock, but local folk tell me it fell to pieces and the town hasn't got around to replacing it. With the exception of a couple of small boatyards at the north end of the town, there is no mooring service available except at a dock operated by the so-called West Palm Beach Yacht Club. This dock charges 2½ cents per foot, over-all length of craft, for a day's dockage, whether by the day, week, or month. It is patronized largely by charter fishing boats, which is unusual for a yacht club mooring, even in Florida. The club dock is operated as a money-making concern, with a Mr. and Mrs. MacLean taking in the cash at the slips and at the gas pumps. It is to be hoped that the good people of West Palm Beach will soon get busy and do something about the yacht mooring situation in their town.

At West Palm Beach we filled our tanks with gas and continued

Cruising to Florida

on our way toward Fort Lauderdale. Completing the run down Lake Worth, at Boynton we dove into another ditch which carried us past Delray Beach, Boca Raton, Pompano, and Oakland Park, right up to Lauderdale's front door. This section of the Waterway becomes increasingly beautiful as you move southward, with lovely estates bordering the canal and little private boat anchorages appearing at intervals in the form of square, dredged coves dug back from the shore of the ditch and protected with concrete sea walls. From Lake Worth to Miami, you get some idea of what could be done with the entire Intracoastal Waterway if a little attention were given by our government engineers to landscaping its banks. Also, why should there not be dredged out, at regular intervals along the sides of the hundreds of miles of dug ditches of this Waterway, little anchorage basins in which small craft could moor outside the channel proper for the night? Highway engineers build turnouts on mountain grades to enable drivers to cool their overheated engines for a while. Why cannot the same idea be applied to Waterway engineering? It would be a grand thing to know that there was an adequate mooring basin available, every ten miles or so, all the way along this Waterway, and the cost of dredging out such basins would not be excessive.

Below Delray Beach you become conscious that your wake often causes inconvenience to those aboard their boats at the aforementioned anchorages, and you reduce speed in passing these havens. Also, as you approach the big tourist centers of Fort Lauderdale and Miami, you encounter altogether too many highway bridges, and the majority of these are of the archaic hand-operated swing type. Considering the amount of traffic, both on the highways and waterways of this section of Florida, there is no reason why all these bridges should not be power-operated bascules, which are great timesavers, both for vehicular and for maritime traffic.

Entering Fort Lauderdale by way of the canals of the Waterway is a memorable experience. The channel winds about like the canals of Venice, and on either side the landscaping is beautiful. Perhaps the most striking feature to the newcomer is the profusion of coconut palms, heavy with fruit, that edge the channel and border all of the principal streets of the town.

Eau Gallie to Fort Lauderdale

Following the chart and the directions we had received at Eau Gallie for locating the Champ Carr Hotel, we left the Waterway channel and entered New River, traveling well within the four-mile speed limit that is of necessity enforced along this popular anchorage area. Just as we approached the bascule bridge over U.S. Highway No. 1, right in the heart of town, we spotted the hotel to starboard, with no other boat moored along its parkway. So we slid alongside, tied up, and found ourselves sitting very pretty, thanks to our forehandedness in securing this mooring space in advance of our arrival, and to the nice cooperation of the local Chamber of Commerce.

This mooring spot is perhaps one of the most beautiful to be found anywhere on this planet. New River itself is just a narrow channel flowing in and out with a four-foot tide between concrete bulkheads. But the parkway bordering the river is lovely, and at this swanky hostelry the landscaping is particularly effective. From our standpoint this mooring had but one drawback, as compared to those located farther up the river. There were no electric or fresh water outlets available for boats here.

I reported at once to the hotel management and was warmly welcomed. Champ Carr, who manages this inn for a syndicate, proved to be a competent hotel executive. His biggest problem at the moment appeared to be that of keeping this exclusive hotel sufficiently exclusive. I gathered that most of the guests were quiet, mature, well-to-do folk who had been coming here for many years. Now, however, an influx of *nouveau riche*, of the type who contrive to make money out of such a world catastrophe as that from which we have just emerged, were attempting to crowd in everywhere in Florida. At Miami, the situation had become so bad, we were told, that many of the older residents there were simply selling their estates and leaving Florida for good. At Fort Lauderdale, however, I gathered that businessmen were not being so easily swept off their feet by this free-spending, noisy element, and were doing everything possible to keep their town as it was before the war.

Even so, Lauderdale has already experienced a rapid growth since the cessation of hostilities, and like all of Florida, undoubtedly is in for another devastating boom. Even that early in the season, before

Cruising to Florida

Christmas, the hotel in front of which we were moored was jam-packed; in prewar years it was never full until the middle of January. The relatively small business district of the town was almost entirely stripped of merchandise by the heaviest Christmas shopping on record.

After mooring and paying our respects to the hotel management, Madge and I made a tour of the business district, during which we did a little shopping ourselves. Then I called on the manager of the Chamber of Commerce, Dallas Hostetler, and discussed with him the urgent necessity for finding additional mooring facilities in that area for the great influx of pleasure craft that would unquestionably be coming down the Waterway during the following autumn. Hostetler had some information to impart on the city's plans in this connection, but he soon suggested that I talk with J. H. Philpott, Fort Lauderdale's city manager, if I wished to get the real lowdown on them. He called Philpott and arranged an immediate appointment for me, and I was soon asking the city manager a lot of pointed questions. He proved to be an energetic, likable fellow, who was completely aware that Lauderdale had a real problem to work out in this respect.

Philpott said that further development of New River as a yacht anchorage was a possible solution to the problem, but not the best one, nor the one that could be worked out most speedily. On a map of the city he pointed out an area down on the Waterway itself where, if present plans matured, a really commodious yacht anchorage would be built. This marina would be constructed along the lines of the big California yacht anchorages, in which catwalks and finger floats would be employed to moor the greatest number of boats in the smallest harbor area. Philpott stated that bulkhead mooring of the type necessitated in New River was uneconomical of space, the present setup there creating a deficit in operating expenses, even though fairly high mooring charges were made to the individual boats.

According to the city manager, Fort Lauderdale intends soon to be ready to take care of any number of yachts that may wish to moor there. However, this community realizes that much of its present shortage of mooring facilities is due to the fact that Miami lost some of her docks in the hurricane of 1945, and this situation has added to Lauderdale's mooring problem. If Miami rebuilds her docks at

Eau Gallie to Fort Lauderdale

once and further increases her facilities for mooring yachts, Fort Lauderdale will not feel so strongly the urgency for building additional marinas. I told Mr. Philpott that, from every indication, there would be so many yachts coming down from the north in the near future that any new facilities built, either in Miami or at Lauderdale, would barely be sufficient to take care of these boats. He agreed with me, and I believe that within another year yachts will find plenty of mooring space available at either city. Nevertheless, if I were cruising down there next fall and wished to make my headquarters at either Lauderdale or Miami, I would secure my mooring reservation in advance, at one city or the other.

On the following morning it turned chilly, and a three-day rain-storm set in. By the time this storm was over, our schedule necessitated that we shove off for Miami. We were, of course, disappointed in not having had a real opportunity to enjoy our stay in Fort Lauderdale. From the little we saw of the town, and from our slight contact with its citizenry, it would appear to be a most excellent spot in which to spend a winter. There is good sport-fishing in the Gulf Stream offshore, and the inlet at Port Everglades, Lauderdale's seaport just to the southward, is dredged to a depth of 35 feet. New River Inlet, at Fort Lauderdale, is quite shoal. It would be presumptuous for me to decide which of the two cities, Lauderdale or Miami, is preferable as a winter resort. In general, however, if it's high life and sport-fishing you are looking for, go to Miami; if you want to enjoy a bit of a rest spiced with some good fishing, stop at Fort Lauderdale.

Since I have made sharp criticisms of the drawbridge service in general existence throughout Florida, it is only fair that I should comment here on the most excellent service rendered by the operator of U.S. Highway No. 1 bascule over New River, near which we were anchored at Fort Lauderdale. I had a splendid opportunity to study the manner in which this bridge was operated, and it could not have been better handled. Despite the fact that this bridge carried extremely heavy automobile traffic all day long, the operator responded instantly to any boat's signal, got each of the semaphores down beautifully between two cars running bumper to bumper (a nice trick in

Cruising to Florida

itself), and opened the bridge within a matter of seconds. This fellow should be appointed an instructor by the State Road Department, and sent about the state teaching bridge tenders how to cooperate with boat operators—but not, however, until he had first trained a good man to take over his job at Fort Lauderdale.

Just before we got under way for Miami, Madge came aboard with a Lauderdale paper, and there in the boat ads we were surprised to see, offered for sale, our old Chris-Craft friend *Sport*. Whether her owner found it difficult to resist the bull market of the moment in pleasure craft, or whether his experiences on the trip south had been disillusioning, we could only guess. In any case, *Sport* was on the auction block after a long grind all the way down the Waterway to Fort Lauderdale. Whatever may have been her faults, she had at least successfully completed a most arduous cruise.



Miami

THE RUN down the Intracoastal Waterway from Fort Lauderdale to Miami is interesting, with small lakes at intervals breaking the monotony of plowing through miles of dredged canal. The banks of the Waterway are built up, and one small suburban community follows another, all the way to Miami. Of these intermediate towns, Hollywood is the most pretentious, and located on the lake here is a Shell marine service station. Highway bridges between Lauderdale and Miami are most numerous, with power-operated bascules and hand-operated swing bridges about even in number.

After something less than 20 miles of this sort of cruising, you enter the shoal upper end of Biscayne Bay, which widens out into a broad estuary, bordered on the Atlantic side by the strand of seashore upon which Miami Beach is built, and on the mainland side by Miami proper. The Bay is crossed by three causeways, in each of which there is a drawbridge. The first of these is 79th Street Causeway, located some five miles from the head of the Bay. Another four miles and the markers bring you to the draw at Venetian Causeway, and a couple of hundred yards beyond this you pass through the bridge at County (MacArthur) Causeway. This brings you into the lower end of the Bay, where the beach peninsula ends and the Atlantic swells across Biscayne Bay are broken only by a group of small islands.

In our case, we brought *Luberta* through the Venetian Causeway, but not through the County Causeway, since our destination was Howard Bond's yacht anchorage lying along the northern edge of the latter causeway. We tied up here, met Bond, and prepared to look Miami over. Bond is a yacht broker who maintains a small an-

Cruising to Florida

chorage here in order to display to advantage the boats he has for sale. This spot is excellent for his purpose, since many thousands of automobiles, traveling between Miami and Miami Beach, pass it every day. As a marina in which to live aboard your boat, the anchorage is very poor, since speedboats racing about the Bay keep the water in a state of turmoil all day long.

Every yachtsman I talked with in Miami agreed that it was high time the city fathers took some action to curb the speedboat nuisance in Biscayne Bay. Most of this disturbance is caused by a couple of commercial speedboats in which visiting landlubbers are taken out for an aquatic thrill at so much a head. In order to permit these fellows to make a little money, every yacht moored or anchored in the Bay is subjected to the nuisance of the swells created by these speedboats.

In other communities this speedboat nuisance has been overcome by the simple expedient of enforcing harbor speed limits. Nearly every harbor has such a speed limit, usually of six miles per hour. If Miami were smart she would put a marine traffic cop in the Bay and let him give offenders, first a warning, then a ticket for speeding. Where this has been tried out, there has been a great increase in the comfort of those aboard moored yachts, and since a section of such a bay may be set aside where speed-boating is permitted (a section in which no yachts are moored), everybody is happy about the arrangement except those few morons who find their only pleasure in discommoding others. I am not in favor of increased federal regulation of yachting. But I *do* favor municipal regulation in such matters as speeding through yacht anchorages and the installation of safe types of fixed moorings in such anchorages. Certainly if yachtsmen and local authorities do not take care of these matters in their own districts, it is only a question of time until some busybody of a bureaucrat will secure federal regulation covering these same divisions of yachting activity.

Facing Bond's anchorage, on the Miami shore, there is a series of gigantic neon whisky signs which extol the merits of Kentucky Tavern, Three Feathers, Old Forester, Calvert, and Schenley brands. These glaring ads give a rather consciously devilish air to Miami's waterfront which is mostly window dressing, as far as Miami proper

Miami

is concerned. The wild element down there, you are quickly informed, makes its headquarters over on the strand at Miami Beach, where 95 per cent of the hotel space is filled with those newly rich folk who contrived to amass evanescent fortunes out of war contracts. Miami is careful to differentiate between their own friendly, hospitable town and its guests on the one hand, and the unpleasant Miami Beach crowd with its brawling extroverts on the other. In studying the people on the streets, in the shops, and in the restaurants and hotels of Miami, I am inclined to believe this distinction does exist.

The yachtsman's big problem in Miami is, of course, to find suitable mooring facilities for his boat. Many pleasure craft are moored in the various anchorages of the Merrill-Stevens boatyards. (This firm has several yards in the Miami area and also has one at Jacksonville.) However, the Merrill-Stevens anchorages are usually filled with boats the year around. Their big marinas are covered anchorages, the sheds being built of hurricane-proof steel. It is interesting to note that boats moored in these sheds the year around are given the lowest possible insurance rate, even in this region of bad summer storms. The well-known City Docks were wiped out in the hurricane of 1945, but were being rapidly rebuilt at the time we were there. Likewise, the city port captain, whose office is just north of the City Docks, can allocate mooring space along the sea wall at Bay Front Park. The old Royal Palm Yacht Basin is part of a section that has been bought by the Dupont interests, and is to be filled in. A big apartment building will be built on this site.

At the time of our visit, there was still quite a bit of mooring space available along the sea wall at Bay Front Park, but that was all that was left in the entire harbor. I spent one day surveying the yacht anchorage situation, in company with Alex Balfe, general manager of the Merrill-Stevens boatyards, and also president of the Dade Drydock Corporation, whose plant is located just north of Bay Front Park. Balfe pointed out to me an extensive area directly in front of the Dade Drydocks, in which he hopes to build a modern type of yacht marina, capable of berthing a large number of boats. However, Balfe stated that his request for permission to go ahead with this project had not been granted by the city, and he was not sure that it

Cruising to Florida

would be. Here is another instance in which construction of a perfect yacht basin, ideally and centrally located, is being held up while city officials finish their endless internal squabbling.

This Dade basin would be perfect as a yacht anchorage, since its dredging would provide material for building an island around much of the Bay side of the anchorage, where the water now is less than one foot deep. At present but one boat is moored in this basin, a 20-foot sailboat belonging to Alex Balfe himself, who is a sailing enthusiast. Development of this basin, and the creation of this island, would make a marina far more hurricane-proof than anything that can ever be constructed on the site of the wholly exposed City Docks.

Balfe, as chairman of the marine committee of the Miami Chamber of Commerce, has made studies of other possible sites for yacht basins, and has reported favorably on a number of them. With the exception of the Dade Drydock site, all of those projects would be built with public funds. Through some curious quirk in our present-day psychology, it appears that we have come to believe that it costs less to build and operate such a marina with public funds than with private money, and because of this assumption it is almost a certainty that any new yacht anchorages constructed at Miami will be municipally owned and operated.

Yet there is no question but that privately owned anchorages could furnish much better service to Florida yachtsmen, and at much more reasonable rates, than can any publicly owned marina. The average mooring charge in the municipal anchorages, all along the eastern shore, is better than a dollar a day for small yachts. At Eau Gallie, however, we paid less than six dollars for an entire month's mooring and had adequate facilities available to us. This nominal charge is possible in a privately owned boatyard because the yard makes its primary profit on hauling, painting, and repair service to boats, whereas the municipal anchorage, depending solely on slip rentals for income, charges many times more and yet operates at a deficit, which must be made up from taxes.

In California, which is the area in these United States most nearly comparable to Florida as regards year-around yachting, the municipal marina is almost unheard of. In a single yacht harbor in Cali-

Miami

fornia, for example, as many as 5,000 pleasure craft are moored at a number of privately owned anchorages which give the same excellent service to their patrons as that furnished by the better type of yacht club on either coast, yet which charge the boat owner a flat monthly rate of 35 to 40 cents per foot, over-all length of boat. Thus, for a charge of less than \$15.00 monthly, a 35-footer may be moored in a marina offering every conceivable facility (including a clubhouse, shower rooms, reading rooms, electricity, water, telephone, ice, grocery, mail and newspaper delivery service aboard the boat), and all of this in a resort area comparable in attractiveness to Miami or Fort Lauderdale. These big privately owned marinas represent investments of a quarter to half a million dollars each, yet are excellent money-makers, besides furnishing the boat owner with superlative mooring facilities for his craft.

When I made similar comparisons between publicly and privately owned marinas to the businessmen of Miami, they agreed with me that the yachtsman was paying too much for too little service there, but they were convinced that, with the present trend toward socialization, there was very little anybody could do about it. People want publicly owned marinas, they stated, and therefore that was what they would get, and pay for.

I have devoted some space in these pages to a discussion of various types of yacht anchorages, because I am keenly interested in the continued democratization of American yachting. The prices asked for pleasure craft, new and used, are not unreasonable, and the average American family, if nautically inclined, can afford to purchase some sort of seagoing cruiser, sail or power—particularly since a used boat of this type may be sold at any time for approximately what it cost the owner in the first place. The deciding factor with many Americans, in this matter of buying a boat, is that of the cost of upkeep. Certain charges are unavoidable. A boat must be hauled out on the ways at least twice a year, its bottom painted and its topsides refurbished. A certain amount of expense is entailed in engine overhaul. Yet if the owner is willing to do some of this work on his own boat, these inevitable charges can be kept within reasonable limits.

In the northern areas of the eastern seaboard, mooring charges are

Cruising to Florida

not troublesome, many owners getting by with mooring rentals of as little as five dollars monthly, for which fee they are permitted to tie up their boats to some boatyard dock. In the resort areas of this seaboard, however, mooring rates suddenly jump to unreasonable heights. In Miami, for example, a yachtsman told me of a property owner who offered him the use of his private dock—at a rental of \$500 for the season, payable in advance. This is the worst instance of attempted gouging I encountered in the South, but there is a certain type of individual who quickly senses a scarcity of this sort and is always on hand to work out ways and means to capitalize on it.

Actually, of course, there is no more reason for hiking mooring rates in Miami than in Long Island Sound—perhaps not as much reason, since the boatyards in the latter area have actually been losing money on their mooring business for many years. Rates for yacht mooring should be based on the cost of real estate along a waterfront and the cost of operating the yacht basin. These items are certainly no higher at Lauderdale or Miami than in the New York area. The end result of increasing mooring rates will only be that of freezing out the small boat owner from Florida's East Coast resort areas and forcing him, when he cruises southward, to cross the state at Stuart and patronize the West Coast resorts, where the squeeze is not yet in effect. This would be extremely short sighted action for Miami and Lauderdale to take, since the history of seaside resorts everywhere proves that, once you take steps to exclude the person of average means, it is but a matter of a few years until the place folds up and becomes a back number.

Certainly no effort is being made in Miami today to exclude the ordinary run of tourists. If you watch the crowds in the stores, or the throngs drifting around Bay Front Park, you will quickly recognize the accents peculiar to a score of different states in this Union of ours, and these accents are seldom cultured. Everybody seems to be having a good time, but in a leisurely fashion. If the sun shines the crowd is happy to think it is missing some bad weather up North; if it rains they seem to enjoy the discomfort of the natives who apologize for the unseasonable weather. It may be that the sophisticates of Miami Beach need the five brands of liquor advertised along the waterfront

Miami

in order to give themselves a good time, but the average run of tourists down there appear to be having a lot of fun even while they are cold sober.

Over at Howard Bond's yacht anchorage, Madge and I were also having a lot of fun trying to get hold of some ice. All during our stay at Fort Lauderdale we had been unable to persuade an iceman to drive his truck through the swanky grounds of the Champ Carr Hotel, so we had gone iceless there. Now we found that no iceman would deliver ice at Bond's anchorage out on the Causeway, so Madge hired a taxi, drove to an icehouse, and brought home a big chunk of ice. Our neighbor at this anchorage had been there for a month and, finding it impossible to get ice delivered, had bought himself a secondhand motorcycle. With this contraption, if he was able to get it started, he brought ice out from town every other day.

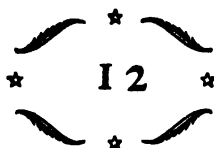
This neighbor of ours was Jere W. Powell, of Salem, N.J. His boat, the *Hel-lu-a*, was a big, beamy 70-foot cruiser designed and built by the Herreschoffs, back in the early part of the century. Powell had bought the boat some years previous for a song, the craft being pretty badly run-down. Then he had taken off every bit of the varnish on her, down to the wood, and rebuilt a beautiful finish, both inside and out. He had powered the boat with a pair of Autocar truck engines which he had converted to start on gasoline and then, after a fifteen-minute warm-up period, to run on Diesel oil. He carried 700 gallons of Diesel oil and a small tank of gasoline. In coming down the Waterway from the Delaware River, he had not refilled any of his tanks until he reached Fernandina, in Florida. Altogether, Powell had done a fine job of converting a grand old boat into a very comfortable cruising yacht, aboard which he and his wife had now lived for a number of years.

In the course of one of those long gams in which visiting yachtsmen love to participate, Powell related one of the craziest experiences I have ever listened to. It seems that a friend of his had a 96-foot schooner yacht moored down at Cape May, N.J., and wanted to have the boat brought up to some port in the Delaware River for the duration of the war. Powell agreed to tow the schooner up with his big cruiser, and made the necessary wartime arrangements for the trip.

Cruising to Florida

mitted but a few days' stopover in Miami. We were to backtrack up the Waterway to Stuart, then go through St. Lucie Canal and make the hop across Okeechobee to Fort Myers, on Florida's West Coast. Then we could consider that we had covered enough of the Waterway to give those who were to follow us down to Florida next year a pretty fair idea of what it really was like.

So, rather regretfully, we said our farewells to the new friends we had made in Miami and, promising ourselves that we would return again later for a more extended visit in this beautiful resort city, we made ready to shove off. On this trip, for the first time since leaving Dredge Harbor, we would be northward bound.



Okeechobee Hyacinths

WE PULLED OUT of Howard Bond's yacht anchorage early on the morning of December 27th, and our first concern was getting some additional gasoline into our tanks. It is a curious fact that there is no marine service station in Miami until you reach the lower bay, where a moored ship acts as an oil dock. Likewise, there is no marine service station in Fort Lauderdale adjacent to the Intracoastal Waterway. Since we had no desire to go through the County Causeway bridge in search of gasoline, we decided to fill up our tanks at Hollywood, midway between Miami and Fort Lauderdale.

Even though we had no intention of going through this bridge, we nevertheless inadvertently caused the draw to be opened for us. I began whistling for the Venetian Causeway drawbridge while I was still headed shoreward between the two bridges (the draws are located near the Miami shore). Even as I began swinging northward, the County Causeway bridge started its sirens going and at once began opening for us. Then, as our intention became evident, the Venetian Causeway bridge prepared to open, while the County Causeway bridge began to close. We felt rather silly about this *faux pas* of ours, but at least we had found two more bridge tenders in Florida who were right up on their toes.

At Hollywood we gassed up at the newly opened Shell oil dock, where we received excellent service. From that point on the cruise was without incident all the way north to West Palm Beach—with the exception of our encounter with the speeding cruiser near Delray Beach. This boat was one of those over-powered, broad-sterned craft

Cruising to Florida

that pull the entire ocean after them and seem to be good for nothing but speeding. She approached us from astern in a narrow ditch, traveling around 25 knots, and with her forward half well out of the water. I realized that this was going to be bad for us and gave the wheel to Madge while I endeavored to signal the two men aboard the speedster to cut their pace while passing *Luberta*. Instead of doing so, they increased it, and the roll they gave us was the worst we had experienced during the entire cruise. I could cheerfully have shot this pair, who were obviously part of the Miami Beach contingent. If this precious crew brought this speedster all the way down from New York, it would be interesting to know how many good cruising yachtsmen en route would have enjoyed getting their fingers around their throats. Unquestionably, these speed fanatics are the greatest menace on our waterways, and they should be dealt with as summarily as are their prototypes on the highways. They should be first warned, then fined heavily, then jailed for at least 90 days, on successive convictions. Yachtsmen, generally, are being extremely supine in permitting these exhibitionists to discommode and endanger their families and guests.

Making the run from Miami to West Palm Beach in a single day is a trying experience, since traffic is heavy and bridges are more numerous than on any other section of the Waterway. By the time we arrived at West Palm Beach it was midafternoon and we were very tired. At the yacht club dock there we filled our gas tanks and asked for a mooring for the night. The attendant hemmed and hawed about accommodating us, and I figured he wanted a little cumshaw in addition to the mooring charge, so I told him to forget it, cast off our lines, and hauled *Luberta* out into the space between the yacht docks and the bridge, where we dropped the hook. This anchorage was uncomfortable on the prevailing southeast wind; we would have fared much better farther south in Lake Worth, and over near the eastern shore of the lake, where we would have had a lee from the swell.

Nevertheless we slept well, and it pleased us to get out of West Palm Beach without having contributed anything to the eternal palm-greasing that appears to have permeated so many of the relationships between East Coast yachtsmen and those who serve them. I am not

Okeechobee Hyacinths

opposed to tipping as a practice, but the type of petty graft to which I refer (as practiced by professional yacht skippers and stewards in cahoots with a certain type of boatyard owner or marina attendant) is distinctly a horse of another color. Reputable yard owners are as strongly opposed to this type of chiseling as I am, and there are many yacht skippers who will not play this game at all. Nevertheless, there is enough of this crooked dealing going on to make it oftentimes a problem to get decent service for your boat in certain areas without first paying tribute to some stupid oaf who has been taught to consider all boat owners as suckers.

This knock-down racket appears to have reached its apex in Florida waters. One boatyard owner there told me that big yachts seldom visited his place since he had let it become known that he flatly refused to bilk the owners by giving the paid skippers a 10 per cent commission on all purchases made at his yard. He said that, as one instance, he had been asked to bill the owner of a big yacht for 4,000 gallons of Diesel oil, while actually he was to put but 700 gallons in the ship's tanks. This sort of thing, he said, had become so common—and so brazenly carried out—that it no longer took the form of petty graft, with but a 10 per cent rake-off, but rated closer to highway robbery, with thousands of dollars being stolen annually from an individual yacht owner.

Undoubtedly there are wealthy yacht owners who are so cheese-paring in their dealings with paid crewmen that they encourage such grafting tactics as these. However, as one honest skipper said to me, "Nobody has to work for that sort of owner. If the owner won't pay a decent salary, let the skipper find one who will, and then play square with him." This fellow was Captain Mallory, who skippers Roland West's yacht *Trade Wind*, and boatyard owners tell me that there are many honest captains like him. Nevertheless there is a very unsavory mess here that needs cleaning up, and the boatyard owners are the ones to begin the cleanup job by refusing, as a group, to deal with chiseling skippers and stewards.

We left West Palm Beach in a driving rainstorm which, however, lasted only until we reached the end of Lake Worth and entered the cut. Then the sun broke through and a gorgeous double rainbow

Cruising to Florida

appeared dead ahead of us, which we took to be a good omen. We proceeded without incident to St. Lucie Inlet, where we turned off the Waterway channel to proceed up the St. Lucie River to Stuart. Here we continued to buck a stiff outgoing tide, and there was also some discrepancy between the markers and those indicated on our chart. Whether or not we left the channel momentarily I do not know, but up near the Stuart bridge we scraped bottom a couple of times.

Our prewar information on Stuart showed an oil dock beyond the bridge, so we passed up the Gulf dock on the east side of this bridge and went right on through. Beyond the bridge, however, there was no oil dock at all, so we made a hasty calculation and figured that our present supply of gasoline would carry us across Lake Okeechobee to Moore Haven. Therefore, we passed up Stuart altogether and continued on our way up the river. (Later we learned that a sailboat drawing about 6 feet had hit bottom twice in trying to reach this Gulf dock.) The St. Lucie River swings south and then narrows down to the ditch of the St. Lucie Canal, which winds in a southeasterly direction to Port Mayaca, on Lake Okeechobee.*

In case anyone who is planning a trip down the Waterway to Florida is questioning the advisability of making the cruise across the state from Stuart to Fort Myers, let me most earnestly recommend that he include it in his itinerary. For the first time, on this cross-state cruise, you get away from the Florida of the tourists and see what this strange state has to offer those who take the trouble to get a bit off the beaten track. In my estimation, the trip up the St. Lucie Canal, across Lake Okeechobee, and down the Caloosahatchee Canal and River, exceeds in interest any other part of the cruise from New York to Florida.

Here, for the first time, you see alligators along the shores of the canals. Then there are large turtles resting along the banks, and these reptiles keep plopping into the water as you approach them. Waterbirds become more numerous, and there are more unusual species in evidence—blue heron, white heron, egrets, cranes, and a host of smaller aquatic birds. Then along the shore you are continually en-

* We later had occasion to visit Beckman's boatyard, adjacent to the Gulf dock at Stuart, and found this yard an excellent place to get repair work done well and cheaply.

Okeechobee Hyacinths

countering small herds of those curious hump-backed Brahma cattle, native to East India, which the ranchers of Florida have imported in an effort to get a hybrid tick-free breed that will flourish in the humid warmth of this state, where they cross them with Texas longhorns.

At St. Lucie Lock, which appears shortly after you enter the canal proper, the elderly lockmaster, named King, is a courteous and efficient fellow who helps you with your lines and otherwise renders real service to the boat operator. At all of these cross-state locks, it is important that you signal (two longs and two shorts) well in advance (preferably at least 1,000 feet before reaching the lock), so that the lockmaster can avoid sending down a flood of water to meet you. If the lock is opened so that it empties rapidly while you are approaching it, you will find yourself bucking the heaviest current you have ever encountered. So give the lockmaster plenty of notice of your arrival, particularly when a bend in the channel hides you from his view until you are nearly up to the lock.

At St. Lucie Lock you enter at sea level at the extreme southern opening, the gates are closed, and you then rise to whatever the level of Lake Okeechobee happens to be at the time. In our case, we were elevated 16 feet. This level, of course, depends upon the amount of rainfall at the season in question, as does also the amount of spill permitted at the locks in order to maintain this level near a predetermined constant. In addition to the canals which are open to ship traffic, there are a number of other canals leading from the lake to the eastern seacoast that are used, not for maritime service, but solely to assist in maintaining the lake level. These supplementary canals are equipped with hurricane gates, which are normally kept open, and behind some of which small craft may find shelter in time of storm.

King asked me if I had ever been across Okeechobee before, and when I told him this was our first trip he explained that there were now two practicable routes across the lake. One of these was an open-water run; the other was by way of a dredged channel around the eastern and southern border of the lake. The latter route, King said, was 13 miles longer than the short cut, but he definitely recommended that we take it. He stated that this route had been much improved

Cruising to Florida

during the war and was being extensively used by tugs and tows, since it had deeper water in it than did the shorter route across the lake. In spite of this warning, however, we decided that we would use the short cut, as we had originally planned to do.

The lockmaster further verified the information we had received relative to the possibility of spending the night at Port Mayaca,* or just beyond this settlement, at a point where an abandoned lock furnished mooring facilities of a sort. Sure enough, when we eventually arrived at this spot, we found an old spillway in the passageway that turns off to starboard from the main channel, just as you sight the bridge and Lake Okeechobee beyond. Entering this starboard channel, we tied up alongside the old spillway, where, except for the mosquitoes, we were as comfortable as you please.

Until this visit of ours to Lake Okeechobee, we had always contended that the worst place for mosquitoes in these United States was along the banks of the South Platte River, in northern Colorado. I am inclined to think the Platte mosquitoes are more numerous and perhaps more voracious, but the Okeechobee variety is the largest I have ever encountered, being close to an inch in length, measured from tip to tip after you smash him on the bulkhead with a fly-swatter. We had some DDT solution aboard, which these fellows ate with relish and thrived on, and we also had some of the older brands of bugkillers, which bothered these behemoths not in the least. Before we realized the situation, these pests were ensconced in both cabins, and it took us quite a while to kill them off before we could go to bed. Fortunately, our after cabin is absolutely mosquito-proof with the screens closed so, once we had cleaned them out, we were not further disturbed by them during the night. However, all the next day while we were in the Okeechobee region, these devils would come into the bridge deck and work on us, particularly around the unprotected ankles of the helmsman, who was too busy steering to protect himself.

Once the mosquitoes were killed off, however, this spillway mooring came very close to being an ideal spot in which to spend a night.

* The railway bridge of the Florida East Coast Railway, located one mile east of Port Mayaca, has an *open* clearance of 51.5 feet. This bridge limits the mast height of auxiliaries that can transit the Cross-Florida Waterway.

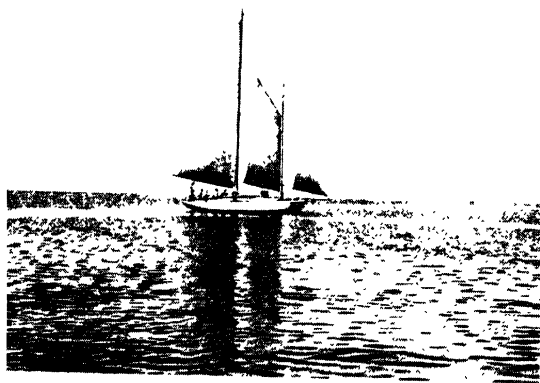


Municipal Yacht Basin, Fort Myers, Fla., which is about to be overhauled.



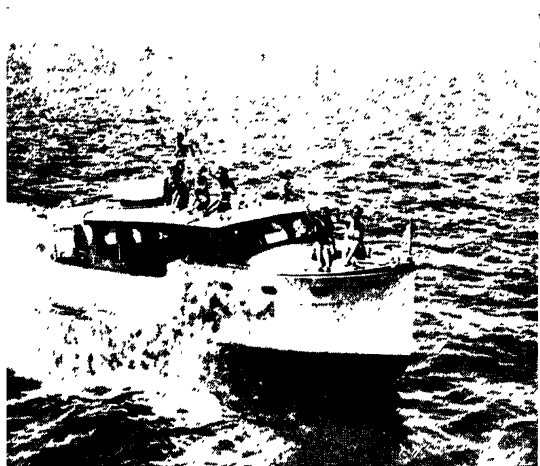


St. Petersburg, Fla., Yacht Club
and anchorage basin.



Wm. Lavendar Photo

Schooner yacht off Mobile, Ala.



Cabin cruiser entering St. Johns
River jetties from the Atlantic,



Hyde Photo

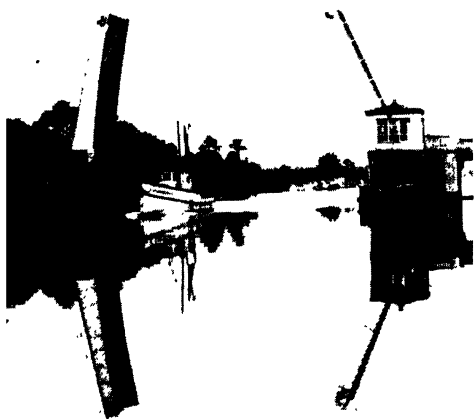
Above: New River, whose banks are lined solidly with yachts during the season.



Right: All the way to Florida the little lapstrake dink trailed *Luberta*. This picture



Above: One of Florida's most beautiful yacht anchorages—Eau Gallie Yacht Basin.



Left: Palm Valley Bridge in northern Florida is one of the more modern power-operated drawbridges along the Intracoastal Waterway.

Below: New River, at Fort Lauderdale, is overcrowded with yachts, as is every other yacht anchorage in this section of Florida.



Okeechobee Hyacinths

We were completely protected, there was no faintest swell, and there was not a sound to be heard. After the pounding we had taken in Miami and West Palm Beach, it was little short of heavenly, despite the mosquitoes.

We arose early, intending to get started right away on the 13-mile hop across the exposed section of the lake to the first marker after leaving Port Mayaca. However, our plans at once underwent a sharp revision, since we awoke to another of those pea-soup fogs, and with our untested compass we had no desire to wander about in that lake trying to locate a small marker. We were particularly concerned about the consequences of missing this marker in the fog, since the penalty would not be that of bumping into a mudbank, but would entail piling up on a rocky submerged reef on one side or the other of a narrow channel leading through this shoal area of the lake. Rather than take such a chance we decided, rather belatedly, to follow the lockmaster's advice and stick to the longer, but safer, route around the lake shore.

We have since been very glad that we made this choice, because we can now refute much of the loose talk we heard about this round-about course across Okeechobee, and also because, with a couple of exceptional instances, we had a most enjoyable trip. We had been told that this southern route was narrow, shoal, and tortuous, and it is none of these things. Obviously, there was much work done on this route during wartime, of which our various informants knew little or nothing. Also, we later discovered that there have occurred altogether too many serious accidents to small craft on the shorter route across this shoal lake.

Lake Okeechobee is about 26 miles wide and is rarely more than 12 feet deep; in fact, much of the lake's area is less than two feet deep. Since the route across the lake follows a southwesterly course, it is obvious that a northwesterly storm (and this is the most common direction from which a sudden blow in this section may emanate) puts the unfortunate yacht in the trough of an extremely wicked sea. Since it is further true that to leeward of this course the small craft may bring up on a rocky reef with less than three feet of water over it, said reef extending brokenly across the lower end of the bay, it be-

Cruising to Florida

hooves the skipper to essay this crossing only in good weather. On the other hand, with the weather right it is but a matter of a couple of hours before the more hazardous portion of the crossing is effected, and the buoyed channel through the reef safely navigated.

On this morning, as I have said, we made a hurried change of plan and decided to stick to the shore route. However, in that fog we had our hands full traveling even thus close to shore. Our chart was a late one, but it showed none of the markers that were erected in wartime to outline this circuitous course around the lake. Therefore, after we had passed under the bridge and entered the lake, we simply followed the lake shore with no expectation of finding markers except at widely separated intervals. Very soon, however, a black spar carrying a wooden arm at the top that had been sharpened to point toward the channel, showed up through the fog dead ahead of us, and from then onward we picked up a similar marker, and often a pair of them, shortly after passing the last such navigational aid. Thus we found this southern route across Lake Okeechobee very well marked throughout most of its length (from Port Mayaca to Moore Haven) of approximately 50 miles. The unmarked sections of this route are those in which the waterway follows unbroken canals where no marking is required.

This shore-line route is exposed to northerly winds for about 15 miles after leaving Port Mayaca, after which it is generally protected all the way to Moore Haven. On this morning, the fog began to lift before we reached Canal Point, where Hurricane Gate No. 5 forms the entrance to West Palm Beach Canal, and we could see the concrete-covered earth levee that has been built around this side of the lake as a protection against floods due to hurricanes. Undoubtedly, such a tremendous blow as a hurricane would simply pick up all the water in this shoal lake and slam it over against this shore; in which case, except for this levee, much of the surrounding agricultural and grazing area would be inundated. Incidentally, it should be mentioned that all of this Cross-state Waterway is now operated by the federal government, and not by the State of Florida.

By the time we hit Pahokee, the fog was gone and a gentle southwest wind was blowing. Shortly the route ceased to be an exposed

Okeechobee Hyacinths

skirting of the shore line and developed into a long canal dredged between outlying marshland and the shore. This section of waterway, between Pahokee and Moore Haven, is, without question, the most picturesque of any similar aquatic route we had yet traversed in Florida. There were birds in profusion, representing dozens of species unfamiliar to us. And the banks of the canal were a mass of yellow, white and lavender blossoms, alternating with plants having long slender leaves and clusters of dark blue flowers. Occasionally, floating islands of water hyacinths dotted the canal ahead. Altogether, except for the mosquitoes, it was an idyllic spot and since we met no one along the way, it was not difficult to imagine that we were the first wayfarers to follow this trail.

This sort of carefree cruising, however, never lasts very long with us. Even before we pulled abreast of Torry Island, those picturesque blobs of water hyacinths began to become larger and more compact, and it was not long before there were more hyacinths than open water ahead of us. Soon we were steering a devious course through the channels of clear water, not wishing to tangle our propeller in too great a mass of these plants. Finally, as we entered the channel between Torry Island and the mainland, it became difficult, in looking ahead, to make out any channels at all through the mass of hyacinths that blocked the waterway.

Reducing speed, I would feel my way up a clear passageway a foot wide, using our sharp prow to push the hyacinths to either side so that our propeller would be unobstructed as it passed through. Sometimes I would reach a dead end to such a lane and, reversing, would go back and try another path. Every so often we would reach a dead end that was but a few feet wide and then I would gun the engine and hit this bank of hyacinths at full speed, throwing out the clutch just as the propeller reached the mass of marine growth.

Eventually, just before we reached Torry Island Bridge (the only bridge on this route around the lake), we came to the worst spot of all, where the channel was repeatedly and completely blocked with hyacinths for 20 feet or more at a stretch. If I had not seen clearer water ahead at this point, I might have decided to turn back. However, I concluded that, having come this far, we should make an

Cruising to Florida

effort to go ahead, even though it became necessary to get in the dink and attempt to cut a path for the ship. Backing up as far as I could go, I hit the first of these green masses full speed ahead, depending on our momentum to carry us through. Hyacinths piled up four feet deep at *Luberta's* prow. Then another quick rush of speed and another butt into the mass of hyacinths. At last we were through the last solid wall of marine growth, and ahead it could be seen that this pesky stuff became increasingly thinner. Altogether, this experience was similar to that encountered on an icebreaker bucking its way through Arctic ice floes.

After we passed Torry Island Bridge and Hurricane Gate No. 4 at the entrance to Hillsboro Canal, the hyacinths gave us no further difficulty during the remainder of the cruise to Moore Haven. Since then I have made some inquiries about this marine growth and find that it is a great pest in rivers and lakes throughout the South. I understand that the invasion of this unwelcome plant immigrant to American waters was a botanical accident. In olden times, Hollanders cultivated the water hyacinth for its beauty. A few of these plants were sent to New Orleans by the Republic of Venezuela on the occasion of the Cotton Exposition, back in 1884. In no time at all, these hyacinths began to clog the bayous and streams of Louisiana, and the waterways of the adjoining Gulf states.

Then, about 56 years ago, a well-meaning lady fetched some water hyacinth to Florida for her goldfish pool. The plant soon overflowed the pool, and the surplus was tossed into the coffee-brown cypress water of the St. Johns River. In a decade it was estimated that this amazing plant had taken charge of some 15 million watery acres, multiplying, as it does, several hundredfold each year. At present, a quarter million dollars is being spent annually by the United States Engineers in the St. Johns River region alone in an effort to control the spread of this plant. It is to be hoped that this federal service will be extended, in the years to come, to include more and more Florida waterways that would be navigable for small yachts were it not for the presence of the water hyacinth.

As far as Lake Okeechobee is concerned, if the government will keep the hyacinths out of the channel behind Torry Island, the Water-

Okeechobee Hyacinths

way around the southern end of the lake will be entirely clear of this hindrance to navigation. Since this stretch is but little more than a mile long, it should not be difficult to do this. I would suggest that anyone who contemplates using this lakeshore route inquire first at St. Lucie Lock as to whether or not it is choked at any point with marine growth.

Shortly below Torry Island we reached the southernmost point in our trek around the lake, and soon passed Hurricane Gate No. 3 at Lake Harbor. With the exception of Clewiston, at none of these gates is there any real settlement, but they undoubtedly would make excellent places of refuge during a northerly or westerly blow. After Lake Harbor you turn northward and soon arrive at Hurricane Gate No. 2 at Clewiston (a town of some 2,500 inhabitants), after which it is but a matter of a few miles until you pick up the canal that leads in from the open-water route crossing Lake Okeechobee at Liberty Point. From here the course is through a clear canal all the way to Hurricane Gate No. 1 at Moore Haven Lock.

Before leaving Lake Okeechobee, it might be well to point out a couple of other possibilities in crossing this body of water. If the navigator elects to take the southern, shoreward route around this lake and then later wishes to save mileage by avoiding the long trek to the extreme southern end of the lake, he may, in good weather, cut across from just above Pahokee to flashing light No. 7 and continue across the lake from that point by following the ensuing markers. Or he may go a bit farther south to just beyond Bacom Point, where he can pick up the spar markers that will guide him through the shoal water that exists near the shore.* Once in "deep" water (10 feet deep), he can cut directly across to flashing light No. 14, which is south of the rocky reef, and thereby avoid having this reef to leeward at any time. On this latter course he will save several miles, as compared to following the shore line all the way around the lake. He will, however, miss some of the best of the bird and plant life seen between Torry Island and Clewiston.

* The markers leading from the shore line waterway out into deep water in Lake Okeechobee are frequently changed in position, and local information should be obtained before attempting to traverse these shifting channels.

Cruising to Florida

I have devoted some little space to a discussion of Lake Okeechobee because I think it is about time this lake ceased to be rated as a bogey. Despite our experience with the hyacinths, we will continue to look on Okeechobee as definitely a high spot in the entire cruise. Yet it is true that not one small yacht in a hundred that visits Florida ever makes this cross-state cruise, and I think this a serious oversight. Eastern Florida has many attractions to offer the cruising yachtsman, but he has not really seen Florida until he has cruised the Gulf Coast. And St. Lucie Canal, Lake Okeechobee, and the Caloosahatchee River offer the simplest and safest method of reaching Florida's West Coast.

There are two locks to the west of Lake Okeechobee, each of which drops you a few feet toward the Gulf level. When these locks, located at Moore Haven and Ortona, are spilling much water, the current in the canal and upper river is quite swift. Therefore, care must be exercised in approaching these locks when a strong current is setting toward them, and also in approaching bridges below these locks along the narrower stretches of this Waterway, with a strong current behind you.

The transit of the locks in question offers no more difficulty than whistling up a bridge, and you lose very little time, since the gates are efficiently handled. After the first lock you come at once to Moore Haven, where you find a marine service station and one of the nicest public docks of any town of its size in Florida. Moore Haven has wisely built a couple of long docks, with excellent tie-up facilities, right opposite its business district. There is no dockmaster, no mooring charge, and the piers are never crowded. The townspeople are friendly, and the store service is good. Here we were even able to get a cake of ice, our first since Miami. All during the night the lock above the town was spilling lots of water, and the current at our dock was swift and strong.

The oil dock at Moore Haven is beyond the bridge. It is quite short and offers poor overnight mooring facilities. Since we needed but little additional gas to get us down the Caloosahatchee to Fort Myers, we lugged a couple of tins of gasoline from this oil dock up to where *Luberta* was moored. The following day being Sunday, the marine

Okeechobee Hyacinths

service station would not be open, so it was necessary for us to get our gas the evening before. Next morning we were under way bright and early and whistled up the bridge. The service at this bridge was excellent; even so, however, I found it difficult to hold *Luberta* back against that strong current until it could be opened by hand.

After transiting the final lock at Ortona, we entered Caloosahatchee River—another stretch of waterway that we found to have been much maligned. We had been told to look out for floating submerged stumps along the length of this river, but encountered nothing more dangerous than an occasional isolated cluster of hyacinths. This river, with the dozens of creeks that enter it, forms one of the most picturesque stretches of waterway we had yet traversed, and its channel was free of all obstructions. These creeks, incidentally, would make wonderful cruising grounds to explore in a skiff powered with an outboard.

The only objectionable feature to this section of waterway was the human element, as exemplified by another one of those odd specimens of humanity that the State Road Department of Florida loves to put in charge of its drawbridges. This fellow, whom I will stack up against all comers as the most inefficient bridge operator in America, we first spotted leaning over the rail of his bridge, where it crossed the river at La Belle. We whistled well ahead of time because the current was crowding us swiftly toward the bridge. Since this fellow made no move, we assumed that he was just a dawdler who happened to be standing there, and tooted again. No one showed up from the house on shore, so I whistled a third time. By now my engine was going hard astern, but we could not control the boat in that eddying current. So I made a swing about in the narrow channel and headed slowly upstream. At this point the stupid oaf on the bridge came to life a bit and began to get ready to open the span for us.

Even then, however, it took this fellow another 20 minutes to get that bridge open, and eventually his wife had to come out and help him finish the job. When they finally got the draw half-open I slipped through, at the same time telling this walking exponent of hookworm what I thought of him and his immediate progenitors. I am rather proud of the effect of my vocabulary on this fellow, since

Cruising to Florida

for the first time that morning he showed definite traces of animation. He jumped for his big lever and tried to close the draw on us before we got through. However, he was too slow for that sort of thing and we were well clear before he could even begin to narrow the opening. Then he took the bar out of its socket and started to throw it at me, but his wife grabbed his arm and he dropped the bar on the bridge. After this burst of effort he was all worn out and lapsed back into his habitual lethargy. Leaving the closing of the bridge wholly to his wife, he retired to their shack on the riverbank.

The remainder of the run down the Caloosahatchee to Fort Myers was without important incident, although I did contrive to wander out of the channel just before reaching the railroad bridge below Beautiful Island, and ran smack aground there. A lot of engine reverse and a bit of running from starboard to port and back again loosened up our keel and finally got us off. Even so, we lost no time by running aground, since the operators on these hand-operated railroad swing bridges really have a job on their hands when they have to open one of them. Before the draw can be swung open, it must first be unlocked where the rails join, and this unlocking alone requires several minutes of hard shoving of that big bar around and around. With this unlocking process completed, the bar is put into another socket, and the men go round and round some more. Thus the bridge is swung open. Concerning these railway bridges, we always felt that the attendants were hardworking, conscientious fellows, who were doing the very best they could with some rather antiquated equipment.

After whistling up the power-operated bascule of the Thomas A. Edison Highway Bridge at Fort Myers, I hesitated, trying to decide whether to enter the municipal yacht basin there or gas up at the Gulf oil dock adjacent. I had heard so many unfavorable reports on that Fort Myers yacht basin that I disliked tying up there without local information. However, as I approached the Gulf dock I could see no gasoline pumps on it, so I decided to take a chance and enter the yacht basin. As I swung about and headed for the entrance to the basin, I nearly crashed *Luberta* into a bunch of big submerged rocks that lie between the yacht basin sign and the Gulf dock. Hauling out,

Okeechobee Hyacinths

I then left this sign to starboard, slipped into the basin and tied up on the western side, just astern of a sizable schooner yacht.

We soon discovered that the stories we had heard regarding this yacht basin at Fort Myers were all too true. It seems that it was built as a WPA project, back in the depression days, and like so many such projects it was poorly designed and even more poorly constructed. In this instance, the designer had stupidly specified that the sea walls surrounding the basin should reach down only to the water level; indeed, at low tide you can see daylight under all of the curtain walls. It would seem that anyone with a grain of sense would have known that this arrangement would permit a heavy surge to flow into this basin, even on moderate winds. And this is exactly what happens here. It proved to be the most uncomfortable anchorage we had encountered on this or any other cruise. On our second day there, small-craft storm warnings were flown from the weather tower on the Gulf oil dock, and a Northwester blew with some violence for 24 hours. During that storm we really did bounce around in that yacht basin.

Since Fort Myers had already expended \$200,000 on this basin without getting much of anything for its money, and since the expenditure of a few thousand more to carry the outer sea walls to the bottom of the river appeared a small item in comparison, I began to make inquiries and found much local sentiment in favor of finishing the job and making the basin a real haven that would attract visiting yachtsmen. On New Year's eve, a cub reporter from the local newspaper called on us for an interview, and I told him what I thought of that half-finished basin; and further told him that yachtsmen everywhere were being warned to keep away from Fort Myers because of the poor mooring facilities existing there. This lad wrote up a good story which appeared on the front page of the paper on New Year's morning. My remarks stirred up the discussion once again and I soon had received favorable comments on remodeling the yacht basin from Chamber of Commerce officials, bankers, and a number of merchants and other businessmen.

The ship's company of our neighbor, the schooner yacht *Seagoin'*, then joined in the fun and added their protest to ours concerning the beating we were taking in this beautiful, but worthless, yacht basin.

Cruising to Florida

These folk were from Alabama and New York. They were on a cruise that originally had Havana as its goal, but which, because of lack of time available, was to be curtailed. The ship returned a day or so later to Pensacola.

In the meantime, however, we all continued to complain about the municipal yacht basin and did everything we could think of to get something started that would convert the basin into a real haven. We felt that, with Fort Myers the logical terminus for those who would cruise across Lake Okeechobee from Stuart, the city should be in a position to welcome yachtsmen. We explained to the local bigwigs how much Fort Myers' bad reputation was costing them in revenue lost from the free-spending yachtsmen. I think we really got those people to thinking about this problem, and high time it was, too.

It is quite true that Fort Myers could readily become a big West Coast yachting center. The town is situated close to the Gulf, and there is excellent fishing and cruising in nearby Pine Island Sound and Charlotte Harbor. Some of the finest shell beaches in this hemisphere are to be found among the group of islands that lie just offshore, at the mouth of the Caloosahatchee. Fort Myers, the metropolis of southwestern Florida, should be headquarters for a big yachting fleet that would spend much of its time in Pine Island Sound. The town should have half a dozen large boatyards, a good yacht basin, and marinas capable of mooring hundreds of yachts. All that is needed is enough local enterprise and vision to capitalize on this opportunity. At present it has no good mooring facilities at all, and there are but two small boatyards in the vicinity.

After *Seagoin'* pulled out on her homeward-bound cruise, we put up with the discomfort of the surge in the municipal yacht basin for one more day, then we accepted the invitation of Dave Ireland, local manager for the Gulf Oil people, and moved *Luberta* into a quiet, protected little basin that lies between the Gulf dock and an adjacent fruit packing plant. Here we found the peace and seclusion we sought, and another opportunity to get a little writing done.

We discovered that Fort Myers is really a lovely little city, the citizens of which know how to make their winter visitors from the North feel thoroughly at home. It is a town of some 15,000 perma-

Okeechobee Hyacinths

nent residents—just big enough to furnish excellent shopping facilities, but not big enough to be noisy or too strenuously metropolitan. Thomas A. Edison liked this place well enough to build his Florida estate here. Madge and I like Fort Myers, too, and we may decide to spend the rest of the winter here. Perhaps if we keep prodding the right people while we are here, we may succeed in getting somebody to do something about that yacht basin.

Just today, for example, I received a letter from the Hon. David Shapard, Mayor of Fort Myers, that would seem to indicate that steps are about to be taken to get this basin in shape to serve the cruising yachtsman. This letter reads:

January 10, 1946

Dear Mr. Cooper:

I appreciate very much your interest in the Fort Myers yacht basin and take this opportunity to relate a few of the improvements we hope to make. Like many other city governments we have been forced, more or less, to mark time relative to improvements during the past four years and during that time our yacht basin has suffered.

I have issued instructions that are being carried out immediately. I am having trash cans placed in the basin for the convenience of the public; the docks are being repaired and this work will be continued until they are put in first-class condition; the water lines are being checked and new ones will be put in where necessary. Additional benches are being placed in the basin for the convenience of visitors, and I have placed an order with the Fort Myers Shipbuilding Company to repair the sign in the river and also to mark the entrance channel clearly. At the next Council meeting I will present a set of rules and regulations for the proper conduct of the basin, in order to insure satisfactory and happy relations between the yacht owners and Fort Myers. There are plans being formulated for the construction of a building in the basin which will be known as the Harbormaster's Building. The Florida Power and Light Company is making survey at present to light the basin and park.

It is the desire of the City Government to move the recreational facilities of the city into the yacht basin park; this will be done as rapidly as possible. Bids have been requested for the construction of the larger portion of this plant, work to start within two weeks from date. The operation of this plant will be supervised so that it will be a convenience and pleasure for those living on yachts.

Another problem which seems to be the most important of all is the additional construction which is necessary to eliminate the choppy condition that exists at times within the basin. The curtain walls on the outside of the basin do not extend sufficiently deep into the water to eliminate this objection completely during certain weather conditions. However, they were so constructed on the advice of a competent engineering firm, in order to insure complete sanitation within the basin at all times.

Cruising to Florida

I am of the opinion that both advantages can be enjoyed at the same time, and we expect to make changes which will bring about a more satisfactory condition.

It was during my former administration that this yacht basin was constructed and I feel most kindly toward doing whatever is necessary for its improvement, both in beauty and convenience.

I would appreciate any additional suggestions you have, since you are far more qualified to furnish us with them than anyone I know.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) David Shapard

Mayor

DS:ba

This sounds like a comprehensive plan for making this yacht basin a snug haven for cruising yachts. If the program is carried out, particularly as it refers to the lowering of the curtain walls, the surge within the basin should be eliminated and, as Mayor Shapard says, this is the really important point in the program he has outlined.

If you are contemplating making the cruise across Florida to Fort Myers, I would suggest that you write to the Chamber of Commerce there and ask them whether the sea walls of this basin have been extended sufficiently to keep the surge out of this yacht basin. If this has been done, by all means visit the town.



Cruising Routine

IN THE RUNNING account of such a cruise as this one, it is difficult to include a lot of minor happenings which nevertheless are definitely important to those who are making the cruise. Throughout this recital I have pointedly refrained from dragging in a lot of historical fooferaw relating to the cities and towns that we visited, feeling that the reader, if interested, can find this historical data in much more authentic and interesting form elsewhere. The same thing applies to descriptions of scenery, which have been made by others who are so very much better qualified than I for that kind of thing.

Nevertheless, there is something that needs to be added here regarding the routine doings of an average cruising day, aside from the difficulties encountered and the distance covered. In my opinion, much of the charm of such a cruise as this lies in the little things that differentiate each day from those you spend in normal activities ashore.

On an average morning, for example, you will awaken early—much earlier than you normally would at home and without recourse to an alarm clock, either. It is not uncommon to roll out of your bunk at five o'clock, and even, on occasion, at four-thirty, particularly if you have gone to bed at nine or earlier on the night previous. While Madge prepared breakfast, I would swab down the decks with the copious dew that falls nightly in these latitudes. Then we would sit down to a good breakfast of fruit, eggs, toast, and coffee, and we would take our time about eating this meal. After breakfast we would wash dishes, brush our teeth, and go through all of the ritual of preparing for the day that we would if we were at home, except that we would not dress for business. The important thing here is to get up

Cruising to Florida

early enough to permit yourself time for these vital matters, instead of neglecting habits that may have a real bearing on your health and sense of well-being.

Finally, I would get the dink ready for towing (I always keep the oars lashed to the center thwart of the dink when under way) and warm up the engine, while Madge secured a few portable items that might get adrift and bang about in a seaway. I also got out the charts for the day, and the field glasses, and laid these on the chart table in the bridge deck, ready for navigation. If we were riding to anchor I would then shorten scope, ready to break out the hook; otherwise, I would see to it that all extra mooring or spring lines were off the dock. Then, when we were both ready, I would get the hook, or cast off the remaining lines from the dock, and we were under way for another long day's trip.

As a rule, a day's cruise appeared to begin with working our way out of a harbor, then through some narrow estuary for a few miles, after which the channel began opening up into a "river." (These rivers, for the most part, like a majority of those in the Chesapeake, are not really rivers at all, but merely wide tidal estuaries extending back through marshland and cypress swamp for a few miles.) The river, in turn, would probably continue to get wider and wider until it was much farther between its banks than the average distance across the Mississippi. Then you would know you were entering a sound. You would negotiate this body of exposed water; then dive into another creek or dug canal, after which this sequence of events would begin all over again.

Our boat is equipped with a high, revolving leather-cushioned seat for the helmsman, which consists of a long, heavy brass rod, adjustable to height, that fits into a hole in the floor of the bridge deck, and atop of which the separate seat unit, with back rest, is fitted. This is really a dandy driver's seat, and its revolving feature is nice, particularly when you wish to swing half-around to check the position of some marker or overtaking traffic astern.

However, *Luberta* has a foot-operated clutch pedal, which cannot be properly operated if the driver's seat is in position. Therefore, our

Cruising Routine

practice is to leave and enter harbors without using this demountable seat, saving it for those long stretches when there is no occasion to alter speed or operate the foot pedal. (*Luberta* also is equipped with one of those horizontal truck-type steering wheels, instead of a standard ship's wheel, and it took us some time to get used to this sort of steering gear. However, it never failed us on this cruise, and after we became accustomed to it and the foot clutch we had no trouble in maneuvering the boat in close quarters.)

I usually did most of the steering on this trip, while Madge handled the chart work. (At sea this situation is reversed with us, since Madge does most of the daylight steering when we are making long ocean hops, and the chart work at sea is not the continuous painstaking checking that it is in these narrow channels.) When we passed any other boat, pleasure or commercial, we made a practice of waving at those in the pilot house, and while we occasionally received very languid waves in response from passengers aboard yachts, we invariably were given a hearty greeting from the pilot house of any fishboat, tug, or coasting steamer that we encountered.

These commercial fellows have been at sea long enough to appreciate the necessity for cooperation between seafaring folk, and they are invariably friendly to us. Likewise, we always waved at those little skiffs along the channels from which a man, or a family, would be fishing, and were nearly always greeted with smiles. This was nice of them, too, considering that the wake of most passing yachts nearly overturns their little craft and must interfere seriously with their fishing. When such boats were manned by children or women (as was sometimes the case), we reduced our speed sharply in passing. We figured that in time of trouble we might need the good will of any of these people, and you do not create good will by tearing past anchored craft at full speed.

Since we got under way so early—around six-thirty—we found ourselves getting hungry along about ten o'clock. At that time, then, Madge would bring up a glass of cold milk and a plate of cookies, upon which we would munch as we traversed some easy stretch of channel. Thus fortified, we were ready to tackle the next

Cruising to Florida

piece of rough open water and could get by at least until noon, when Madge served a more substantial lunch. Again at three we ate a snack, and finally, at six, we had supper.

If this eating schedule sounds rather heavy, it should be observed that we ate often but never very much at a time—which is not a bad rule to follow when cruising at sea. When fresh milk became impossible to obtain (as was the case between Swansboro and Charleston, S.C.—“Folks, they ain’t a cow within seventy miles o’ heah.”), Madge would lay in a supply of Kraft’s powdered milk, shake up a quart of it the evening before, and let it chill in the icebox overnight. While this preparation never really tasted like fresh milk, it came a lot closer to it than any other powdered or evaporated milk on the market, and it makes a fair substitute for the real thing. Butter, on the other hand, was shipped into these milkless areas and never appeared to be scarce anywhere along the route.

Almost the only signs of life along much of this marsh-bordered Waterway are porpoises and long-legged waterfowl. The porpoises are forever bobbing up just ahead of your bow and usually manage to miss your propeller as you pass them. Once, however, I felt the soft thud of the screw cutting into something that could not have been submerged driftwood, and I think on this occasion we hit one of these fellows a glancing blow. As at sea, the porpoise along this Waterway is a friendly, curious fellow, and his presence makes a very welcome break in the monotony of traversing a long, narrow channel. The waterfowl were usually white, crane-like birds, quite often alone, but sometimes appearing in groups of five or six. They would stand unafraid on the bank and stare at us as we went past. Certain sections of the Waterway also are migratory bird refuges, and in these areas we often passed thousands of ducks, either just circling to land in the marsh for a night’s rest, or taking off for another day’s flight.

Of course the real business at hand, during all of a cruising day along this Waterway, is to spot the next marker, red or black, and check its numbered color against what the chart says you should find at that point. As long as chart and marker agree and there appears to be plenty of water under your keel, everything is lovely. Then you begin, after a few hours, to check your approximate mileage on the

Cruising Routine

chart, just to see what speed you are making. From time to time, you encounter faded signposts placed along the bank, which give you the distance to the town where you expect to spend the night. Who put these distance markers up, or how dependable their legends are, I cannot say. However, since many of them are fastened to the sides of government-owned drawbridges, I would assume that they are more or less official. At the time of our passing, most of these signs were so badly in need of paint as to be almost, if not altogether, illegible.

Approaching a drawbridge, we always held off sounding the three blasts on our electric horn until we were close enough to give the bridge tender a chance to decide whether to open the bridge of his own accord. In any case, it does no good to sound these bridge signals too far in advance, particularly if the wind is heading you, since the tender in his little house cannot hear the average boat horn until the craft is fairly close to the bridge. In practice, in the states north of Florida, we found that if no signal at all was given, in nine cases out of ten the bridge was opened just as quickly as when we tooted repeatedly on approaching it. Apparently the tenders in states other than Florida are instructed to open their bridges upon sighting a boat rather than to wait for a signal, and this is an excellent idea. We also made it a point to wave a thank-you at these cooperative tenders in passing through the draw.

Approaching a drawbridge, our hope always was to be able to get through it without having to reduce our cruising speed. As we approached, therefore, we would first look for the tiny figure of the tender moving out onto the bridge, then we would watch for the lowering of the semaphores or gates across the approaches to the bridge. Once these blockades to traffic were down, we knew that it would be but a short time until the bridge itself would start to open. Sometimes, but not often, a siren would be sounded as these semaphores were lowered.

The speed with which a bridge opens depends largely upon whether or not it is of the manually operated type. Electrically operated draws, either of the swing-bridge type, which turns horizontally on a center pivot, or bascule bridges, which have either one or two

Cruising to Florida

leaves that raise vertically from the side of the draw, usually open quickly. But the hand-operated swing-draw affairs, on which the tender must man the end of a long tillerlike contraption in the center and go round and round, take minutes to open. Such a bridge must be approached with caution, until it is ascertained that the opening is wide enough for your boat to pass through with safety. Also, you must be certain to head through the proper side of the draw, since now and then you encounter a bridge having but a single navigable channel, yet which may appear at first glance to have two perfectly good channels fit for traffic. In such instances, the bridge will usually carry a sign directing you to use one channel or the other.

Some bridge tenders are inclined to be lazy and will open a hand-operated swing draw barely wide enough for your craft to ease through with careful steering. It also should be constantly borne in mind that if there is any real tide running, there will occur particularly tricky currents eddying about the pilings of a bridge, and these may tend to throw your boat to one side or the other against these pilings. Yachts under sail are subject to two additional risks at such a time. The first of these applies to bascule bridges only, and necessitates that the helmsman be certain that the leaf has been raised sufficiently high to permit both masts *and* spreaders to clear it. In Miami, for example, a yachtsman recently had his main port spreader carried away at one of the causeways when the bridge operator opened the bascule just far enough to clear the ship's masthead, but not sufficiently to clear the spreaders. The second warning which applies especially to sailing auxiliaries is this: be prepared for a very possible jibe, caused by air currents caroming off the bridge abutments. Either sheet in your canvas flat at this moment, or rig preventers to your booms to obviate jibing. Otherwise you may have someone knocked overboard, or your windward stays may be damaged by a wildly swinging boom.

So long as our engine was behaving (and on this cruise it acted up only as a result of water in the carburetor), its care under way was simple. About once in every six hours of running I would raise the engine hatch, open a quart can of oil and dump it into the engine's crankcase. Otherwise, the engine called for no attention until evening

Cruising Routine

when, immediately after mooring for the night, I would take a turn on the water pump grease cup, and then crawl down into the engine room with the Alemite grease gun and lubricate the universal joint connecting with the propeller shaft. This job was supposed to be done every ten hours, and this made it work out right at the end of each cruising day. Besides, it was much easier to get the hard cup grease into this universal when it was warm from the day's run than when it was cold. We found that proper greasing of this universal made a lot of difference in the degree of rumbling emanating from our power plant.

Under way, a cabin cruiser is much more comfortable to operate in any weather than is an open cockpit sailing auxiliary. Nevertheless there were times, as I have related, when rain or spray made it necessary for us to open our forward bridge deck window to improve our vision, and this made it unpleasant inside. On another trip up or down this Waterway, I would insist on having an electric windshield wiper installed before starting. Also, it should be borne in mind that, despite the fact that you are forever moving toward the south, it can get plenty cold along this Waterway even as early as October. Sweaters often are required uniform during the early mornings, and on more than one occasion I wore an overcoat for a couple of hours after getting under way. Some form of cabin heating also is essential at this season of the year.

I have read accounts of cruising down this Waterway which gave me the impression that it was just a joyous pleasure jaunt, in which the participants had never a care in the world, and where everything was sweetness and light. In these recitals, the ship's company lolled abed each morning until seven or eight o'clock, then leisurely breakfasted while they discussed the day's anticipated pleasures. These folk then got under way and drifted along for a time; then they anchored somewhere, either to go ashore and take a nice hike to get the kinks out of their legs, or to enjoy their lunch better. Then they would cruise a bit more, but always ready to stop and examine interesting examples of flora and fauna that were encountered en route, and of course never neglecting time out for their cocktails at four. Eventually these lotus-eaters drifted into a beautiful little creek to

Cruising to Florida

anchor for the night, or they were royally received at a wayside marina or yacht club. In the latter instance, an impromptu party was invariably thrown in their honor, in which they participated joyfully until the wee sma' hours.

Actually, I never met anybody on this cruise who attempted to conduct himself in anything approaching the foregoing fashion. If anyone plans to emulate these storybook folk and thus drift down to Florida, he will do well (a) to carry aboard a paid skipper, engineer, deck hand, cook and steward, and (b) plan on consuming the months between September and December in making the cruise—by the end of which period, incidentally, these dawdlers probably will have become so sick of each other and the cruise itself that they will have murdered their companions—and good riddance, too. We did encounter a few ship's companies that obviously had embarked on this cruise with some such fool ideas as those I have enumerated, but the reality of hightailing it for a thousand-odd miles to the southward, forever trying to catch up with summer—the while experiencing those normal vicissitudes that are always a part of making any extended cruise—shortly knocked out of their heads any preconceptions that this trip to Florida in a small boat was just a carefree lark.

On the other hand, however, it is not necessary to spend every hour of each day in concentrated effort to reach your next scheduled stop-over. Plenty of times we passed boats, carrying northern registration numbers, lying at anchor in some creek that enters the Waterway, with all hands industriously engaged in fishing over the side. These pleasant interludes undoubtedly resulted from the skipper's ability to think far enough ahead to plan time for dawdling like this, and withal keep sufficiently close to his predetermined schedule. In general, it may be said that those who have the most time for this sort of thing en route are those who get under way good and early each morning. The nine o'clock folk, even when their boats are twin-screw, appear to be forever getting into port each evening just as dusk is falling.

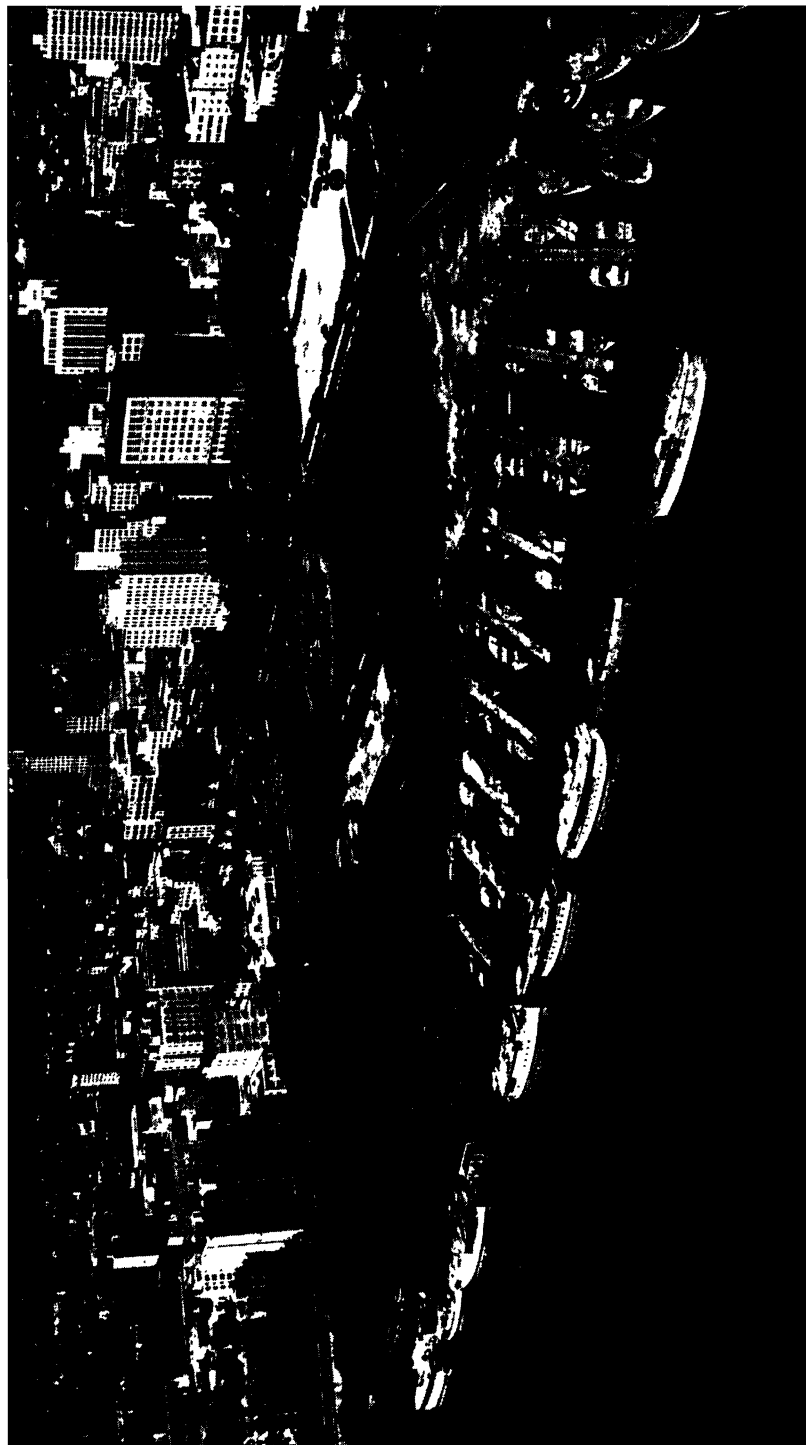
Housekeeping aboard a cruising boat is likely to be a somewhat disconnected affair. Madge has always contended that it takes less time to wash and properly stow our few breakfast dishes than it does



Photo by Rose

Beach Boat Slips, Miami Beach, Fla.





This yacht basin at Miami's Royal Palm Hotel is to be filled in to make way for a new apartment house building.

Cruising Routine

to stack them, unwashed but securely, for going to sea. As regards bedmaking, Madge had no time to perform this chore before we got under way and would seize any moment that offered itself during the day for this task, often making up one berth and then getting around to the other one some hours later. Fortunately, our berths were in the after cabin, which could be shut off if necessary until ready for visitors' inspection. On a couple of occasions, when the events of a cruising day were particularly strenuous, the berths remained untouched from the time we piled out in the morning until we crawled into them at night.

Cooking under way should not become burdensome to the mate, who also has many other duties to perform topside. On this trip we occasionally heated a beverage at noon, and that was about the extent of our under-way cooking. Usually we ate cold meat or cheese sandwiches for lunch and topped these off with milk and cakes. Breakfast and supper were our only hot meals. Because we found it difficult to keep awake after eight-thirty, we usually managed to finish supper by six so that we could go to bed early.

Making port in a locality that is strange to you is always something of an adventure. Usually this occurs in midafternoon, since your early start has resulted in an eight-to-ten-hour run by that time, and you want to have time to gas up, shop, and get settled for the night before it gets dark. You enter the harbor and scan the waterfront for a big oil dock sign. (As a rule, on this trip, there would be but one, or at most two, docks in any town at which you could get gas.) Spotting the marine service station, you next check to see if there is space for your boat alongside, and usually at that time of day there is. Then you ease the boat into the dock, against the wind or tide or sometimes both, with your mate out in the forward cockpit or up in the bow with the mooring line. (In some instances, and particularly when handling a fairly large boat with a too-small crew, it is a good idea to make the first line fast exactly at the boat's waist. A boat thus firmly moored amidships cannot swing out from the dock at either extremity.)

As soon as you are moored, you begin taking on gas and at the same time attempt to get hold of some ice—usually without success. While

Cruising to Florida

you gas up you ask the attendant about good places to tie up for the night. He may suggest that you move around to the side of his pier and lay there overnight, or he may advise you to tie up or anchor some place nearby. In exceptional cases, he will give you no helpful information at all, but surlily insist that you get away from his dock just as soon as you get your gas aboard. As a rule, however, you are permitted to remain alongside the oil dock until you have completed a shopping trip to the nearby stores. (Incidentally, I think one of the handiest devices you could carry on such a cruise as this would be one of those small motor scooters, to be used for carrying groceries, supplies, and ice back to the ship. Such a scooter could be carried with little difficulty, lashed to the afterdeck or in the cockpit. With such a piece of automotive equipment aboard, you could make longer shopping trips with ease.)

Once settled for the night, either alongside a pier or at anchor, supper is started and between then and bedtime the discussion relates principally to what lies ahead on the morrow. Very little time is devoted to rehashing the events of today, no matter how unusual these may have been. The big idea this evening is to get out tomorrow's charts, fold them flat, and go over them in some detail. Thus you have a pretty good idea what to expect next day. For an average day's cruise you will "use up" at least one, and often two, charts.

The foregoing is a fair picture of an average cruising day on this trip down the Waterway to Florida. If, in the telling, it sounds like a lot of work and not too much pleasure, this is because I have not emphasized the very deep enjoyment we always experience just from the cruising itself. When we are cruising, we seldom feel the need for other forms of entertainment. However, as I have said, many folk who make this trip find much to entertain them aside from the cruising itself, and this is particularly true of the fishing enthusiasts.

And now for a final word as regards the cost of this cruise. To the average yachtsman who, contrary to commonly accepted theory, is in no sense a wealthy dilettante, this matter of expense is interesting, if not all-important. In our case, of course, we slept aboard our ship every night and therefore there were no hotel bills. Likewise, you cannot charge the amounts you pay for groceries and ice against the

Cruising Routine

cruise itself, since you have to eat wherever you happen to be.

Luberta took 28 cruising days to make the trip from Dredge Harbor, N.J., to Fort Myers, Florida, via Fort Lauderdale and Miami, and averaged 7 hours' cruising time on each of these days—a total of 196 hours. On this cruise we bought 896 gallons of gasoline, 70 of which we jettisoned in our efforts to get rid of the water in our gas tanks. Thus we burned approximately 826 gallons of gas, averaging about $4\frac{1}{2}$ gallons per hour. (This average is not bad for an engine of this size, but it would have been much better if the engine had been equipped with a by-pass in its cooling system, as are many marine motors. During the entire trip the engine ran much too cool, the water in the jacket never going above 100° F.) This engine also consumed 33 quarts of lubricating oil. The total cost of gas and oil then for the entire cruise, including the gasoline we jettisoned, was \$185.73.

Our repair bills for engine overhaul amounted to less than \$30, including new parts, and nearly all of this expense was caused by the presence of that infernal water in our gas. We did not spend a cent for repairs or overhaul on the ship itself during the entire cruise; we, fortunately, had no doctors' bills to pay; we did no entertaining en route; we ate at restaurants about as often as we would have if we had been living aboard in a yacht anchorage—which is too often to suit me, and not quite often enough to suit Madge.

To make a comparison between the cost of this method of getting to Florida and driving down by automobile or going down by train, is somewhat pointless, even though either of those methods of transportation may well be more expensive than cruising down in your own boat. Such comparisons have little value because, in the first place, cruising to Florida offers something in the way of adventure which is utterly lacking in railroad travel, and which has been absent from automobile touring for at least twenty years.

Furthermore, such a comparison of costs is silly because it overlooks the fact that when you cruise to Florida in your own boat you then have with you, in that area of relatively high rents, your mobile home, which may be tied up at a slip or bulkhead in any of the most expensive resort centers, at charges varying from nothing at all to, at most, thirty or forty dollars a month for average length cruising

Cruising to Florida

craft. Also, you have under your feet the means of participating, at a very nominal expense, in the pastime of sport-fishing, which, to the non-boat-owner in these waters, may become a fairly expensive form of recreation. And finally, if you tire of Miami, or Fort Lauderdale, there are always West Palm Beach, or Key West, or Fort Myers, or St. Petersburg—in other words, you don't have to rent a cottage somewhere for the season and then confine yourself to the perhaps limited attractions of that particular area during an entire winter.

And speaking of moving about, after you have arrived in Florida, there is one phase of cruising activity down here that is going to intrigue you, whether or not you have given it much thought before leaving home. This is the possibility—yes, the practicability—of going foreign in your 35-foot cabin cruiser. All you have to do is to visit Mr. Faircourt at the West Palm Beach customs office (or a comparable official at Miami), and he will fix you up with the necessary papers for a cruise through the Bahamas—no passports are necessary—and you can shove off, on a day promising perfect weather, for Bemini, seventy miles offshore. From Bemini, a jump of equal distance takes you to another key for overnight stopover, and from there a third 70-mile hop brings you to Nassau, the capital and metropolis of the Bahamas. Since gasoline is more expensive, and sometimes difficult to get in these islands, most voyagers from the mainland carry enough—perhaps as deckload—for the return trip. This cruise to the Bahamas is, as I have said, entirely practicable for small cruisers, either power or sail, providing only that you pick your weather. The trick here is to wait until the end of a northerly blow, then hop across to Bemini during that period of comparative calm which always succeeds these northers. If you attempt to cross the Gulf Stream when a northerly wind is bucking the three- to four-mile current of the Stream, you will meet a boisterous, confused sea and take a real shellacking. Anyhow, it is well worth giving serious consideration to this cruise—after you reach Florida.

Another activity in Florida that is of interest to many owners of pleasure craft is the matter of chartering their boats. Sometimes, after making the cruise down the Waterway, the owner wishes to

Cruising Routine

spend some time ashore, and instead of locking up his boat, he lists her with some reputable yacht broker, who arranges for her charter to a responsible group of people. In this instance, the owner receives in the neighborhood of \$35 a day for his craft, and if he should decide to skipper her himself, he gets an extra \$10 per day, plus subsistence, for himself, and \$7.50 per day for a steward. The yacht broker takes a 10 to 20 per cent cut of the charter money for his trouble, but should receive no commission on the wages paid to the skipper and steward.

Before you give too much thought to such ventures as going foreign or chartering, however, it may be well for you to concentrate on the immediate task of making a safe and comfortable cruise to Florida. In the foregoing pages, I have attempted to give you an honest and truthful picture of exactly what we encountered on such a cruise. We made this trip at the close of a great war, during which period no pleasure travel had been permitted on this Waterway. Therefore, there is reason to believe that, by the time another autumn rolls around, conditions will be much improved, and the cruise may be made in even greater comfort than we experienced. The thing is, if you really intend to make this trip, don't put off starting any longer than absolutely necessary. A great rush of traffic down the Waterway might make it difficult to secure mooring facilities along the way, and I believe that within a couple of years the traffic, in the months between September and December, will more than treble. So begin now to get the old hooker tuned up for a long cruise, and, come cool weather, be all set to shove off for Florida. This I can promise you: no matter how extensive your previous cruising experience has been, you will never forget this cruise as long as you live.

Appendix A

The material incorporated in this Appendix, relating to the history and construction features of the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway, is based upon data issued by the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army, War Department. Since this is the governmental organization responsible for the building and maintenance of the Waterway, it is believed that this information may be accepted as official and reliable. The material should be of interest to anyone contemplating a cruise down this Waterway, and even a casual study of the data will make the trip more interesting to those participating in it.

THE ATLANTIC INTRACOASTAL WATERWAY

1. *General*—The Intracoastal Waterway affords a protected route along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the United States whereby commercial tows and other light-draft vessels not suited to navigate long stretches of open waters of the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico may safely move between all coastal points from Massachusetts to the Mexican border. This Inland Waterway is now completed, except for a few gaps along the Atlantic Coast, from Boston, Mass., to the Florida Keys, and along the Gulf Coast from Carrabelle, Florida, to Corpus Christi, Texas.

The northernmost section of the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway is the Annisquam Canal, in Massachusetts, about 23 miles northeast of Boston, which extends across the base of Cape Ann from Ipswich Bay on the north to Gloucester Harbor on the south. From Gloucester Harbor the route traverses the open waters of Massachusetts Bay to Boston; thence through Massachusetts Bay, the Atlantic Ocean, and Cape Cod Bay to the Cape Cod Canal.

The Cape Cod Canal extends from a point in Cape Cod Bay, about 15 miles southeast of Plymouth Harbor, to the head of Buzzards Bay. The route then traverses the partially protected waters of Buzzards Bay and the open waters of the Atlantic Ocean and Block Island Sound. From the last named, two routes are available. The one generally used passes through Long Island Sound, the East River, Upper and Lower New York Bays, and thence into the Atlantic Ocean and along the New Jersey shore.

An alternative route for light-draft vessels, by-passing Long Island Sound and New York Harbor, is provided by the Long Island Intracoastal Waterway, which leaves the main route in Block Island Sound, passes through Gardiners Bay, Shelter Island Sound, and Little and Great Peconic Bays, traverses the protected shallow bays along the south shore of Long Island to East Rockaway Inlet, and then crosses open waters to rejoin the main route off Sandy Hook.

Appendix A

From Manasquan Inlet, New Jersey, south, two routes are available, one continuing along and off the New Jersey coast, the other through the Inlet and the New Jersey Inland Waterway down the coast and through Cape May Canal into Delaware Bay. From the junction of these two routes in Delaware Bay, off Cape May Canal, the Waterway passes through open waters in Delaware Bay and River to Reedy Point, Delaware, about 40 miles below Philadelphia, where it enters the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. This canal is a sea-level waterway about 19 miles long, connecting Delaware River, through Back Creek and Elk River, Maryland, with the head of Chesapeake Bay. The route then traverses open waters in Chesapeake Bay to Hampton Roads, Virginia.

From Hampton Roads, the Waterway continues in a general southerly direction through Hampton Roads, Elizabeth River, and the Southern Branch of the Elizabeth River, these waters successively serving the ports of Hampton, Newport News, Norfolk, and Portsmouth. From the Southern Branch two routes extend south, both as units of the Intracoastal Waterway. These are known as the Inland Waterway from Norfolk, Virginia, to Beaufort Inlet, North Carolina, and the Waterway from Norfolk, Virginia, to the Sounds of North Carolina. They follow natural waterways and land cuts into Albemarle Sound, where they intersect at a point about eight miles southeast of Wade Point Light at the mouth of Pasquotank River. From this intersection, the Inland Waterway from Norfolk to Beaufort Inlet continues southward via Alligator River and a 22-mile land cut into Pungo River, across Pamlico River, and thence by other streams and land cuts to Beaufort, North Carolina. The Waterway to the Sounds continues southerly by a more easterly route through Croatan Sound and Pamlico Sound to the mouth of Neuse River, where it joins the other route.

From Beaufort, North Carolina, the Waterway follows the sounds, streams, and marine marshes along the coast and enters Cape Fear River about 13 miles below Wilmington, North Carolina. Leaving Cape Fear River at Southport, it again follows coastal streams and marshes to a point about 3 miles south of Little River, South Carolina, where it connects by a land cut with Waccamaw River at Enterprise, South Carolina, and follows that river to Winyah Bay. Leaving Winyah Bay via the Estherville-Minim Creek Canal, the Waterway follows coastal waters and marshes, with connecting cuts, passes directly by Charleston, South Carolina, enters the Savannah River about 8 miles below Savannah, Georgia, crosses St. Johns River about 23 miles below Jacksonville, passes Daytona Beach and Palm Beach, and enters Biscayne Bay at Miami, Florida. From Miami it continues southward 63 miles to the open waters of Florida Bay, west of the Florida Keys.

At St. Lucie River, about 247 miles south of St. Johns River, the Okeechobee Cross-Florida Waterway crosses to the West Coast of Florida, via St. Lucie River and Canal, Lake Okeechobee, and Caloosahatchee Canal and River.

On the West Coast of Florida, a protected route is available northward from the Caloosahatchee River to Clearwater, a distance of about 120 miles, except for an outside passage between South Voca Grande and Sarasota. From Clearwater to the

Cruising to Florida

eastern terminus of the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway at St. Marks, Florida, barges and other traffic use the open waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Also south of the Caloosahatchee River, coastwise traffic follows open waters, with a protected waterway leading from Big Marco Pass to the town of Naples.

2. *History*—Prior to the arrival of the white man, the coastal and inland waterways of the Atlantic seaboard served as arteries of communication for the Indians. The first explorers and colonists penetrated the interior largely by water and founded their settlements by the banks of streams. The tidal streams, bays, and sounds lying along and just within the shore line provided the earliest means of communication up and down the coast; within the memory of living men, most of the freight and passengers along the Florida coast and keys were carried in small schooners plying the coastal waterways. Where the coastal waterways were separated by narrow strips of land, freight, passengers, and even the smaller boats themselves were "hailed over" the land separating the waterways, and the word "haulover" remains in the names of several localities. Where the natural coastal waterways were more widely separated, it became necessary for the small vessels to make portions of their trips in open waters at considerable hazard to boats, passengers, and crew.

Under these conditions, it was natural that the improvement and interconnection of the various natural waterways early became a matter of need, and that the first individual local plans should have consolidated ultimately into the concept of a continuous intracoastal waterway along the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts. The earliest local improvement was the digging of a canal from Ipswich Bay to Gloucester Bay, Mass., in 1643. A canal across Cape Cod was proposed as early as 1676. It is reported that the Indians dug a channel across a narrow neck of land on Long Island to float their canoes from Great Peconic Bay to Shinnecock Bay; later the colonists enlarged this canal and dug others. George Washington made a survey for the Dismal Swamp Canal in Virginia in 1755, although the canal was not opened until 1820. In 1826, Congress authorized the first survey for a canal across the Florida peninsula. In 1829, a private toll lock canal was opened between Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, the United States contributing \$450,000 toward the total cost of \$2,250,000. Between 1831 and 1834, the Delaware and Raritan Canal, providing water connection between New York and Philadelphia, was constructed by private capital, and until closed to traffic in recent years, constituted an important link in the Waterway. The Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal, connecting Norfolk, Virginia, with Albemarle Sound, was started as a private enterprise in 1856.

The first actual work done by the Federal government was begun in 1828, when an appropriation was made for enlarging the Waterway between the St. Johns River in Florida and Cumberland Sound in Georgia. In 1837, a survey was authorized between the southern end of the Dismal Swamp Canal, in North Carolina, and Winyah Bay, South Carolina. Between 1836 and 1838, appropriations were made for removing a shoal in New River, North Carolina. In 1844, \$1,500 was appropriated to

Appendix A

cut a canal between Mosquito Lagoon and Indian River in Florida; by 1854, a canal 8 feet wide and 2 feet deep existed at that locality.

From these early, small, and scattered beginnings, steps toward the realization of the complete Waterway have followed. Consistent improvement toward a comprehensive plan began in 1873, when a project was adopted providing for a channel 7 feet deep and 60 feet wide in the Southern Branch of the Elizabeth River at Norfolk, Virginia, from Deep Creek to the northern entrance to the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal. In 1874, a channel 11 feet deep and 80 feet wide was begun between the St. Johns River and Nassau Inlet, Florida. During the decade 1880-1889, twelve projects were adopted involving improvements of sections of the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway; between 1890 and 1899, thirteen projects; between 1900 and 1909, seven projects; between 1910 and 1919, sixteen projects; between 1920 and 1929, six projects; and between 1930 and 1939, twenty-three projects. Further improvements are under consideration.

As a result of these various activities, at first unrelated and local, the Waterway has been created, so that it is now possible for commercial tows and craft of limited dimensions to ply from Boston to Key West, across Florida between the Atlantic and the Gulf, and along the Gulf Coast of Florida between Punta Rassa and Clearwater, with a minimum of exposure to the hazards of movement on the open ocean or Gulf of Mexico. Certain sections have not as yet been authorized as Federal projects, notably those between New York Harbor and Delaware Bay (partially provided for by the New Jersey State waterway along the coast of New Jersey), between Florida Bay and Key West, between San Carlos Bay and Sarasota Bay, and between Clearwater Harbor and St. Marks, Florida.

3. *Construction*—The work of constructing the various sections of the Waterway has been done by every type of earthmoving equipment available at the time, although the greater part of the present Waterway is the work of hydraulic pipe-line dredges, owned by the Government and by dredging contractors. The first Annisquam Canal was dug by hand labor, or possibly a primitive type of dragline. The earliest work on the Dismal Swamp Canal, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, was done by hand with slave labor. Excavation for the original Chesapeake and Delaware Canal was done by pick and shovel and the material hauled away by mules and carts. All of these methods belong to the past. The modern Waterway has been created by hydraulic pipe-line dredges, dipper dredges, draglines, power shovels, and similar modern excavating equipment.

During the initial construction in the highland section of the Waterway between Little River and Waccamaw River, South Carolina, it was necessary to make use of elevated pools formed by constructing earth dams. By raising the water level in these pools, the height to which the dredged material has to be raised above the dredges to reach the disposal areas, was reduced an average of about 18 feet. The pools permitted the dredges to remove first the soft material lying on top of cemented sand

Cruising to Florida

and shell conglomerate and sandstone. The latter materials were then drilled and blasted, and dredged down to grade. To keep the pools at the required elevation, pumping plants were installed at the dams to provide additional water when needed. Crossing low ground at creeks and natural drainageways, longitudinal dikes were built to form a trough for the elevated pools. To care for natural drainage into the canal, pumping plants were installed and operated on the upland side of the canal at creek crossings. Upon completion of the work, the dams were dredged out and the water level was lowered.

In some places, notably parts of the Long Island Waterway and in Lake Okeechobee, the prime purpose of the dredging was to secure material for land fills or levees, but the dredging was controlled in such a way that the resulting "borrow pits" formed navigable channels.

While dredging constituted the bulk of the work, many bridges had to be built or rebuilt in the course of the construction of the various sections of the Waterway. Stone jetties have been placed at several entrances to sections of the Waterway from open waters, and dredging in approach channels has been performed by seagoing hopper dredges. Old locks have been removed to make the Waterway a sea-level passage, or have been replaced by larger and more modern locks.

4. *Detailed description*—*Annisquam Canal* extends across the base of Cape Ann from Ipswich Bay on the north to Gloucester Harbor on the south. The portion of this waterway known as the Annisquam River is tidal and extends from Ipswich Bay to a point about 1,800 feet from Gloucester Harbor. The remaining section is known as the Blynman Canal. The channel is 8 feet deep and 60 to 200 feet wide. This waterway is crossed by two bridges.

Cape Cod Canal is a sea-level waterway extending from a point in Cape Cod Bay, about 15 miles southeast of Plymouth, to the head of Buzzards Bay. The canal proper, measured between the shore lines, is 7.6 miles long, with approach channels one-half mile long in Cape Cod Bay and 5 miles long in Buzzards Bay. The project provides for a channel 32 feet deep and 500 to 700 feet wide. Subnormal tides, which occur fortnightly, may temporarily reduce the depth to 26 feet. The mean range of tide in Cape Cod Bay is 9.4 feet and in Buzzards Bay 4 feet. Reversing currents with maximum velocity of about 6 miles per hour are set up through the canal by these tides, with attendant swift and slack water four times daily. The canal is crossed by two high-level highway bridges and a vertical lift railway bridge.

Information on operating conditions, widths, depths, or other data concerning the canal is available by telephone, telegraph, or radio at all hours, day or night. The telephone call is Buzzards Bay 97. The nearest ship-to-shore telephone station is at Scituate (call letters WOU), through which conversations may be had with the canal authority. The nearest radio-telegraph station is at Chatham (call letters WIM and WCC), whence messages are relayed by telephone to the canal authority.

The radiotelephone at the Canal Office, Buzzards Bay, is now in continuous

Appendix A

operation. Call letters are WZBA, and the frequency is 2350 kc. Only calls on the above frequency can be answered.

Waterway via Long Island Sound and New York Harbor—This route, 407.5 miles long, follows Buzzards Bay, Block Island Sound, Long Island Sound, East River, Upper and Lower New York Bays, the Atlantic Ocean, and Delaware Bay and River to Reedy Point, at the entrance to the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.

East River is under Federal improvement. It is 16 miles long and is 35 feet deep and 550 to 1,000 feet wide from Throgs Neck, at the western end of Long Island Sound, to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, thence 40 feet deep and 1,000 feet wide to its junction with the Hudson River and Anchorage Channel in Upper New York Bay. It is crossed by seven high-level bridges.

Anchorage and Ambrose Channels, the main channels passing through Upper and Lower Bays respectively, are 40 feet deep and 2,000 feet wide.

Waterway from Great Peconic Bay to East Rockaway Inlet—This inland water route, 83 miles long, includes the Shinnecock Canal (1.5 miles long), connecting Great Peconic Bay with Shinnecock Bay. In the canal is a small tidal lock 100 feet long and 32 feet wide, with $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet over the sills at mean low water. A channel 6 feet deep and 100 feet wide has been provided by the Federal government in the section from the south end of the Shinnecock Canal through Shinnecock Bay and Moriches Bay to Great South Bay opposite Patchogue, a length of 34 miles. Thence to a point opposite Fire Island Inlet, for 18 miles, the Federal project provides for a channel 10 feet deep and 200 feet wide. Then through connecting waterways to East Rockaway Inlet, for a distance of 31 miles, the State of New York and the town of Hempstead have provided channels with depths of 8 feet. The Federal project for East Rockaway Inlet provides an entrance channel 250 feet wide and 12 feet deep, protected at present by one jetty. The west jetty remains to be constructed. Twelve bridges cross this section of the Waterway.

The inland route which formerly existed between New York Bay and the Delaware River, known as the Delaware and Raritan Canal, is no longer available for through navigation. The canal, formerly maintained by the Pennsylvania Railroad as lessee, has reverted to the State of New Jersey and is not in use.

New Jersey Inland Waterway, Manasquan Inlet to Delaware Bay—This is a sea-level waterway, roughly paralleling the Atlantic Coast. It is entered at its north end through Manasquan Inlet, 28 miles south of Sandy Hook. This inlet has been improved by the Federal government, through the construction of jetties and dredging, to provide a channel 8 feet deep at mean low water, from the sea into Manasquan River. From this point, the State of New Jersey has provided light-draft channels through the tidal bays and connecting waterways for 111 miles to Cape May Harbor at the southern end of the State. Cape May Harbor has an outlet to the ocean protected by jetties through Cold Spring Inlet, maintained under a Federal project providing for a channel 25 feet deep at mean low water and 400 feet wide. The harbor

Cruising to Florida

is connected with Delaware Bay by the Cape May Canal, constructed in 1942 by the Federal government. The Delaware Bay entrance to the canal is located approximately 3.6 miles above Cape May Point, and is protected by jetties. The canal was dredged 12 feet deep and 100 feet wide. Barnegat Inlet, 24 miles south of Manasquan Inlet, provides an entrance to the Waterway. The Federal government has provided two converging stone jetties at the ocean entrance of the inlet, and has dredged a channel 8 feet deep across the flats in Barnegat Bay to connect with the Inland Waterway. Access to the Inland Waterway is also available through Absecon Inlet, where a Federal project provides for a channel 20 feet deep and 400 feet wide, unprotected by jetties. With the exception of the inlets and Cape May Canal, the New Jersey Inland Waterway is maintained by the State as a 6-foot project.

There are 29 bridges crossing the State waterway and 3 crossing the Cape May Canal. The canal provides a safe, short route whereby small craft may avoid the dangerous tide rips encountered in rounding Cape May Point, and proceed up Delaware Bay and River to the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.

Chesapeake and Delaware Canal—This canal extends from its eastern terminus at Reedy Point on Delaware River to the junction of Back Creek and Elk River, about four miles west of Chesapeake City, Maryland, a distance of 19 miles. It includes a branch channel (the old entrance to the canal), extending from Delaware City, Delaware, a distance of 1.8 miles, to its junction with the main canal west of Reedy Point. The main entrance at Reedy Point is between two stone jetties about 800 feet apart at the outer ends, with the channel located midway between them. The project provides for a depth in the main channel of 27 feet at mean low water. Four bridges cross the main canal and one crosses the branch canal. Currents in the canal are moderate during fair weather, ranging from 1 to $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles per hour, with the highest velocities at the Summit and Pennsylvania Railroad Bridges. Storm tides increase these velocities to as much as 3 miles per hour.

Lewes-Rehoboth Canal—This is a sea-level inland waterway, generally paralleling the Atlantic Coast. It is entered at its north end from Delaware Bay through an artificial inlet 3 miles west of Cape Henlopen, near Lewes, Delaware, and extends southerly about 15 miles to Rehoboth Bay. A Federal project provides for a waterway 6 feet deep and 50 to 200 feet wide, with jetty protection at the entrances to Delaware Bay and Rehoboth Bay. There is no Federal project covering the waterway from the south end of the Lewes-Rehoboth Canal to Ocean City, Maryland, and depths are not known.

Indian River Inlet, 13 miles south of Cape Henlopen, affords an outlet to the ocean. Two parallel stone jetties have been constructed under a Federal project to protect the inlet channel. The project also provides for an inlet channel 15 feet deep and 200 feet wide, and for a channel 6 feet deep and 100 feet wide across the flats inside the inlet to deep water in Indian River Bay.

Assawoman Canal, which forms a part of the waterway south of Indian River Bay,

Appendix A

is believed to have a controlling depth of about 1 foot. Fixed highway bridges crossing the canal limit the vertical clearance to 5 feet.

Ocean City Harbor and Inlet, and Sinepuxent Bay, Maryland—This project provides for an inlet channel 10 feet deep and 200 feet wide, protected by jetties, from the Atlantic Ocean at Ocean City to a protected harbor on the mainland opposite the inlet; a channel 6 feet deep and 150 feet wide in Sinepuxent Bay from the inlet channel southward to Green Point, thence 100 feet wide into Chincoteague Bay in the general vicinity of Public Landing; and a channel 6 feet deep and 125 feet wide from the inlet channel northward to a point opposite North Eighth Street in Ocean City, thence 75 feet wide into Isle of Wight Bay in the general vicinity of the mouth of the St. Martin River. Vessels requiring not more than 6 feet of water now have a through route from Ocean City via Sinepuxent and Chincoteague Bays to Chincoteague.

Waterway on the coast of Virginia—This project provides for a channel 4 feet deep and 25 feet wide in Cat River, a distance of 2 miles, and 4 feet deep and 50 feet wide across Bogues Bay for a further distance of one-half mile.

Waterway from Norfolk, Virginia, to Beaufort Inlet, North Carolina—This is a sea-level waterway, 204 miles long and 12 feet deep, with widths varying from 90 feet in land cuts to 300 feet in open waters. It is entered from the Southern Branch of the Elizabeth River at Norfolk, has a tidal guard lock at Great Bridge, Virginia, and continues through natural waters and land cuts, roughly paralleling the coast, to Beaufort, North Carolina. Eighteen bridges cross this waterway, including those on the Southern Branch of the Elizabeth River, before entering the Waterway proper.

Waterway from Norfolk, Virginia, to the Sounds of North Carolina—This waterway extends from Norfolk, Virginia, 170 miles to its junction with the Norfolk-Beaufort Inlet route at the mouth of Neuse River, North Carolina. It follows the Southern Branch of the Elizabeth River, Deep Creek, the Dismal Swamp Canal, Turners Cut, Pasquotank River, and Albemarle, Croatan, and Pamlico Sounds. There are two new locks, one at each end of the Dismal Swamp Canal, which are 52 feet wide and 300 feet long. Five bridges cross this waterway, not including those on the Southern Branch of Elizabeth River.

Inland Waterway, Beaufort to Cape Fear River, North Carolina—This section, 104.5 miles long, is 12 feet deep and 90 feet wide. It is a sea-level waterway extending southwesterly from Beaufort Harbor through the shallow sounds and marine marshes lying between the barrier beach and the mainland, and reaches Cape Fear River through a land cut. Branch channels extend to Jacksonville and Swansboro, North Carolina. Four bridges cross this waterway.

Intracoastal Waterway, Cape Fear River, North Carolina, to Winyah Bay, South Carolina—This section is 95.5 miles long, 12 feet deep, and 90 feet wide. Proceeding westerly from Cape Fear River near Southport, a through route to Georgetown on Winyah Bay is provided by channels dredged in the shallow sounds and streams

Cruising to Florida

and marine marsh to the head of Little River, South Carolina; thence by a land cut to Waccamaw River, whence the deeper Waccamaw River channel is available to Winyah Bay. There are four bridges over this section of the Waterway.

Waterway from Winyah Bay to Charleston, South Carolina—This section is 63.5 miles long and has been dredged 12 feet deep and 90 feet wide. It commences in Winyah Bay opposite Georgetown, passes down Winyah Bay 6 miles, thence through a cut across old fields and high land known as the Estherville-Minim Creek Canal, thence through Duck Creek, North Santee River, and a cut across the Santee Delta to South Santee River; then follows creeks, sounds, rivers, bays, and extensive marsh-land cuts to Charleston Harbor. There is one bridge crossing this section. A branch channel is available to McClellanville, South Carolina.

Waterway from Charleston to Beaufort, South Carolina—This section is 68.5 miles long and has been dredged 12 feet deep and 90 feet wide. The Waterway commences at Charleston, follows Ashley River about 2 miles, thence through Wappoo Creek, Stono, Wadmalaw, and Dawho Rivers, North Creek, Watts Cut, South Edisto River, Fenwicks Cut, Ashepoo River, Ashepoo-Coosaw Cutoff, Coosaw River, Brickyard Creek, and Beaufort River to Beaufort, South Carolina. Six bridges cross this Waterway.

Waterway from Beaufort, South Carolina, to St. Johns River, Florida—This waterway comprises various tidal streams and cut-offs, generally paralleling the coast. The main route is 205.7 miles long, 12 feet deep, and 90 feet wide. A protected alternative route around St. Andrew Sound has been deepened to 7 feet. Five bridges cross this section of the Waterway.

Intracoastal Waterway from Jacksonville, Florida, to Miami, Florida—This waterway extends from Jacksonville down the St. Johns River 23 miles to the mouth of Pablo Creek; thence southerly for 349 miles, paralleling the East Coast of Florida and following in general the course of the former Florida East Coast Canal through natural and connecting waterways to Miami on Biscayne Bay, a total distance of 372 miles. The project provides for a channel 100 feet wide and 8 feet deep, and was completed in 1935. Fifty-two bridges cross this section of the Waterway, exclusive of the bridges across the St. Johns River at Jacksonville.

Intracoastal Waterway, Miami to Florida Bay, and Waterway thence to Key West and along Gulf Coast to St. Marks, Florida—The project channel, 7 feet deep and 75 feet wide, from Miami to Florida Bay in the vicinity of Cross Bank, south of Tavernier, was completed in 1939. There is one bridge on this route, and two bridges are under construction. From Cross Bank to Key West, there is a marked channel with a depth of about 5 feet. West of Bethel Bank, there is a passage through the keys, passing the Moser Channel Bridge, and using Hawk Channel, an outside passage, to Key West. From Key West to San Carlos Bay (at the mouth of the Caloosahatchee River), the outside passage must be used, except for the channel from Big Marco Pass to Gordon Pass—a part of the existing project channel from Naples to Big Marco Pass, which is 6 feet deep and 70 feet wide. From San Carlos Bay, through Pine

Appendix A

Island Sound, to Charlotte Harbor, an inside channel with a depth of 6 feet has been provided. From Charlotte Harbor to Caseys Pass (Venice Inlet), no project exists and the outside route must be used. Jetties protect Venice Inlet, which has an 8-foot entrance channel to Roberts Bay. From Venice Inlet, via Little Sarasota and Sarasota Bays, Sarasota Pass, and Tampa and Boca Ciega Bays, to Clearwater Harbor, an inside channel 50 to 75 feet wide through shoal areas is available, with depths of 3.0 feet from Nokomis to Sarasota, 7.0 feet from Sarasota to Tampa Bay, and 5.0 feet from Tampa Bay to Clearwater. Ten bridges cross this route.

From Clearwater north to the mouth of Anclote River, natural channels about 4 feet deep are found in St. Josephs Sound and Anclote Anchorage. From Anclote Anchorage, there is no inside route until the eastern terminus of the completed Gulf Intracoastal Waterway is reached at Carrabelle, Florida, about 30 miles east of Apalachicola, Florida. However, boats running outside may find refuge during bad weather by entering the Anclote River (depth 9 feet), approximately 16 miles north of Clearwater; the Homosassa River (depth 5 feet), approximately 53 miles north of Clearwater; the Crystal River (depth 6 feet), approximately 68 miles north of Clearwater; the Withlacoochee River (depth 10 feet to Port Inglis), about 73 miles north of Clearwater; Cedar Keys Harbor (depth 10 feet), about 94 miles north of Clearwater; the Steinhatchee River (depth 6 feet), about 143 miles north of Clearwater; or the St. Marks River (depth 10 feet), about 192 miles north of Clearwater.

Okeechobee Cross-Florida Waterway—The project for this Waterway includes a navigation channel not less than 6 feet deep and 80 feet wide, with locks from its intersection with the Jacksonville-Miami Intracoastal Waterway at St. Lucie Inlet, through St. Lucie River and Canal to Lake Okeechobee; across Lake Okeechobee or along the eastern and southern shores of the lake to Moore Haven; from Moore Haven through the Caloosahatchee Canal and River to the open Gulf of Mexico, a distance of 155 miles. Nineteen bridges cross this Waterway. All dredging required for this Waterway has been completed.

Appendix B

The data in this Appendix has been prepared from material included in recent publications of the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army, War Department. The information regarding bridge clearances will be found particularly helpful. In the following tabulation, this information has been divided into sections corresponding to the districts into which the Waterway has been separated for supervision by engineers of the U.S. Army. By thus dividing this material, it becomes easier to locate a particular bridge, or series of bridges, encountered in any day's cruise.

Bridge Clearances: NORFOLK DISTRICT

LOCATION	TYPE	VERTICAL CLEARANCE M.L.W.	STATUTE MILES *
SOUTHERN BRANCH			
ELIZABETH RIVER			
N. & P.B.L. RR.	Swing-Power	15.0	2.6
Norfolk-Portsmouth U.S.			
Hy. Bridge No. 460	Vertical Lift	17.7	2.9
Virginia Ry.	Swing-Power	12.0	3.7
State Hy. No. 13	Bascule	10.0	6.3
N. & W. Ry.	Bascule	10.0	6.3
N. & P.B.L. RR.	Swing-Hand	10.0	8.4
State Hy. No. 166	Swing-Hand	9.0	9.2
VIRGINIA CUT			
Great Bridge, Va.	Lock		12.0
Great Bridge, State Hy.			
No. 170	Bascule	6.5	12.5
N.S. Ry.	Bascule	7.4	14.2
State Hy. No. 604	Swing-Hand	5.0	15.5
NORTH LANDING RIVER			
State Hy. No. 165	Bascule	7.0	20.2
DEEP CREEK			
Deep Creek, Va.	Lock		10.8
DISMAL SWAMP CANAL			
U.S. Hy. No. 17	Bascule	4.6	11.1
Wallaceton, Va.	Bascule	4.9	20.9
South Mills, N.C., U.S.			
Hy. No. 341	Bascule	4.6	32.3
South Mills, N.C.	Lock		32.8
PASQUOTANK RIVER			
N.S. RR.	Swing-Hand	3.0	47.3
Elizabeth City, N.C.,			
Hy. No. 30	Bascule	12.7	51.3

* Distance in statute miles from the foot of West Main Street, Norfolk.

Appendix B

Bridge Clearances: WILMINGTON, N.C., DISTRICT

LOCATION	TYPE	VERTICAL CLEARANCE M.L.W.	STATUTE MILES †
Coinjock, N.C.	Bascule	7.0	15.9
Fairfield, N.C.	Swing-Power	9.8	79.8
Wilkerson Creek	Swing-Hand	9.8	91.9
Hobucken, N.C.	Swing-Hand	7.0	123.2
Core Creek	Swing-Power	18.9	161.8
B. & M. RR., Newport River	Swing-Power	5.4	169.8
Newport River Hy.	Bascule	10.0	169.8
Morehead City Hy.	Swing-Power	9.4	173.0
Hurst Beach	Pontoon-Power	—	207.5
Sears Landing	Pontoon-Power	—	226.9
Wrightsville Hy. & RR.	Bascule	6.7	249.1
Carolina Beach Hy.	Swing-Power	16.7	261.6
Fort Caswell Bridge, Southport	Swing-Power	13.0	277.8

† Distance in statute miles from Virginia-North Carolina State Line.

Bridge Clearances: CHARLESTON, S.C., DISTRICT

			STATUTE MILES ‡
Little River, S.C., Hy.	Swing-Power	13.0	5.3
Myrtle Beach Hy. & RR.	Bascule	19.2	23.4
Socastee Hy.	Swing-Power	14.5	29.0
Lafayette Hy., Waccamaw River	Swing-Power	16.0	59.9
Ben Sawyer Hy.	Swing-Power	37.5	120.2
Wappoo Creek Hy.	Swing-Power	17.7	128.8
S.A.L. Ry. (North Bridge)	Swing-Power	11.4	135.0
Johns Island Hy.	Swing-Hand	13.0	137.3
S.A.L. Ry. (South Bridge)	Swing-Hand	11.0	140.6
Dawho River Hy.	Swing-Hand	11.0	159.3

‡ Distance in statute miles from town of Little River, S.C., which marks the northern end of the Charleston District.

Bridge Clearances: SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, DISTRICT

			STATUTE MILES §
Ladies Island Hy., Beaufort, S.C.	Swing-Hand	27.3	0.0
Wilmington River Hy., Thunderbolt, Ga.	Swing-Power	13.0	46.2
Frederica River Hy., St. Simon Island, Ga.	Swing-Power	17.0	139.5

§ Distance in statute miles from Beaufort, S.C.

Cruising to Florida

Bridge Clearances: JACKSONVILLE, FLA., DISTRICT

LOCATION	TYPE	VERTICAL CLEARANCE M.L.W.	STATUTE MILES
S.A.L. Ry., 4 miles south of Fernandina, Fla.	Swing-Hand	9.3	3.7
Kingsley Creek Hy., 4 miles south of Fernandina	Swing-Power	12.0	3.7
Sisters Creek Hy.	Bascule	13.0	22.5
Pablo Creek Hy., 4.3 miles south of St. Johns River	Bascule	7.8	27.6
Palm Valley, Jacksonville	Bascule	13.6	41.8
Vilano Beach Hy.	Bascule	12.6	60.1
St. Augustine	Bascule	29.3	61.2
Crescent Beach	Bascule	10.6	71.5
Flagler Beach	Swing-Hand	6.5	93.8
Bulow Creek Hy., 5 miles south of Flagler Beach	Swing-Hand	5.5	99.2
Ormond	Swing-Power	5.2	108.1
Daytona Beach (Seabreeze)	Swing (Span open)		112.3
Daytona Beach (Central)	Bascule	10.0	112.9
Daytona Beach (Concrete)	Swing (Span open)	10.0	113.3
Daytona Beach (South)	Bascule	11.1	113.9
Coronado Beach	Swing-Power	10.7	128.5
New Smyrna Beach	Swing-Power	8.8	130.0
Allenhurst-Haulover Canal	Swing-Hand	7.4	152.8
Titusville	Swing-Hand	11.0	162.4
Cocoa	Swing-Power	6.2	181.5
Eau Gallie	Swing-Power	11.0	198.0
Melbourne	Swing-Hand	10.0	201.8
Wabasso	Swing-Hand	10.3	226.7
Winter Beach	Abandoned		229.8
Vero Beach	Swing-Hand	10.3	235.6
Fort Pierce (North)	Swing-Hand	10.5	248.5
Fort Pierce (South)	Swing-Power	9.5	249.5
Jensen	Swing-Hand	10.0	264.9
Hobe Sound (North End)	Bascule	12.1	279.4
Jupiter Island Hy. 140	Swing-Power	9.7	287.6
¶ Jupiter River	Bascule	9.6	288.5
2.7 miles north of Lake Park	Bascule	6.2	296.6
2.5 miles north of Lake Park, U.S. Hy. No. 1	Bascule	15.3	297.2
Riviera (1 mile north of Lake Worth Inlet)	Bascule	11.5	300.7
West Palm Beach (Flagler)	Bascule	20.0	305.2
West Palm Beach (Royal Palm)	Swing-Power	12.5	306.1

|| Distance in statute miles from Fernandina, Florida.

¶ This bridge does not cross the Inland Waterway.

Appendix B

Bridge Clearances: JACKSONVILLE, FLA., DISTRICT (Cont'd)

LOCATION	TYPE	VERTICAL CLEARANCE M.L.W.	STATUTE MILES
West Palm Beach (Southern Blvd.)	Bascule	12.7	308.1
Lake Worth	Bascule	17.0	312.2
Lantana	Swing-Hand	13.0	314.3
Boynton Beach	Bascule	10.0	318.4
Delray Beach	Bascule	7.5	322.9
Boca Raton (North)	Bascule	10.2	331.5
Lake Boca Raton (South)	Bascule	11.8	332.3
Deerfield Beach	Swing-Hand	7.0	333.2
Pompano Beach	Swing-Hand	6.3	339.3
Oakland Park	Swing-Hand	9.0	343.8
Fort Lauderdale, 10th Street	Bascule	17.5	345.5
Fort Lauderdale, Las Olas Blvd.	Swing-Power	8.4	347.2
Dania Beach	Swing-Hand	5.0	352.7
Hollywood Beach	Bascule	11.0	355.5
Hallandale Beach	Swing-Hand	10.8	357.3
North Miami Beach (Fulford)	Swing-Hand	8.0	361.3
North Miami Beach (Under Construction)	Bascule	Unlimited	361.3
Miami (79th St. Causeway)	Bascule	20.0	367.8
Miami (Venetian Causeway)	Bascule	10.0	371.9
Miami (MacArthur Causeway)	Bascule	9.5	372.2
Miami (Rickenbacker Causeway) [Under Construction]	Bascule	Unlimited	375.0
Barnes Sound	Swing-Hand	9.0	410.5
Jewish Creek	Bascule	12.0	417.5
** North End Lower Matecumbe Key (Indian Key Channel)	Bascule	10.0	445.5
** North End Long Key (Channel 5)	Bascule	10.5	452.5
5 miles north of Bahia Honda (Moser Channel)	Swing	25.0	480.5

|| Distance in statute miles from Fernandina, Florida.

** These bridges do not cross the marked channel; however, they may be utilized by small craft in passing from the outside (Hawk) Channel to the more protected channel northwesterly of the Keys.

Bridge Clearances: OKEECHOBEE CROSS-FLORIDA WATERWAY

			STATUTE MILES ††
ST. LUCIE RIVER & CANAL			
Stuart, F.E.C. Ry.	Bascule	8.2	7.5
Stuart, Roosevelt Hy.	Bascule	15.0	7.5
Palm City Hy.	Bascule	10.5	9.5

†† Distance in statute miles from the intersection with the Intracoastal Waterway.

Cruising to Florida

Bridge Clearances: OKEECHOBEE CROSS-FLORIDA WATERWAY (Cont'd)

LOCATION	TYPE	VERTICAL CLEARANCE M.L.W.	STATUTE MILES ††
Palm City Farms Hy.	Swing-Hand	9.9	17.1
Indiantown Hy.	Swing-Hand	15.0	27.9
Indiantown, S.A.L. Ry.	Swing-Hand	9.5	28.2
Port Mayaca, F.E.C. Ry.	Vertical Lift	51.5 Raised	38.0
Port Mayaca Hy.	Swing-Power	13.3	38.8
LAKE OKEECHOBEE—South Shore			
Route			
Torry Island Hy.	Swing-Power	13.7	60.7
CALOOSAHATCHEE RIVER & CANAL			
Moore Haven, A.C.L. RR.	Swing-Hand	8.2	75.7
Moore Haven Hy.	Swing-Hand	8.3	76.1
Ortona, A.C.L. RR.	Swing-Hand	14.2	91.4
LaBelle Hy. No. 142	Swing-Hand	12.5	100.4
Fort Denaud Hy.	Swing-Hand	11.4	105.6
Alva Hy.	Swing-Hand	11.3	113.4
Olga Hy.	Swing-Hand	8.9	120.2
Beautiful Island, A.C.L. RR.	Swing-Hand	6.2	127.3
Fort Myers, S.A.L. Ry.	Swing-Hand	6.6	130.8
Fort Myers, Edison Hy.	Bascule	9.7 Center	131.9

†† Distance in statute miles from the intersection with the Intracoastal Waterway.

Locks: OKEECHOBEE CROSS-FLORIDA WATERWAY (Cont'd)

LOCK	CONTROLLING DIMENSIONS		AVAIL. DEPTH OVER SILLS		STATUTE MILES ††
	Width	Length	Lower	Upper	
St. Lucie Lock	50	250	11.0	13.5	15.1
Moore Haven Lock	50	250	11.0	10.0	75.4
Ortona Lock	50	250	11.0	12.0	90.9

NOTE: The Moore Haven, Ortona, and St. Lucie Locks are used, when conditions require, for discharging water from Lake Okeechobee. Caution should be used by all vessels approaching these locks during periods of discharge.

†† Distance in statute miles from the intersection with the Intracoastal Waterway, St. Lucie Inlet.

	ST. LUCIE INLET, FLA.	PALM BEACH, FLA.	MIAMI, FLA.	KEY WEST, FLA.	FORT MYERS, FLA.	SARASOTA, FLA.	ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.	TAMPA, FLA.	CLEARWATER, FLA.	CARRABELLE, FLA.
BOSTON, MAS	1694	1728	1796	1948	1826	1909	1948	1965	1958	2195
NEWPORT, R.	1580	1614	1682	1834	1712	1795	1834	1851	1844	2081
PROVIDENCE,	1605	1639	1707	1859	1737	1820	1859	1876	1869	2106
NEW HAVEN,	1501	1535	1603	1755	1633	1716	1755	1772	1765	2002
NEW YORK, N	1429	1463	1531	1683	1561	1644	1683	1700	1693	1930
NEWARK, N.J.	1435	1469	1537	1689	1567	1650	1689	1706	1699	1936
ATLANTIC CI	1320	1354	1422	1574	1452	1535	1574	1591	1584	1821
PHILADELPHI	1252	1286	1354	1506	1384	1467	1506	1523	1516	1753
TRENTON, N.	1286	1320	1388	1540	1418	1501	1540	1557	1550	1787
WILMINGTON	1228	1262	1330	1482	1360	1443	1482	1499	1492	1729
BALTIMORE,	1169	1203	1271	1423	1301	1384	1423	1440	1433	1670
WASHINGTON	1175	1209	1277	1429	1307	1390	1429	1446	1439	1676
NORFOLK, VA	989	1023	1091	1243	1121	1204	1243	1260	1253	1490
RICHMOND, V	1079	1113	1181	1333	1211	1294	1333	1350	1343	1580
BEAUFORT, N	785	819	887	1039	917	1000	1039	1056	1049	1286
WILMINGTON	702	736	804	956	834	917	956	973	966	1203
GEORGETOWN	585	619	687	839	717	800	839	856	849	1086
CHARLESTON.	521	555	623	775	653	736	775	792	785	1022
BEAUFORT, S.	453	487	555	707	585	668	707	724	717	954
SAVANNAH, G	415	449	517	669	547	630	669	686	679	916
JACKSONVILL	270	304	372	524	402	485	524	541	534	771
ST. AUGUSTIN	209	243	311	463	341	424	463	480	473	710
DAYTONA BE.	158	192	260	412	290	373	412	429	422	659
ST. LUCIE INL		34	102	254	132	215	254	271	264	501
PALM BEACH,	34		68	220	166	249	288	305	298	535
MIAMI, FLA.	102	68		152	234	317	356	373	366	603
KEY WEST, F	254	220	152		158	209	248	265	258	495
FORT MYERS,	132	166	234	158		83	122	139	132	369
SARASOTA, FI	215	249	317	209	83		39	56	49	286
ST. PETERSBU	254	288	356	248	122	39		22	50	287
TAMPA, FLA.	271	305	373	265	139	56	22		62	299
CLEARWATER	264	298	366	258	132	49	50	62		237
CARRABELLE,	501	535	603	495	369	286	287	299	237	

Index

A

- Adams Creek, N.C., 73
 Albemarle-Chesapeake Canal, inferiority of,
 to Dismal Swamp Canal, 47, 51, 54
 Albemarle Sound, N.C., 62, 63-65
 Alcohol, 6, 9, 59
 added to water in gasoline tanks, 59
 Alligator River, N.C., 65, 67
 Alligator River Bar, N.C., 62, 65
 Alligator River-Pungo River Canal, N.C.,
 65, 67
 Alligators, 150
 Altamaha Sound, Ga., 111
 Anchorage (*see* Mooring)
 Anchors, Danforth type, 7
 kedge, blunt-fluked, 7
 yachtsman-type, 7
 Navy-type, 7
 Andersonville, S.C., 91
 Annapolis, 30, 36, 37
 Annapolis Academy, 36
 Annapolis Yacht Anchorage, 30
 Annapolis Yacht Club, 37
Apache, 18 ff.
 description of, 18
 partners in ownership of, bought out, 19
 purchase of, 18
 sale of, 31
 Appendix A, information in, on Intra-
 coastal Waterway, 178-187
 Appendix B, information in, on bridge
 clearances, 188-192
 Aquatic birds, 150, 168
 Ashpoo-Coosaw Cutoff, S.C., 96
 Ashley River, S.C., 91, 92
 Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway (*see* Intra-
 coastal Waterway)
 Auxiliary, shoal draft, proper size of, 5

B

- Back Creek, Md., 27
 Back River, Chesapeake Bay, 48
 Bacom Point, at Lake Okeechobee, 157
 Bahamas, papers obtainable for cruise to,
 176
 Baker, Don, 145
 Balfe, Alex, 139, 140
 Ballast Creek, S.C., 98, 104
 Baltimore, 31
 Baltimore Lighthouse, in Chesapeake Bay,
 29, 30
 Barometer, 10, 107
 Batteries, storage, 11
 Battery Creek, S.C., 97
 Bay Front Park, in Miami, 139
 Bay Point, N.C., 69
 Bay River, N.C., 69
 Beaufort, N.C., 74
 Beaufort, S.C., 96, 97
 floating hotel at, 97
 no docking facilities at, 97
 pronounced differently from Beaufort,
 N.C., 96
 Beaufort River, S.C., 98
 Belhaven, N.C., 68, 69
 Bemini, Bahama Islands, 176
 Betterton, Md., yachtsmen unwelcome at,
 28
 Bird refuges, 168
 Biscayne Bay, Fla., speedboat nuisance in,
 138
 Bloody Point Bar Lighthouse, in Chesa-
 peake Bay, 41
 Boatyards (*see* Mooring)
 Boca Raton, Fla., 132
 Bogue Inlet, N.C., 77
 Bohemia River, Md., 27, 28
 Bond, Howard, anchorage of, 137
 Boynton, Fla., 132
 Brahma cattle, 150
 Brandywine Light, in Delaware Bay, 21
 Bridges (*see* Drawbridges)
 Broad Creek, N.C., anchorage at, 62, 63, 72
 Brunswick, Ga., 110
 Bucksport, S.C., 88
 Bull Creek, S.C., 104

Index

Buoys, importance of identifying, 106
 Bush, Maj. Donald S., 102
 Buying a boat, 18, 31, 32

C

Cabin heating, 6, 171
 Calibogue Sound, Ga., 105
 Caloosahatchee Canal, Fla., 150
 Caloosahatchee River, Fla., 150, 158-160,
 162
 Camden Mill, Va., 51
 Camden Point, N.C., 62, 64
 Canal Point, Lake Okeechobee, 154
Cantine, 95
 Cape Fear River, N.C., 85
 Cape Lookout, N.C., 75
 Cape May, N.J., 20
 Cape May Harbor, N.J., 21
 Carr, Champ, 133
 "Castle, The," on Indian Creek, 46
 Cat Island, S.C., 91
 Cedar Creek, N.C., 73, 74
 Champ Carr Hotel, Fort Lauderdale, 127,
 133
 mooring arrangements made by, 127
 Charleston, S.C., 88, 91-93, 96
 poor shopping in, 93
 stopover at, 92, 93, 96
 Charleston Harbor, S.C., 91
 dredge in, 92
 Charleston Yacht Basin, S.C., Coast Guard
 in, 92
 Charlotte Harbor, Fla., fishing in, 162
 Chart work, 167, 173
 Chartering of boats, 176, 177
 Charts, for Chesapeake Bay, 10, 11
 for Sandy Hook-Key West Waterway,
 10, 11
 Chechessee River, S.C., 104
 Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, 22, 26
 Chesapeake Bay, anchorages in, 27 *ff.*
 charts for, 10
 fish traps in, 41, 43, 45, 46, 48
 weather in, 28, 42, 43
 Chesapeake City, Md., 26
 Chester, Pa., 24, 26
 Chester River, Md., 31
 Chicago and Florida cruise, 2
Chief, 95
 Choptank River, Md., 42, 43

Chris-Crafts (*see Falcon; Lorelei; Sport*)
 Cleveland and Florida cruise, 2
 Clewiston, at Lake Okeechobee, 157
 Coast Guard patrol boat, *Luberta* assisted
 by, 57, 58
 Cocoa, Fla., 121
 Coinjock, N.C., 60-62
 Compass, 10
 purchase of, at Morehead City, 74
Constitution ("Old Ironsides"), 112
 Core Creek, N.C., 74
 Cost, of *Apache*, 18
 of dinghy, 34
 of Florida cruise, 174
 of gasoline, for Florida cruise, 175
 of mooring, 129, 131, 140-142
 of repairs, on Florida cruise, 84, 175
 of upkeep of boat, 141
 County Causeway, Fla., 137
 bridge at, 147
 Cove Point, Md., 42, 43
 Cove Point Lighthouse, in Chesapeake Bay,
 43
 Cranes, 150
 Creeds, Va., 59
 Creeks, method of entering, 62, 63
 Crew, man-and-wife, 13, 14
 qualifications of, 3
 of women, 96
 Cruise to Florida (*see Florida cruise*)
 Cruiser, cabin, proper size of, 5
 Currituck Sound, off N.C., 60

D

Dade Drydock Corp., in Miami, 139
 Daytona Beach, Fla., 119, 120
 DDT, mosquitoes in Lake Okeechobee thrive
 on, 152
 Deep Creek and Dismal Swamp cutoff, 51
 Delaware Bay, 20, 21
 Delaware River, and Essington cruise, 20,
 21
 and Florida cruise, 1
 sewage odors in, 25, 26
 Delray Beach, Fla., 132
Denny, and crew of women, 96
 Detroit and Florida cruise, 2
 Dewees Island, S.C., 91
 Dewey Dry Dock, in Chesapeake Bay, 44
 Dinghy, accessibility of, in emergency, 7

Index

- Dinghy, leak in, 42 *ff.*
 purchase of, 34
 Dink (*see* Dinghy)
 Dismal Swamp Canal, 51, 54
 Dividing Creek, Md., 29
 Doboy Sound, Ga., 111
 Dockage (*see* Mooring)
 Dolphins, mooring (pilings), 52
 Draft of boat for Florida cruise, 4
 Drawbridges, approaching, 169
 clearances of, listed in Appendix B, 188-192
 opening, 3, 4, 169, 170
 precautions in clearing, 170
 tenders of, 170
 types of, 170
 Dredge Harbor, Pa., 25
 Dredge Harbor Yacht Basin, Pa., 25, 26
 Dredging of Intracoastal Waterway, 4, 13
 Drum Island Flats, Chesapeake Bay, 48
 Ducks, 150
- E**
- Eastern Bay, Md., 41, 42
 Eau Gallie, Fla., stopover at, 121, 126, 127, 133
 Eau Gallie Yacht Basin, Fla., anchorage at, 121
 Edison, Thomas A., estate of, at Fort Myers, 163
 Egrets, 150
 Elbow Creek, Fla., 121
 Elbow of Cross Ledge, in Delaware Bay, 22
 Elizabeth City, N.C., 54
 Elizabeth River, Va., 49-51
 Elk River, Md., 27, 28
Elsie B III, 95
 Engine, carburetor of, 6, 170, 171
 care of, 170, 171
 checking, 5
 coil for, spare, 6
 cooling system of, 6
 dependability of, 5
 diesel, 5
 fuel pump for, 6
 gaskets for, 6
 gasoline, 5
 gasoline consumed by, on Florida cruise, 175
 and hose, 6
 Engine, lubricating oil consumed by, on Florida cruise, 175
 lubrication of, 171
 repair kits for, 6
 repairs of, on cruise, 59, 60, 68, 83, 84
 cost of, 175
 spare parts for, stocking of, 5, 6
 spark plugs for, 6
 trouble with, 5
 and water hose, 6
 and water-pump packing, 6
 Entering creeks, method of, 62, 63
 Equipment for Florida cruise (*see* Florida cruise, equipment for)
 Essington, Pa., 21, 24
 Essington Yacht Yard, Pa., 24, 25
- F**
- Falcon*, 49, 79-82
 damaged by steamer, 49, 79
 Fernandina, Fla., 113
 Field, Howard, 65
 Fish traps, in Chesapeake Bay, 41, 43, 45, 46, 48
 Fishing, on Florida cruise, 79, 80, 172, 176
 at Fort Lauderdale, 135
 at Fort Myers, 162
 Fleets Bay, Chesapeake Bay, 47
 Floats, landing, need of, 78
Flood Tide, 87, 88, 104, 112
 Florida, bridges in, 128, 130, 131
 hand-operated instead of power-operated, 132
 signals to tenders of, 169
 and cross-state cruise, 150-164
 interest of, 150
 Inland Waterway of, 120
 racketeering in, 148, 149
 schools in, 1, 14
 Florida cruise, adventure offered by, 175
 boat for, auxiliary equipment of, 3
 crew of, 3, 13, 14
 draft of, 4
 gear on, 3, 6
 passengers of, 3
 power plant of (*see* Engine)
 repair kits on, 6
 size of, 4
 spare parts on, 6
 type of, 4

Index

- Florida cruise, chart work on, 167, 174
 in company with other yachts, 122-125
 cooking on, 173
 cost of, 174-176
 diet on, 167, 168, 173
 and drawbridges, 3, 4, 169, 170
 enjoyment of, 174
 equipment for, 6-11, 174
 anchor, 7
 barometer, 10
 batteries, storage, 11
 binoculars, 10
 chain, 7
 charts, 10, 11
 compass, 10
 dinghy, 7
 engine coil, spare, 6
 funnels, 6
 gaskets, fuel-filter, 6
 ground tackle, 7
 heater, oil, 6
 icebox, 8
 lantern, 6
 pilots (Government publications), 10,
 11
 repair kits, 6
 rubber hose, 6
 scooter, 174
 spark plugs, spare, 6
 U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey publi-
 cations, 10
 (See also Florida cruise, supplies
 for)
 fishing on, 79, 80, 172, 176
 housekeeping on, 172, 173
 mooring method used on, 173
 navigation on (see Navigation)
 preparations for, 1-16
 care required in, 3, 15
 repairs on, 59, 60, 68, 83-85, 175
 routine of, 165-174
 stopovers along route of, 9, 10
 supplies for, 6-9
 alcohol, 6, 9
 ice, 8
 kerosene, 6
 milk, 8
 oil, lubricating, 8, 9
 (See also Florida cruise, equipment
 for)
 time required for, 77, 171, 172, 175
- Florida cruise, variety of stopovers offered
 by, 176
 Florida East Coast Railway Bridge, clear-
 ance of, mast height of boats limited
 by, 152 *n.*
 Fog, 130, 153, 154
 Fort George River, Fla., deserted buildings
 on banks of, 114-116
 Fort George River Club, Fla., 115
 Fort Lauderdale, Fla., 2, 122, 127, 133-136
 business district of, 134
 Chamber of Commerce of, mooring ar-
 ranged by, 127
 fishing at, 135
 landscaping at, 132, 133
 marinas in, 2, 134, 135
 New River docks at, 127
 nouveau riche in, 133
 shopping in, 134
 stopover at, 133-136
 Fort Moultrie, S.C., 91
 bridge at, 91
 Fort Myers, Fla., anchorage at, 161
 attractions of, 162, 163
 Edison estate at, 163
 fishing at, 162
 letter by Mayor of, 163, 164
 possibilities of, as yachting center, 162
 Thomas A. Edison Highway Bridge at,
 160
 yacht basin at, rocky approach to, 160
 a WPA project, 161
 Fort Pierce, Fla., City Yacht Basin at, 128,
 128 *n.*
 Fort Sumter, S.C., 91
 Fourteen Foot Bank Lighthouse, in Dela-
 ware Bay, 21
 Frederica River, Ga., 111
- G
- Gale Creek, N.C., 69
 Gasoline, adulteration of, with water and
 sludge, 53
 difficulties created by, 55, 56
 evening best time for taking aboard, 10,
 173
 and oil dock attendants, poor service by,
 28, 52, 53, 55, 61, 97, 113
 quantity of, consumed during Florida
 cruise, 175

Index

- Gasoline, refunds on, in Maryland and North Carolina, 9
 sales of, restricted to fifty-gallon lots, 9, 118
 sufficiency of, importance of, 105
- Gear on boat, 3, 6
- Georgetown, S.C., 88, 89
- Georgia, hospitality of, 108, 109, 112
- Gibson Island, in Chesapeake Bay, 29
- Gibson Island Club, Md., 30
- Gingras, George H. J., 121 n.
- Goose Creek, N.C., 69, 73
- Great Bridge, Va., 48, 51, 52
 lock at, 52
- Ground tackle, 7, 105
- H
- "Hague, The" (Norfolk anchorage), 51
- Hampton Roads, Va., 50
- Happy Days*, 104
- Hartge boatyard, at Annapolis, 38
- Hartge, Emile, 38
- Hartge, Capt. Oscar, 38, 39
- Havre de Grace, Md., 31
- Heater, oil, 6
- Heating of cabin, 6, 171
- Hel-lu-a*, 143
- Herons, 150
- Herring Bay entrance, in Chesapeake Bay,
 warned against, 43
- Hillsboro Canal, Lake Okeechobee, 156
- Hobe Sound, Fla., anchorage at, 129
- Hobucken Bridge, N.C., 69
- Hollywood, Fla., 137, 147
- Hostetler, Dallas, 134
- Houseboats, shoal-draft, 4
- Hurricane gates, in Lake Okeechobee canals,
 151, 154, 156, 157
- Hurricane season, end of, 15
- Hyacinths, in Lake Okeechobee, 155-156,
 157, 158
- I
- Ice, difficulty of obtaining, 69, 78, 79, 90,
 108, 143, 174
 importance of, 8
- Icebox, 8
- Indian Creek, Chesapeake Bay, 46, 47
- Indian River, Fla., 120, 121, 128
- Indian River Marine Basin, Fla., repair facilities of, 121 n.
- Inland *vs.* open-water cruising, 39
- Inland waterways, safe navigation of, 2
- Intracoastal Waterway, anchorage basins desirable in, 132
 course of, 1
 dredging, 4, 13
 information on, in Appendix A, 178-187
 landscaping banks of, 132
 markers for channel of, 11-13
 importance of identifying, 106, 168
 service on, to yachtsmen, 54, 55
 shoals in, 22, 48, 70-72, 76, 77, 81, 120
- Ireland, Dave, 162
- Isle of Hope, Ga., 109
- J
- Jupiter Inlet, Fla., 130, 131
- L
- Lake Harbor, on Lake Okeechobee, 157
- Lake Okeechobee, Fla., 150-158
 fog in, 153, 154
 hurricane gates of canals connecting with,
 151, 154, 156, 157
 hyacinths in, 155-156, 157, 158
 level of, 151
 mosquitoes in, 152
 routes across, 151-153, 157
 size of, 153
 storm dangers in, 153
- Lake Worth, Fla., 131, 132, 149
 anchorage at, 131
- Landing floats, need of, 78
- Lawleys, 145
- Liberty Point, at Lake Okeechobee, 157
- Lippincott, Bob, 25
- Little Choptank River, Md., 42, 43
- Little River Inlet, S.C., 88
- Lorelei*, 67 ff.
 aground at Marsh Point Light, 73
- Luberta*, 32 ff.
 Coast Guard patrol boat assists, 57, 58
 description of, 32-34, 166, 167
 grounding of, in Caloosahatchee River,
 160
 in North Landing River, 56
 painting, 122

Index

Luberta, purchase of, 33
 rolling of, on passage of fast boats, 67,
 87, 148
 steadiness of, 66

M

Magothy River, Md., 29
 Magruder, Commodore, 37
 Marcus, Charlie, 21
 Marinas (*see* Mooring)
 Marine service stations, need of supplies at,
 96
 Markers, importance of identifying, 106,
 168
 for Intracoastal Waterways, 11-13, 106,
 168, 169
 Marsh Point Light, in Neuse River, 72,
 73
Martha, 79
 Mascot, 53, 90, 91
 May Point, N.C., 69
 May Point Shoal, N.C., 70
 Melbourne, Fla., repair facilities at, in In-
 dian River Marine Basin, 121 *n.*
 Merrill-Stevens boatyards, in Miami, 139
 Miah Maull Light, in Delaware Bay, 22
 Miami, 122, 137-146
 and Bahama Islands cruise, 176
 Bay Front Park in, 139
 Bond's anchorage in, 137, 138, 143
 City Docks in, 139, 140
 Dade Drydock Corp. in, 139
 marinas in, 2, 127, 139, 140-142
 Merrill-Stevens boatyards in, 139
 nouveau riche in, 139
 whisky signs in, 138
 Miami Beach, Fla., 137
 Milk, dried, 87, 168
 fresh, importance of storing, 8
 unobtainable in Southern coastal coun-
 try, 87
 Mill Creek, Md., 29
 Mitchell, Margaret, 113
 Monk, Clyde M., 103
Moonglow, 65, 74, 77, 95
 Moore Haven, Fla., 150, 154-156, 158
 Moore Haven Lock, Fla., 157
 Mooring, in California, 119, 140, 141
 charges for, 131, 140-142
 facilities for, need of, 78

Mooring, in California, private *vs.* munici-
 pal, 118, 119, 140, 141
 in Florida, at Cocoa, 121 *n.*
 at Eau Gallie, 121
 at Fort Lauderdale, 2, 127, 133-135
 at Fort Myers, 160-162
 at Fort Pierce, 128, 128 *n.*
 at Hobe Sound, 129
 at Lake Worth, 131
 at Melbourne, 121 *n.*
 at Miami, 2, 127, 137, 139, 140, 141,
 142
 at St. Augustine, 118
 at St. Petersburg, 2
 at Stuart, 150 *n.*
 at West Palm Beach, 131
 in Georgia, at Skipper Narrows, 109
 at Queen Bess Creek, 109
 in Maryland, at Annapolis, 30, 38
 in Chesapeake Bay, 27 *ff.*
 at Worton Creek, 28, 35, 36
 method of, 173
 in New Jersey, at Cape May, 20, 21
 in North Carolina, at Upper Dowry
 Creek, 68
 at Wrightsville, 83 *n.*
 in Pennsylvania, at Dredge Harbor, 25,
 26
 at Essington, 24, 25
 in South Carolina, at Waccamaw River,
 89
 in Virginia, at Norfolk, 50, 51
 Mooring dolphins (pilings), 52
 Morehead City, N.C., 73-77, 81
 hospitality of, to cruising yachtsmen, 75
 Mosquito Lagoon, Fla., 120
 "Mullet blow," 75, 76
 Myrtle Sound, N.C., 85
Mystery, 104

N

Nassau, capital of Bahamas, 176
 Navigation, of Albemarle-Chesapeake Ca-
 nal, 47, 51, 54
 of Albemarle Sound, 63-65
 charts for, 10, 11
 of Chesapeake Bay, 27, 28, 41-43, 45,
 46, 48
 among fish traps, 45, 46, 48
 of difficult waters, 63, 70, 98, 107

Index

Navigation, equipment for, 10, 11
 of Georgia sounds, 105-107
 of inland waterways, 2
 of Lake Okeechobee, 151-153, 155-158
 markers for, 11-13, 106, 168, 169
 of Neuse River, 70-73
 of Pamlico Sound, 69, 71
 of shoal areas, 76, 77, 81, 120
 and tides, 77, 78, 107
 of West River-Solomons Island run, 42, 43
 Neuse River Light, N.C., 71, 72
 shoal guarded by, 71
 Neuse River run, N.C., 70-73
 difficulties of, 70
 New Castle, Del., as storm area, 23
 New Point Comfort, Chesapeake Bay, 48
 New River, Fla., 133-135
 New River Inlet, Fla., 135
 Norfolk, Va., 51
 Norfolk Harbor, Va., 50
 Norfolk Yacht and Country Club, Va., 50
 North Landing River, Va., *Luberta* ground-
 ed in, 56, 57
 Northeast, Md., 31

O

Oakland Park, Fla., 132
 Oil heater, 6
 Oil, lubricating, 8, 9
 Okeechobee, Fla., 146
 Okeechobee Lake, Fla. (*see* Lake Okeecho-
 bee)
 Old Point Comfort, Va., 48, 49
 Old Point Comfort Light, in Chesapeake
 Bay, 49
 Old Topsail Inlet, N.C., 83
 Oriental, N.C., 73, 74
 Ortona Lock, Fla., 158
 Ossabaw Sound, Ga., 109

P

Pahokee, Fla., 154, 155, 157
 Pamlico, N.C., 69
 Pamlico Sound, N.C., 69, 71
 Parris Island, S.C., U.S. Marine Corps base
 on, stopover at, 98-104
 Partnership, in owning boat, disadvantages
 of, 17-19

Passengers, qualifications of, 3
 Passing procedure, 82, 83
 Army Engineering Corps' regulation on,
 82 *n.*
 Patuxent River, Md., 38, 42-44
 Pea Patch Shoal, in Delaware River, 22
 Pennsylvania Railroad Bridge, over Dela-
 ware River, 25, 26
 Philpott, J. H., 134
 Pilots (Government publications), 10, 11
 Pine Island Sound, Fla., fishing in, 162
 Piney Point, N.C., shoals at, 71, 72
 Plumtree Bar, Chesapeake Bay, 48
 Point Lookout, Chesapeake Bay, 46
 Point of Marsh Light, in Neuse River, 72, 73
 Point No Point Lighthouse, Md., 46
 Pompano, Fla., 132
 Pooles Island, in Chesapeake Bay, 28
 Poplar Island, in Chesapeake Bay, 42
 Porpoises, 83, 168
 Port Everglades, Fla., 135
 Port Mayaca, Fla., 150, 152, 154
 Port Royal, S.C., 97
 Port Royal Sound, S.C., 98, 104, 105
 Portsmouth, Va., 49
 Powell, Jere W., adventure of, in towing
 schooner, 143-145
 Power plant of boat (*see* Engine)
 Preparations for Florida cruise (*see* Florida
 cruise, preparations for)
 Propellers, of twin-screw boats, more vul-
 nerable than of single-engine boats, 79
 Pungo Ferry, Va., 58
 Pungo River, N.C., 68, 69

Q

Queen Bess Creek, Ga., anchorage at, 109

R

Rappahannock Light, in Chesapeake Bay,
 47
 Rappahannock River, Va., 48
Red Lily, 104
 Redfield, Ensign, 102, 103
 Reedy Point, Delaware Bay, 22
 Refrigeration, importance of, on boat, 78, 79

Index

- Repair kits, for engine, 6
- for toilet, 6
- Repairs, of engine, by mechanics, 20, 59, 60, 68, 83-85
- cost of, 84, 175
- facilities for, at Melbourne, Fla., 121 *n.*
- at Stuart, Fla., 150 *n.*
- Riverside Yacht Club, Pa., 25
- S
- Sail *vs.* power, 63, 64
- St. Augustine, Fla., disappointments of, 117, 118
- St. Catherine's Sound, Ga., 105
- St. Helena Sound, S.C., 96
- St. John's River, Fla., 117, 156
- hyacinths in, 156
- St. Lucie Canal, Fla., 146, 150, 158
- St. Lucie Inlet, Fla., 129, 150
- St. Lucie Lock, Lake Okeechobee, information on hyacinths obtainable at, 157
- service at, 150
- St. Lucie River, Fla., 129, 150
- St. Petersburg, marinas in, 2
- St. Simon Island, Ga., 111
- St. Simon Sound, Ga., 111
- St. Simon's Island, Ga., 78
- Sandy Point Light, in Chesapeake Bay, 30
- Sapelo Sound, Ga., 105, 106
- Sassafras River, Md., 27, 31, 35
- Schools in Florida, 1, 14
- Scooter for carrying supplies, 174
- Scott, Grant, 20
- Scotty's Wharf, at Cape May, 20, 21
- Sea Horse*, 95
- Seagoin'*, 161, 162
- Seaside Yacht Club, Ga., hospitality of, 111, 112
- Service stations, marine, need of supplies at, 96
- Shallotte Inlet, N.C., 87
- Shapard, Hon. David, letter by, 163, 164
- Ship John Shoal Lighthouse, in Delaware Bay, 22
- Shoal areas, in Intracoastal Waterway, 22, 48, 70-72, 76, 77, 81, 120
- Size of boat for Florida cruise, 4, 5
- Skipper Narrows, Ga., anchorage at, 109
- Skull Creek, S.C., 104
- Smith, George, 25
- Smith Point Lighthouse, in Chesapeake Bay, 46
- Snow Marsh Island, N.C., 85
- Socastee Bridge, S.C., 88
- Socony-Palmyra Bridge, over Delaware River, 25, 26
- Solomons Island, Md., 38, 43, 44
- South Atlantic Marine Basin, 52
- South Jupiter Narrows, Fla., 129
- Southern hospitality, 83-93, 108, 109, 112
- Southport, N.C., 79, 81, 85, 86
- Spa Creek, Annapolis, anchorage at, 30
- Spark plugs, spare, 6
- Speeding, nuisance of, 5, 67, 87, 127, 148, 167
- Sport*, 67 *ff.*
- aground at Marsh Point Light, 73
- offered for sale, 136
- Steering, 167
- Steering equipment on *Luberta*, 166, 167
- Stevens, Captain, 112
- Stingray Point Light, in Chesapeake Bay, 47
- Storm area, at New Castle, 23
- Stuart, Fla., 127, 129, 146, 150, 150 *n.*
- bridge at, 150
- Sullivan, Captain S. W., 112
- Supplies for Florida cruise (*see* Florida cruise, supplies for)
- Swansboro, N.C., 77-81
- T
- Tate, Captain Jack, 61, 62
- Thimble Shoal Lighthouse, in Chesapeake Bay, 48, 49
- Thomas A. Edison Highway Bridge, at Fort Myers, 160
- Thunderbolt, Ga., 108, 109
- Tides, as cause of shoaling, 77
- cross-currents in, 107
- excessive, at points south, 77, 78
- Tilghman Creek, Md., 42
- Tilghman Point, Md., 42
- Tinicum Island, in Delaware River, 24, 26
- Tinker II*, the, 4, 95, 97, 98
- owned by the Nevins, 4
- Titusville, Fla., 120
- bridge at, 121
- Tomaadje II*, 79

Index

- Tornado, off New Castle, effects of, 22, 23
 Torry Island, in Lake Okeechobee, 155-157
 bridge at, 155, 156
 Turtles, 150
 Twin-screw boats, propellers of, more vul-
 nerable than those of single-engine
 boats, 79
- U
- U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey publica-
 tions, 10
 U.S. Marine Corps base, on Parris Island,
 S.C., stopover at, 98-104
 Upper Dowry Creek, N.C., anchorage at,
 68
- V
- Vanderherschens's (sailmakers), 24
 Veazey Cove, Md., 27
 Venetian Causeway, Fla., 137
 bridge at, 147
Volana, 95
- W
- Waaser, Winslow, 21
 Waccamaw River, anchorage at, 89
 scenery on, 88, 89
 Wades Point, Md., 42
 Washington, D.C., 38
 Water, in gasoline tanks, alcohol added to,
 59
 Waterfowl, 150, 168
 Waterway, Intracoastal (*see* Intracoastal
 Waterway)
 Waterways, inland, safe navigation of, 2
Wayfarer, 145
 Weem's Navigation School, in Annapolis,
 37
 West Palm Beach, Fla., anchorage at, 131
 and Bahama Islands cruise, 176
 West Palm Beach Canal, Fla., 154
 West Palm Beach Yacht Club, Fla., dockage
 fee charged by, 131
 West River, Md., 31, 38, 41, 43
 West River-Solomons Island run, Md., 42,
 43
 Whitehead, Lillian, 121
 Whitehead, Tom, 121
 Wilkerson Bridge, N.C., 67
 Wilmington, Del., 26
 Wilmington, N.C., 85
 Windshield wiper, 36, 171
 Winyah Bay, S.C., 91
 Wolf Trap Light, in Chesapeake Bay, 47
 Worton Creek, Md., anchorage at, 28, 35,
 36
 Wrightsville, N.C., 83-85
 and mooring facilities at Army docks,
 83 *n.*

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